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THE HOLCAD.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XXIII.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., SEPT. 1902.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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SIGNAL LIGHTS.

By T. A. Craig, '03.

(This oration was awarded first place on the Junior Oratorical Contest, held Tuesday evening, June 13, 1902.)

✱

THROUGHOUT the wide universe, light is the revealer of all things. It lifts up its brow on high, that all may behold it. Is it not the enlivener of all nature, the dispeller of sickly cares, the calmer of restless disquietudes? Merely blot out light from the earth and joy will pass away; health will pass away; and life itself will pass away; and the earth will sink back into a confused, turmoiling chaos. If we were to search through the whole of inanimate nature for an emblem of pure unadulterated excellence, where could we find such an emblem except in light—traversing the illimitable regions of space with a speed surpassing that of thought, and whithersoever it goes, showering beauty and gladness.

Lights do not all shine alike. If we look at that host of white-robed pilgrims that travel across the vault of the nightly sky, the imagination is unable to conceive anything quieter and calmer and more unassuming. How different from the spurious lights of the fires that glare and flare and challenge attention for themselves. On board some vessel vexing the bosom of the mighty deep, one may see on some conspicuous point of the shore, on island, or

on rock, structures from which lights are speeded as guides to mariners.

Turning to the page of history we find it abounds in examples of those who have made the world better and brighter, and as they one by one shine as signals along the coast line of human affairs we welcome them as nature welcomes the sun coming forth as a bridegroom from his chamber rejoicing as a giant to run his course. They like beacon-lights which used to guide the mariner over the tempest tossed sea, beam forth with a clear directness to all who sail the wave-capped ocean of life. Proudly does the world love to consider her brave and noble sons and daughters as lights reflecting or radiating heroism, purity and truth.

The most striking signal light along the ocean strand is the flash light. As such a phenomenon is in the world of matter, so in the world of mind. We need not go back far through the annals of the past until we are face to face with those who have shed flash-lights of intellectual and moral radiance upon the stage of human action. By some accident, men have often performed daring deeds or disclosed great truths, which, for a time, have caused the world to gaze in wonder and admiration. They have shed, as it were, a light of exceeding brightness, but in a moment the

radiance was no more. Never, again, have conditions been such as to make it possible for them to glow on the coast line of human action. They give but little lasting direction to the current of public thought, yet they have their place. As typical examples of such, our minds revert to Mark Anthony and Aaron Burr who revealed by a flash some of the greatness which they possessed.

Still another type is the revolving light, shining only after certain intervals. And as this occasional signal from the light house guides some ship safe to harbor, so there have been moral luminaries that have lighted the path and directed the course of many a voyager upon the high sea of life. Such as these wax and wane like the handmaid of our sun which now and then transforms our night of gloom into pale day. They are largely creatures of destiny or circumstance. We need only search the pages of our political life, ancient and modern, to find numerous examples. Of these the poet sings,

"Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,

That flash and darken like revolving lights,
Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait

On the long curve of patient days and nights."

Would there not be enrolled among these the names of Augustus Caesar, Alexander the Great, Napoleon?

But the lights which would least attract our attention are those which illuminate the horizon with a steady constancy. They are the beacons which in storm or calm, through carnage, strife and revolution, in the domestic arts of peace, shine constant and undimmed. Time permits not to marshall before the mental vision,

many of the countless throng that have shone brightly in the starry firmament of historic ages; but in the world of thought and action, we especially delight in beholding those majestic moral lights that are ever shining, ever constant, ever true.

A superior and commanding human character, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning brightly for a while and then giving place to returning darkness, but rather a spark of fervent heat as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind, so that when it glimmers in its own decay and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, by the contact of its incandescent spirit. God guides from above the inevitable progress of humanity, and from time to time he raises up the great in genius, in thought, in love, as priests of his truth and guides to the multitudes on their way. True it is they die; but the light of their wisdom and understanding lingers and shall continue to linger through generations yet unborn. Bacon died, but the human understanding, awakened by the touch of his mental wand, to a realization of the true philosophy, has kept on in its course successfully and gloriously. Newton is no more; but the courses of the spheres are still known and they yet move on by the laws which he discovered, and in the orbits which he beheld in the infinity of space.

Around the memories of that most noble type of pure untarnished womanhood, exemplified in the splendid lives of Clara Barton, Frances Willard, Harriet

Beecher Stowe, and others, there lingers a halo of light that shall shine forever. For the grand achievements of the nation's daughters of light there should ascend one glad perpetual anthem of praise.

Upon the great day of the National jubilee, in the midst of echoing and re-echoing voices of thanksgiving, Adams and Jefferson took their flight together to the world beyond. These suns rose slowly and steadily amid clouds and storms of political ferment until they reached the zenith of their course; then like the mildness, the serenity of a summer's day, they went down with slow descending, grateful, long-lingering light; and since they are beyond the visible margin of the world, "good omens cheer us from the bright track of their fiery car."

That splendid signal light, Washington, whose constant rays have shown so long from the stage in the great drama of life, in a sense, has been extinguished; but as it is told of the shepherds on the plains of Babylon who gazed at the stars till they saw them form into clusters and constellations, overpowering the eyes of the beholder with the united blaze of a thousand lights, so the ingenuous youth of America will hold up to themselves the bright model of Washington's example; they will contemplate his character till all its virtues spread out and display themselves to their delighted vision. His life shone amid the storms of war, a beacon light, to guide and cheer his country's friends; it flamed, too, like a meteor to repel her foes.

The distance at which any light can be seen depends upon the height of the light-house and varies with the state of the

atmosphere. Transferring this thought to the rational world, our minds revert to one who was so high and strong, morally as well as physically, that when the political atmosphere was clouded with strife and bitterness later to be darkened by the blue smoke of war, he shone all the brighter. It requires the blackness of darkness to disclose the beauty and grandeur of the starry heavens, and sometimes it takes the dark hours of trial and tribulation, either in private or public life, to bring out the shining virtues of the individual. It is the opinion of astronomers that in the firmament of heaven there is, among the stars, of the first magnitude, one so pre-eminent in splendor as to constitute a class by itself; so among the great and mighty men to whom this world has given birth, the name of Lincoln stands unparalleled in the solitude of glory. Pronounce him one of the first men of his time and you have not yet done him justice. Turn back your eyes upon the records of time, summon from the creation of the world to the present day all the mighty dead, and where among merely mortal men shall one be found, who, as the benefactor of his race, shall claim precedence of Lincoln? Great in life, he was transcendently great in death. By the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's hopes, its aspirations, its victories into the visible presence of death. With simple resignation, he took leave of life, and bowed to the Divine decree. His name, an everlasting name, shall flourish in fragrance and beauty as long as men shall last or hearts remain to revere truth, fidelity and goodness.

When we contemplate physical light,

our thoughts turn to the great sun as the center of it all. Do you inquire as to the source, the brilliancy and constancy of the light reflected or radiated by those mentioned or others like them? If so, our only answer is, if they have shone morally, not merely intellectually, that they reflect the light of the exalted yet lowly Son of Righteousness, the Man of Galilee.

There is in each human breast, an innate spark of the divine, but it must receive the warmth and light of Him of whom light is the image, lest it glimmers and finally goes out. As the tearful clouds deck themselves in the glowing hues of the rainbow, or the birds greet the sun with their merriest notes when he vouchsafes to shine upon them; so shall not man smile with rapture beneath the Sun of the moral heavens? Shall he not hail his rising with hymns of

praise and psalms of thanksgiving? Shall he not be cheered amid his deepest affliction when the rays of that Sun fall upon him and paint the arch of promise on his soul? So, from the illustrious lives of those who have stood out as bright and shining lights, and who shall yet beam forth until the end of time, let us be inspired; and by the grace of the great illuminator, endeavor to cherish, protect and defend the golden heritage which they have committed to our trust.

Great examples are before us. Many lights have joined the celestial constellation. Beneath this illumination may we walk the course of life, trusting to the Divine Enlightener for that guidance which shall bring us into the visible presence of the Great Signal Light of all nations and all kindreds, where shineth the Star of Bethlehem forever and forever.



A PREMATURE TRIUMPH.

THE Freshman stopped to consider, an unusual thing for a Freshman. The subject of consideration was his sweetheart, newly acquired, it may be well to add. On the occasion of several functions he had gallantly escorted her to the college hall, and as gallantly escorted her home again. Up to this point all was unalloyed bliss but, contrary to the custom of the little college town, she failed to invite him in the house.

She always paused with one dainty foot on the step and said, "I've enjoyed myself so much this evening," and then

waited suggestively and glanced at the door. It was so difficult not to say "good night" here that he gave up any attempt at prolonged conversation on the step.

But rebellion was in his mind now, so he consulted his room-mate. Their plottings bore fruit in a brilliant plan. Our Freshman waited for a cold night and then attired in twice the usual thickness of clothing sallied forth to take his dear one to the concert. On the homeward walk he smiled in anticipation.

"Now I'll stand on the steps and freeze her out before I go. She'll ask me in next time."

"I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much," she began.

"Well, I'm glad you did, but say, what did you think of the game yesterday?" and Freshman bold leaned against a post for his freeze-out talk.

"Oh, it was fine, but come in and talk it over," and she opened the door. The schemer was staggered and in his bewilderment allowed himself to be seated uncomfortably near the fire which his kind entertainer took fiendish delight in making hotter. He groaned inwardly and perspired outwardly.

"Oh, that jersey and those confounded

extra trousers. I'll go home a roasted pig." This to himself while he made a painful effort to look pleasantly interested in the fair one's chatter.

"Good night," he gasped, after a remarkably short stay.

"Good night," she said sweetly. "Now hurry home before you catch cold and—don't tell your room-mate everything."

The door closed and a Freshman stood alone on the street whistling softly and wondering if he could ever be cured of idiocy.

H. N. H., '99.



OURSELVES AND OTHERS.

By Earl D. Miller, '02.

HUMAN progress depends entirely upon human nature. Human nature is regulated by and composed of many motives, but in every deed done can be seen the force of the one or the other of two original motives. Either self-love and passion for self-advancement or the self sacrifice for the welfare of others has swayed the heart of the actor. Egoism and Altruism have everywhere, in every life, contended for the mastery.

The spirit of the one, the purely selfish, distrusts all humanity, all philanthropy, all kindness. The spirit of the other springs from belief in true affection—the love of parent for child, of friend for

friend, of patriot for country. Some men, seeing too plainly the dark side of life, fill volumes with proofs of the evolution of man from the lower orders and his progress through the struggle for self-existence. Others gather from the pages of the past that man is what he is, because of this great law of Nature, "Passion for the existence and happiness of others." These former hold that in selfish contest for life lower orders of creation have been compelled to render service and even life to the advancement of higher orders—that thus step by step through triumphant oppression, perfection in God's creatures has been approached. The latter believes that by vol-

untary self-sacrifice some have suffered and even perished, to give to others life and advancement and joy in life—that so, degree by degree, through glorifying love, an ideal universe has been approximated.

Whatever may have been the plan by which man has progressed to his present place, each of these factors has had much to do with the world's advance. To that struggle for self existence and self-promotion we owe in great part the discovery of the physical world's resources and the development of human capacity. Mankind, ejected from his Eden paradise, was compelled for the sake of bare existence to subdue the created elements to his power. The earth holds in secret storehouses treasures which reluctantly come forth and to be supreme over these selfish greed has bound the greatest forces of the universe by the inventive genius of man and has partially torn aside the veil obscuring science. To the unsatisfied desire for ease, for wealth, for reputation we must credit many of those miracles of invention and discovery recorded in the annals of time. "Conquest, conquest," has been the constant cry of nations, and while death and desolation were spread by these mighty vandals, culture followed close on their heels and progress is ever in culture's train. Grasping greed stirred by the selfish ambition of individuals has always been the incentive for the conquest of nations. By the ambitious purpose of one man or of a few at most, countries have been driven on to subdue, to oppress, to enslave another land, caring nothing for its pain, laughing and gloating over its humiliation, gaining power and fame at a fearful cost. And each conquest

only fed the desire for more. "Might makes right" has far too often been the policy of despotic rulers and the victories we glory in the most are those in which these devastating hordes have been crushed and turned back.

Beneath all such advancement we, looking backward, can see no true nobility of purpose. How harsh they seem beside those tales of sacrifice the ages have left for us.

Amid the closing scenes of the eighteenth century, two men began their life work. From country to country, through the greater part of Europe their purposes led them. Beneath the feet of the one earth trembled; before his advance, nations turned to arms, soldiers vainly threw down their lives as walls of protection before their fatherland; his conquests known, men fled from home and prosperity, for fire and blood and oppression followed closely in his train; at his name kings afar off trembled on their ancient thrones; to his ambition France sacrificed the life blood of her best citizenship; to defeat his purpose a Waterloo was needed and stricken Europe mourned her desolate cities and murdered children.

And by his side the other stands. Alone he worked in the darkness and sickness of prisons; before his progress debtor's dungeons gave forth their wronged inmates: his victories brought all peace, restored homes, fanned the dull embers of industry into life; to his name men gave honor and reverence; to further his purpose all the world gave aid, shocked by his awful tales of want and woe and suffering.

So the lives of two men passed—Napol-

eon moving the world for his selfish ambition, Howard laying down his life in self denying efforts for the relief of suffering humanity. To Napoleon the outcome was his lonely island and the curses of a continent, to Howard the praise of the world for his mercy and nobility throughout the world.

Thus over against self-centered deeds, history's pages record the deeds of those whom the world delights to honor. Men like the three hundred Spartans of old, heedless of self that Greece might be saved; men like America's early patriots, boldly steadfast for a rightful purpose against a tyrant's power; men who have sacrificed money, life, everything the human heart holds dear, to uplift humanity and alleviate pain, who have founded a commonwealth based on love, one perhaps unrecognized, yet cosmopolitan; the Man, who nailed on Calvary's cursed tree, could not come down—could not, for on his death depended a hostile world's salvation—the Man who died for friend and foe alike, the Man whose highest name is Love, and whose noblest eulogy was that of his bitterest enemies—He saved others, Himself, He could not save.

While government has been an existing power its form and spirit have materially changed. Through the centuries the balance of influence has been slowly swinging from selfishness toward a truer expression of Christ-like altruism. Under the uncertain dictum of an absolute monarch the people were first ruled, giving full sway to his whims and follies, submitting to his tributes and taxings, fighting his wars, complaining not of servile obedience, for to

them "the king could do no wrong." But with the fleeting of time the spirit of the people became restless under this tyrannical power. Why should they so strong, bow beneath the hand of a single man? Why should they, so greatly concerned, hold no voice in the administration of right? Was the right of kings become so low and base divine? Such troubled stirrings as this broke forth at last in loud murmurings and then in open rebellion, as kings who would not yield their absolute dominion were swept away to make place for those who would regard the voice of the people. While the centuries passed through the troubled course of limited monarchies, again and again the murmurings were heard, revolutions turned and overturned; weaker, ever weaker became the power of the few; stronger and stronger the grasp of the masses upon the governmental reins. The divine right of kings was a thing for ridicule. Feudalism was hounded to its death. Tyranny was dismantled and overthrown, and from its ruins sprang Democracy, like the goddess full armed from the head of Jove, holding pendant from her hands this legend, "Liberty and equality for all."

Our country is often called the Mother of Democracy. Yet on her bright pages is the darkest stain history knows. Early in the life of the colonies, a vessel spread its white pinions toward their hospitable shores. With outreaching hands they welcomed it home, but they welcomed a curse, for its cargo came from African wilds, a shipload of human slaves. Souls bought for money; money craving that

forged clanking chains; chains binding a race of fellow-beings to life-long unrequited toil beneath the master's whip. Firmly the roots were fixed and the system grew like the deadly Upas tree, spreading its branches all over the sunny south—a system to tear asunder husband and wife, to drag children from the arms of love, to force those heart-broke cries from slave mothers' lips over her offspring haled away to auction-block and southern swamps. The system that arrayed our own fair land in two opposing factions, which added bitterness to bitterness till the clash of arms resounded in civil strife, which armed brother against brother, neighbor against neighbor; the system that laid peace low, that turned the whole land into armed camps; that system whose roots were only torn from their firm hold by the mailed hands of war, whose life was only ended in the drowning streams of bloodshed by countless dead and wounded in war's grim carnage. And each lash of the whip on the back of the cringing slave, each wound borne that freedom might be for all, each silent body mingling dust with dust on the bloodstained battlefields, gives forth the clamorous potent cry, "This all for greed of gold!"

O cruel greed! What monstrous wrongs have not been perpetrated in thy name! What rights of man hast thou not trampled in the dust! What miseries inflicted on thy helpless victims! Dark, festering, hellish greed, that seekest thine own at the expense of all that is noble, good and true!

"Thou sat'st from age to age, insatiate,
And drank the blood of men and gorged their
flesh,

And with thy iron teeth didst grind their bones
To powder, treading out beneath thy feet
Their very names and memories. The blood
Of nations could not slake thy parched throat,
Nor mitigate thy ever-cruel rage for human prey.

But all is not darkness. The midnight gloom is wonderfully brightened by the stars of justice and love. Only a year followed the coming of the first slaver and again rough winds filled white sails toward the west. New England's bleak shores received this cargo of men and women, come to establish that principle of universal liberty and fraternity for which they gave up all—home, friends, life, everything but truth and right.

The Cavalier of the south and the Puritan of the north were bitterly opposed in that four years' conflict. Its purifying fires cleared away mistaken ideas of both sections and left our republic realizing better than ever before that the essence of Republicanism is compromise—mutual yielding.

In the universe about us each most distant star, each life of plant or beast or man, each atom of matter has its influence on every other. God's design for the whole system of creation minutely follows this principle of compromise—compromise not meaning cowardly yielding, but rather that willing sacrifice of self that others may be aided. In heaven's perfect plan everything has its purpose—everything its peculiar work which no other can do—every individual is entirely dependent on the power of God—no man is more in himself than any other. And in concord with this plan our country believes every man to be born into perfect equality with every other and into perfect liberty so far as this does not clash with the liberty of others.

There is a place for every man in the divine economy of life. There is a place for the soldier to make justice strong. A place for the statesman who looks to the past and profits by its experiences, to the present and guards the progress of mankind, to the future and makes wise provision for its needs. A place for men of science who seek out the mysteries of heaven and earth to win a better life for all. A place for the laborer to bring forth the products a divine Creator has hidden from all who will not delve for them. A place for men of riches to scatter their goods to those who have them not. And in every place men who realize that every life is of equal importance in the sight of God and who are willing to give themselves to better others, lead the van—at times unknown by an outside world, uncaring for praise itself, doing great deeds from the greatness of their hearts, living splendid lives of sacrifice in making other lives splendid. There are not wanting gloomy prophets who tell us that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer; that the age is reverting again to feudalism, of which the great "captains of industry" shall be our overlords. But if such an outcome were possible from present industrial tendencies it must needs be a "benevolent feudalism" tempered by the kindness of Calvary. With

each movement toward a broader altruism time's ratchet wheel has clicked; and no power in earth or hell can reverse the machinery. As the nations come to respect the rights of the Son of Man, they must blot out the wrongs of the sons of men.

Then sift out the selfish from politics and the unclean from civic life. Have done with distinctions of race or caste or class. Away with the man who thanks God that he is not as other men are. Give us rather him who will lay life and honor on the altar of the public weal; who lives "with malice toward none and charity for all"; and who with broad powers and still broader sympathies, shall know how to be king and councilor and commoner all in one.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content.

There are souls like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament.

There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran,
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by.

They are good, they are bad, they are weak,
they are strong,

Wise, foolish, and so am I.

Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.



"YOU despise books; you whose whole lives are absorbed in the vanities of ambition, the pursuit of pleasure, or in indolence; but remember that all the known world, excepting only savage, is governed by books."—Voltaire.

EDITORIAL.

A COPY of this number of the HOLCAD will be sent to each new student. It is our purpose to interest you in this, our college paper.

The HOLCAD contains all of the college news and is edited by the students in behalf of the students. It is a strictly, up-to-date college paper devoted to the interests of education and college life. Our exchange and athletic columns contain items concerning other institutions as well as our own, and our alumni, literary and local departments are devoted entirely to the students and alumni of Westminster college. Our advertisers are most reliable parties and deserve your patronage.

It is the desire of the editors to make this year the most successful year in THE HOLCAD'S history and to this end we ask your support. The subscription price is one dollar, and we know of no other way in which you could spend one dollar more profitably.



ANOTHER college year has begun for Westminster, and many students have entered for the first time within her classic halls. To you the HOLCAD extends a most cordial greeting. We trust that you will find the time spent here pleasant as well as profitable, that you will earnestly strive to make the most of your opportunities for education and culture, and that you will grow and develop mentally, morally

and physically. Time is fleeting. To a senior it seems but yesterday since he wore the green and white. So it will be with you. Make use of the present time, for something else will find its place in the future. Remember that as a student of Westminster, you are a representative of Westminster, an honor not to be lightly borne.



THE question is continually being asked us, "Why doesn't your alumni help your college, as the alumni of every other college help theirs? Can any person answer this question? Some person answers that they do help us. Yes, they do on the principle that every "little" counts. But oh, how little. Westminster is growing. She needs a larger endowment fund, more professors, more buildings, a larger campus; her Y. M. C. A. needs help, and her athletics need help. Students, try to stir our alumni to a realization of their duty to their Alma Mater.



ON returning to college this fall we were all impressed by the changes that had taken place since the close of school. In no case have there been greater changes than in the faculty. We miss several of the faces that used to look down upon us from the chapel rostrum. Prof. Moore will be missed in many relations. In the class

room he was ever the genial, kindly professor whose clear explanations and quaint sayings never failed to interest his pupils and stimulate them to a greater desire for knowledge. Miss Hanna, too, is gone and we have lost a faithful and painstaking teacher and a leader in the religious life of the college. The lack of Miss Acheson's presence is felt, not only in the studio, but also in the Hall where she proved herself a friend to every girl. It is also a matter of regret to all of us that Prof. McElree and

Miss Hodgens are prevented by illness from taking their accustomed places this fall, but we hope to see them again among us by the beginning of the winter term. But while we regret the absence of old friends we are glad to welcome those who have come to take their places. Prof. Schott, Miss Oliver, Miss Branson and Mrs. Pyle are all well fitted to fulfill the requirements of their several positions, and are already winning favor and respect in the college and the community.



HOLCADES MIKRAI.

STOP! Look! Listen! Where? What? New students of course.

"Miss A., There's nothing in it."

Small locals thankfully received; larger ones in proportion.

First lecture of the course October 16 by Col. A. W. Hawk.

Notice to New Students.—No smoking allowed on the college campus.

To enroll members of classes in the athletic association, John Campbell was appointed for the Preps, Patterson for 1906, R. Yourd for 1905, McCartney for 1904, and H. T. Getty for 1903.

"Boola Boola" seems to be coming back into style. "Oh for the undertaker."

The Psychology class is very fond of horse stories.

Miss Grove, entering the book store, "Mr. Deut, have you a Greek dictionary?"

New students should become acquainted with the faculty before venturing to inquire to what class anyone belongs.

"Say, do you know there's an automobile in town? It lives here."

Dr. calling the roll, "Miss Thompson." Gentleman in corner, "Here."

New student on the train, "Do you expect to enter the Freshman class?"

Miss B of the class of '99, "No-o, not this year."

The class of 1903 has elected the following officers: Pres., J. M. McCalmont; vice president, P. H. Yourd; secretary, Mary Park; treasurer, R. M. Jamison.

Class of 1904.—President, G. C. Vincent; vice president, A. D. Stewart; secre-

tary, Marie Allen; treasurer, W. E. Min-
teer.

Class of 1905.—President, A. J. Crooks; vice president, C. C. Adams; secretary, Mary Cochran; treasurer, L. G. Bennett.

Class of 1906.—President, J. G. Patterson; vice president, W. R. Davis; secretary, Mabel Carithers; treasurer, L. R. Deevers.

It was an illustration of "Over the Banisters."

Recent chapel visitors are, Rev. A. M. Acheson, Rev. I. T. Wright, Mr. Miller, state secretary of Y. M. C. A., Mrs. Mil-
lan, Harry Holmes '99.

"What's that noise?"

"Oh! it's a calf bawling."

"No, it's a frog croaking."

"It isn't either; it's one of the Seniors studying French aloud."

Wanted—A large auditorium to accom-
modate Freshman class.

A young man nervously faces the Hall "forty times" and ever and anon glances from the windows at the wonted loiterers on the porch. It is his first visit, for he is a new student, and mistaking the purpose of the other callers, fearing a hazing "as in the eastern colleges," he dares not venture forth alone. At last in desperation he sends a note of supplication for help to his friends. As the moments of waiting drag by, the ladies assemble at the banisters and extend their sympathy and advice, recommending Paine's Celery Compound and Nervine for the nerves. At last the desired aid arrives, and leaving his valuables in the care of one

maiden he takes a last look at the sheltering walls and passes out into the night.

"Quit your noise, will you?" snarled the foot ball, addressing the tennis racket. "Any chap that's been kicked around the world as much as you have needn't be so deuced touchy down here," returned the latter. "Hold on," interrupted the paper-weight, "let's hear from Allen and Greenough." "I decline." (This from the grammar in a tense and moody inflection.) "Well," remarked the pen, "it looks pretty black." "What did you say about me?" asked the ink. "You're not in it," came the cutting reply from the paper knife. "Neither do you cut any ice," put in the alcohol lamp with unusual spirit. "Suppose you give us some light on the question," suggested the Algebra, "we need a radical change, even if it be imaginary, to get at the root of the matter." "But that's a proposition that doesn't need any demonstration, let's have an original," began the geometry, only to be drowned out by the liquid measures of Homer, "Then Apollo, the far-darter,"—"the fair daughter, you mean," corrected the dictionary, who couldn't help being sentimental, since he was bound in calf. But nobody paid any attention to him, for just then a step was heard in the hall and a grand scramble for places followed, in which the ink came to a stand, and the table took to its legs, while the clock, seized with a sudden alarm, covered the din of confusion with a startled whirr-whirr. The Freshman entering never suspected that there had been rough house in his apartments. But then Freshmen are not observant.

OF INTEREST TO NEW STUDENTS.

Miss Bard is highly recommended as an instructor in dancing.

Read Mr. Gilfillan's latest work, "How to flunk gracefully."

Mr. Tweedie will cheerfully furnish information regarding the best town in New York.

Mr. Reed Veazey is a connoisseur of mercerized goods.

The faculty wish to thank Prof. Paterson of the class of '06 for his able assistance in securing new students. He is to be highly commended for his earnest and patient labor.

The opening social of the term given by the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. in Philo Hall Friday evening, Sept. 12th, was enjoyed by all present. A fine program had been arranged, consisting of vocal solos by Prof. Freeman and Rev. J. D. Barr, a piano solo by Mr. MacConnell Weddell, readings by Miss Oliver, and an address of welcome by Mr. F. Scott Thompson, president of the Y. M. C. A. After the program in the chapel a pleasant social hour was spent in Philo Hall.

Miss Edith Mercer wishes to take Sr. chemistry this year. We wonder why.

Dr. F., in Psychology, "It is a wheel within a wheel. Be careful not to get your wheels mixed."

We are all glad to see the many improvements around the college building. We hope they will continue.

Miss F.—"Es wird."

Miss. B.—"Yes, that has a rather weird effect.

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN.

Don't be too fresh.

Have reverence for your elders.

Study hard.

"Avoid that which is evil."

Don't skip classes.

Get up early. Retire early.

Be on time always.

Attend classes regularly.

Beware of chicken coops.

Remember there was a college here before you came.

Don't go to Pulaski more than once a week nor to New Castle more than twice.

Remember there are others beside yourself.

Miss D. says she will give anything to the young man who will carry her books down from the college for her every day. Any persons wishing to apply for this position will please see Miss D. at their earliest convenience.

The Y. P. C. U. of the Second U. P. church gave a reception to the new students Thursday evening, Sept. 18th. The room was artistically decorated with the colors of the various classes. Much amusement was afforded by the efforts of the young men to embroider college pennants.

The students of Westminster feel sorry to lose Rev. J. D. Barr, but hope for him great success in his new field.

Persons wishing to hear a genuine groan of agony will please ask Mr. Bailey to pronounce the French word for "one."

Audley Stewart, shaking his fist after Armour Veazey's retreating figure, "I've got her now, you old sinner."

MUSIC AND ART.

MISSES Anderson and Robinson are numbered among the new art students.

Every artist dips his brush in his own soul and paints his own nature into his pictures.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The art pupils are at work again under the direction of Mrs. Pyle of New Castle. Miss Hodgens is slowly improving, but is still unable to be with us.

Miss Ferguson has resumed her work in the studio, and is just beginning a handsome tankard designed in grapes.

After this week Miss Oliver of the elocution department, will have charge of the literature classes on Wednesdays.

The class in free hand drawing is larger than usual this term, there being almost fifty enrolled.

The following is the list of music students: Piano.—Mary Eve Cochran, Myra Leslie Davidson, Oma Lillian Dick, Elizabeth Donaldson, Helen Ferguson, Jessie Ethel Fisher, Sara Elizabeth Gealey, Mary Hains Getty, Emma Caroline Graham, Hazel Elizabeth Hines, Zoe Dora Hockenberry, Elizabeth Nelson Kerr, Elizabeth Jane Leasure, Elizabeth Mabel McBane, Hannah May McKelvey, Helen Newall McKiraban, Effie McNaugher, Martha Christiana Mehald, Albert Homer Metz,

Susanna B. Miller, Mary Robinson Null, Agnes Beatrice Oliver, Judith Pepper, Ethel Marie Pettitt, Esther Mary Porter, Margaret Elizabeth Porter, Mary Johns Shaffer, Mary Emma Sharp, James McConnell Weddell, Bessie Margaret Whitney, Mary Ethel Wright, Ida Goehring Smith.

Harmony.—Myra Leslie Davidson, Albertha Glenn Kemps, Elizabeth Jane Leasure, Helen Newall McKiraban, Martha C. Mehald, Judith Pepper, Esther Mary Porter, James McConnell Weddell, Mary Ethel Wright.

Voice.—Florence Ashenhurst Maynard, James Metheney Barr, Helen Adeline Byers, Jane Davis, Jessie Ethel Fisher, Susanna B. Miller, Martha May Warner, Ida Goehring Smith.

Organ.—James McConnell Weddell.

Great Britain came to America for an artist to paint the picture of the coronation of King Edward VII. Time was when England sought its historical painters in continental Europe. Native British art has contributed little to the recording of historic occasions within the last century; and no one viewing the canvasses at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, will accord much praise to the artists imported from the continent. It is not so with the American artist, Mr. Abbey. He is an Anglo Saxon, sympathetic with the traditions of Great Britain. Trained as a magazine

draftsman Abbey developed into an illustrator of books. An authority on English literature, fond of English rural life, he stands out as more British in sympathy and in manner than the British themselves. In the coronation he has a great opportunity.

No doubt the two concerts, promised on this year's lecture course, will be much enjoyed, but it is a disappointment to many of our students and music lovers that the lecture committee could not have secured the von Kimit's string quartet of Pittsburg, for one concert. This quartet has gained a reputation among the best in the whole country, and a recital would be not only thoroughly enjoyable, but also of real educational value. May we not hope that the committee for another year may secure this quartet as one of its attractions.

The chorus class will study, this term,

"With sheathed swords," (Damascus) Costa, a slumber Song, Lohr, a barcarolle by Kueken, and probably an anthem by Sealy.

The department of elocution has reopened with Miss Agnes B. Oliver as instructor. Miss Oliver is a graduate of Columbia School of Oratory, Chicago, and comes to us highly recommended. There are a number of new students in this department, and everything gives promise of a most successful year.

The Italian government is having Leonardo Da Vinci's great painting, "The Last Supper," restored. This news will be received with satisfaction by all lovers of art whose hearts have been strangely stirred by this pathetic portrayal of the "Passover Scene."



ALUMNI NOTES.

RALPH G. McGill, '02, is at Allegheny Seminary.

The HOLCAD expresses the heartfelt sympathy of the entire college community when it voices the hope that Professor John J. McElree, class of '90, who is lying dangerously ill in a Chicago hospital, will be speedily restored to health. Professor McElree holds an honored place in this community, and his sterling worth as a man has endeared him to all who know him.

Professor Ina M. Hanna, '94, is now

teaching Physical Science in Seattle, Wash. Miss Hanna's presence in this community will be greatly missed, as she was active in various lines of work, especially so in Y. W. C. A., church and mission affairs.

Professor I. N. Moore, '85, is now vice principal of Slippery Rock State Normal School. Prof. Moore takes with him the best wishes of the student body.

Rev. Huber Ferguson, '91, of Portland, Ore., has been visiting his parents, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson.

The Rev. Dr. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, pastor of the Second U. P. church, New Castle, and Miss Harriett Phipps of New Castle, were married July 14.

Miss Estelle Frampton, '99, and Mr. Geo. Weddell of New Castle, were married at the home of the bride's father, West Middlesex, June 11.

Miss Julia T. Kennedy, '02, is attending Radcliffe College.

We regret to announce that Miss Hodgen, the art teacher of this college, is still unable to be with us.

Earl Miller, '02, is working in the U. P. Book Room, Pittsburg.

Ed. G. Frazer, '00, is pursuing a civil engineering course at Lehigh University.

Samuel Gamble, '01, who attended Xenia Seminary last year, will attend Allegheny Seminary this year.

Rev. D. M. Telford, '91, is studying at Princeton.

Wallace R. Ferguson, '00, is taking a post-graduate course at Princeton.

G. H. Seville, '98, will sail for China from Seattle, Wash., about Oct. 21.

Rev. T. C. Anderson, '91, of Tarentum, has received a call to St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. R. R. Littell, '99, was installed pastor of the Chartiers Cross Roads congregation near Washington, Sept. 9.

Miss Myra Boyd, '95, and Miss Zella Mitchell, '01, sail for Egypt Oct. 18.

Chas. H. Baldwin, '02, is teaching in the U. P. mission schools, Alexandria, Egypt.

Messrs. A. H. Baldinger, '00, and J. A. Chambers, '00 have just completed an extended tour through Pennsylvania and Ohio in the interest of missions. The Business Men's Missionary Association of Pittsburg, defrayed all expenses.

Messrs. J. Armour Vcazey, '02, and Roland G. Dcevers, '02, have been refused permission to ascend the Nile to Asyut, by the British authorities, owing to the presence of cholera in that region, and they are now located at Ramleh on the Mediterranean coast.

The presence of M. M. Edmundson, '01, as coach for the eleven this fall has put new life into college athletics. We are all glad to have "Eddie" with us once more.

The following graduates are studying medicine: Ralph C. Adams, '02, Philadelphia; H. H. Donaldson, '02, U. of Penn., Philadelphia; J. L. McBride, '02, U. of Penn., Philadelphia.

Chas. E. Trainer, '97, has graduated from the U. of Penn., Philadelphia, and is now practicing medicine at Vicksburg, Miss.

Miss Ora Reisinger, '02, is librarian of Beaver College.

Rev. H. G. Edgar, '96, pastor of the U. P. church at Colfax, Washington, and Miss Mary H. McCahon of Cannonsburg, were married July 21.

Miss Cora E. Marshall, '02, is studying law in the office of R. K. Aiken, Esq., '90, New Castle. Miss Marshall is the second lady to register as a law student in Lawrence county.

Prof. O. W. Raney, '98, is now professor of Latin in the Sharon High school.

The friends of W. J. Cowden, Esq., '71, of Wheeling, W. Va., will regret to learn that he is losing his eyesight.

Mr. E. W. Saxon, '01, goes to Princeton seminary this year. His address is 304 Hodge Hall.

Roy G. Kennedy, '02, will enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.

The Republican convention of the Eighteenth Congressional District of Ohio, nominated James Kennedy, Esq., class of '76, on the 208th ballot. Mr. Kennedy has the distinction of having been a classmate of President McKinley and a law student in the office of Judge George F. Arrel, class of '65, who it will be remembered, refused the office now occupied by Attorney General Knox.

The Rev. James M. Ferguson, '97, pastor of the First U. P. church, New Castle, and Miss Floy Irene Robertson, '98, were married Aug. 27. The ceremony was

performed by the Rev. R. G. Ferguson, D. D., president of Westminster college, father of the groom, assisted by Rev. E. N. McElree, D. D. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. L. B. Robertson, who was, for a number of years, matron of the Ladies' Hall. After a brief wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were tendered receptions by their friends in New Castle, and also in New Wilmington.

The following is a list of Westminster graduates who are teaching this year: J. Burt Porter, '02, Calumet, Mich.; J. Vance McKelvey, '02, Norfolk, Va.; T. A. Sampson, '01, Norfolk, Va.; Letitia Elliott, '99, Carnegie, Pa.; Mary E. Lea, '02, Carnegie, Pa.; Elnetta Sharp, '00, Thomasville, Ga.; Jessie Elliott, Thomasville, Ga.; Alvin R. Hunt, '02, principal Mt. Jackson High School; Wm. L. McKay, '02, Greenville; Hugh G. Snodgrass, '02, South Sharon; Alice Fairfield, '00, Marion, Ala.

The following graduates are studying law: John Boggs, '98, Pittsburg, (office) Alfred McP. Laing, '02, Pittsburg, (office) Gilbert F. Zehner, '02, Washington, D. C.; Roy Neville, '02, Harvard; C. H. Smith, '00, Cleveland Law School.



COLLEGE WORLD.

SIR G. G. STOKES, the newly elected head of Pembroke College, Cambridge, Eng., is 82 years old

Professor Kuno Fischer of Heidelberg University, has completed 100 semesters without ever having been ill or absent.

President Hadley of Yale, in an article in the September Century, says that betting is spoiling athletics as a training ground in morals.

"A library that will go on a shelf five feet long, is enough to give an intellectual

training to any human being that ever came into the world."—Pres. Elliot, Harvard.

The University congregation of the Chicago University, has sanctioned the pet idea of President Harper, and hereafter the sexes will be segregated at that institution.

Professor Andrew Sledd of Emory College, Ga., condemned lynching in an article on "The Negro," in the Atlantic Monthly for July last. Such a storm of abuse was heaped upon him that he was compelled to resign.

Thousands of people flocked to Princeton the first day the new trolley line from Trenton to the campus was opened.

Louis H. James of Chicago, the amateur golf champion, is now a student at Princeton University.

Perry Hale, the old Yale plunging full-back, will coach the Ohio State University eleven this fall.

Out of a class of 44 at Yale college, 11 have given up their lives in the cause of science.

Harvard has again led in educational changes. The degree of Bachelor of Arts can now be obtained there in three years. President Eliot is of the opinion that too much time is wasted in our secondary schools and even in our colleges.

There are 4,085 Roman Catholic students at secular universities in the United States. The authorities at Rome have suggested the idea that these Roman Catholic students should be provided with religious teachers by the college authorities.



Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

BIBLE Study Rally of the Y. W. C. A. September 22.

The summer conferences were very successful—larger than ever. 619 at Student Section, 324 at City Section. Speakers, Rev. R. E. Speer, Prof. W. W. White, Mr. Don O. Shelton, Chancellor M. Dowell, Mr. Salton of England, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor of China, Dr. Dennison and others.

The Pennsylvania State Y. W. C. A. convention meets in Indiana, Pa., October 17. As the convention is so near we should be well represented,

Miss Lily Strong, State Sec. of the Y. W. C. A., is expected at Westminster Oct. 1-3. We are glad to welcome our secretaries, and hope to receive great help and inspiration from Miss Strong's visit to us.

We were much disappointed that Miss Helen F. Barnes, the National Extension Secretary, could not carry out her plan of visiting Westminster on September 19. The extension or factory work of the Y. W. C. A. is new and we were eager to hear of it from Miss Barnes herself. She may be able to come at a later time.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

PAUL Yourd and Willard Reed have returned from the Northfield Conference, bringing to us many good things from that wonderful gathering of Christian students and workers. They are thoroughly enthused over the conference, and are putting their new ideas into faithful application. Let us hope that by the close of the year we may send a larger delegation of men to the conference at Northfield.

Mr. W. J. Miller, Jr., student secretary, paid us a pleasant and helpful visit at the opening of the college year. His address to the young men was filled with excellent advice. He said, in speaking to the new students, that a man's college life depends very largely on the first two weeks of his course. His thoughts to new students were sown evidently on good soil as was shown by the accession of twenty-four new

members the first evening. He is a thorough Bible student, a wide awake young man, earnest in his endeavors, and always leaves a deep impression on the hearts of those who listen to him.

The second meeting of the term was an intensely interesting one. Almost 70 men were present. Various topics concerning college Bible study were discussed by leading members and a real spiritual treat resulted. The Bible should be the familiar book of every student. The Bible classes should be attended by more men. Young men, are you all in a Bible class? Join a class, if not already a member, and place yourself on the side of Christ during your college life. "Not he that sayeth Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of God."



ATHLETIC NOTES.

BOTH the Sophomores and Freshmen have teams out training to compete in the annual relay race between those classes on field day. There are good runners in both classes, and as heretofore a good race may be expected.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association on Sept 20, the following officers were

elected: President, Wm. Witherspoon; vice president, W. C. Press; secretary, G. H. McLelland; treasurer, F. J. Warnock; manager of the basket ball team, W. Christy; of the base ball team, P. H. Yourd, and of the track team, R. Jamison. E. Minter was elected a member of the advisory board.

With the opening of school, all is activity again in the world of college athletics. While many of Westminster's greatest athletes have graduated within the last few years, there are still many left of undoubted ability in many lines of sport. In addition to these, among the new students, there have entered college many who have already had much experience, and give promise of doing excellent work in foot-ball, base-ball and on the track. There is also much raw material which may be developed by wise training, good coaching, and some hard work. On the whole Westminster has fair prospects for a successful year in athletics.

At present the general attention is directed to foot-ball. Quite a squad of men have been reporting at the grounds for practice daily, and with good systematic training will no doubt develop into a good team. It is always difficult to give prospects at the beginning of a season, or to prophecy at any time, but as far as can be seen at present, there are strong hopes for a fast team, though it will probably be rather light. Hard work and good coaching will work wonders anywhere, and with this Westminster may hope for a winning team.

M. M. Edmundson '01, a Westminster alumnus, has been secured to coach this fall. He was for a number of years a player on Westminster's team and acted with great success as captain. His ability as a player is well known and with his experience, his knowledge of Westminster ways and means, and the confidence he enjoys of all who know him, will prove an excellent man for the position.

Four of last year's team are in line again this fall, Parisen, captain of the team Moore, Tennent and Minter. Altogether about twenty-five candidates have been out for all positions. Among the new students who have had former experience in foot-ball may be mentioned McBride from Muskingum, Sampson from Syracuse University, Rudolph from Elders' Ridge Academy and Scott from Slippery Rock. A second team has been formed and A. M. Tweedy elected as captain. The following schedule has been arranged:

WESTMINSTER ABROAD VERSUS

University of West Va., Oct. 4

W. U. P., Oct. 25

Waynesburg, Nov. 14

Geneva, Nov. 22

Allegheny, Nov. 27

WESTMINSTER AT HOME VERSUS

Allegheny, Oct. 11

Geneva, Nov. 1

Arrangements are being made for other games, the dates of which cannot as yet be given. It was expected that a game would be played with Thiel on Sept. 27, but the manager of that team writes that, owing to the existing state of affairs in athletics there, he is compelled to cancel all games on his schedule. Another game will probably be arranged for that date.

In behalf of the team, we would bespeak the hearty cooperation of the whole student body, the Alumni and all the friends of Westminster. Let there be a large attendance at all of the games that the players may be encouraged by your presence. Then with the student body cheering on, and "Harmony" playing at center, guard, tackle, end, and back, we may be assured of success.

EXCHANGES.

WHAT the real object of the exchange column is, seems hard to determine. Almost every paper has its own ideas on the subject. Some devote this department to the reproduction of news from other colleges, some to friendly criticism of the other publications, and some almost entirely to college jokes. The majority of the exchange columns are about half criticism and half jokes.

Every paper should try to improve by comparison with its "exchanges" and in return should not hesitate to give suggestions to benefit others. It often does a paper good to have its defects pointed out, or mention made of its good points and encouragement given, in the pages of other college magazines.

The best thought, too, in the publications of other schools and colleges should be reproduced in the "Exchanges." So short quotations, pieces of poetry, etc., may go the rounds, and it is perhaps in fulfillment of this end that so many "jokes" find entrance to this department. Jokes are very characteristic of college life, as may be seen from the amount of "funny" material to be found within the pages of the average periodical, in the "Locals" and elsewhere; and then, too, a "joke" is in such a form that it may easily be transferred from one paper to another. So we can hardly blame the spirit that induces the insertion of jokes though many of them be "stale."

Few of this year's exchanges have as yet arrived.

We have received notice that the "Ursinus College Bulletin," one of our most valuable exchanges, has ceased publication and is to be succeeded by a college weekly newspaper with a bi-monthly literary supplement. We will be glad to welcome the new paper among our exchanges, and have no doubt it will maintain the high standard of the "Bulletin."

The following are a few "echoes" from last year's exchanges:

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy.

"I should whip whoever broke it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy, "coz papa's broke it."

Why is a month shorter in Kansas than elsewhere? Because the wind blows at least two days out of every week,—College Life.

"That money talks, I don't deny,
To me it always says, 'good bye.'"
—Ex.

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THE HOLCAD.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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THE MISSION OF MYSTERY.

BY Miss Loa Mitchell, '03.

[This oration, by Miss Loa Mitchell, was awarded second medal in the Junior Contest, held June 13.]

IT is the third day of creation; a broad river flows through a plain broken here and there by little hills or lofty mountains; all is still save when a gentle breeze roughens the placid water into murmuring wavelets; over all shines a strange, soft light that comes not from the sun or stars. It is a wonderful world, but as the wandering wind seeks over hill and valley it stirs no leaf nor finds a bird nor beast. Ere the evening comes a change takes place—from the water's edge a plain, green with new made grass and bright with earth's first flowers, slopes to mountains covered with majestic forests.

Now it is the dawning of the sixth day, and as the sun leads forth the loitering morn, he beholds new life in the waters and hears the first matins sung by the sweet-voiced choir of the birds. Yet he shall see greater wonders, for on this day God creates all life that makes its home on hill or plain, in shaded vale or on the mountain side. Then, crowning all the works of His hand, He makes man, with power to think and feel and know.

What is this man upon whom his Creator has lavished such powers of body, mind and soul—in all this new world the

only creature that looks beyond himself and is not all in all to himself?

What are the thoughts of man—man, the greatest of earth's mysteries—as he looks for the first time upon a world filled with the perfect works of its infinite Creator? On all sides he sees objects that excite his wonder and admiration; a bird flies past him with a burst of song, he wonders how? A soft breeze fans his cheek, he murmurs, "What?" A leaf falls at his feet, he knows not why. He cannot understand this mysterious world and as he turns again to his musing he asks why God, who gave to him so much to enjoy, gave him not also the secret of the world, the key to the workings of the universe.

Through all the years man has asked this same question and found his answer in a study of himself. The "God-like reason," the powers of investigation, and the love of knowledge were not implanted in the human mind that they should be left unused, but that delving ever deeper into the hidden stores of knowledge, climbing ever higher into the realms of the unexplored, he should "learn to think God's thoughts after Him."

Man's attempts to comprehend the Infinite and investigate the unknown, present a surprising variety of thought and action.

Mythology, combining a rudimentary knowledge of nature with a wealth of human fancy and stimulating ancient nations to great achievements in music, poetry, art and war, mysticism, leading oftentimes to bigotry, fanatacism and superstition, yet teaching us, of a more practical age, the value of earnest thought—both are but footprints left in man's searching. Even Buddhism is said to be not so much a religious faith as one of the experiments made by mighty minds to solve the mystery of life.

Progress has ever marked the investigation of man, and modern science—a splendid monument to his perseverance—marks not the end of his work. It is only a milestone upon the highway of truth. Ah, each mystery solved reveals vistas yet untried, each path explored, a labyrinth of untrodden ways!

How many things there are in this world for which man has found neither use nor reason. Why are vast treasures hidden in frozen North and depth of seas, while so many human beings perish for bread? Whence is the power of the lode-stone and the flowing of the tide, the chained lightning or the tempest's thundering voice? Let earth's greatest scientist confess his ignorance. Even one grain of sand is a rock against which all his boasted philosophy is shipwrecked—each ray of light a wonder that he cannot solve.

"Our world is not the mere battle-field and playground of physical forces." It is the creation of God, the silent witness to the infinite hand of its Maker, the canvass whereon are portrayed the thoughts of the Divine Artist. The friendship of Science

and Religion, oft times almost hidden by the petty strifes of their so-called followers, grows ever nearer. Science must acknowledge that divine revelation three thousand years ago declared truths which only recently have been established by her own tardy investigations. "When the morning stars sang together," for ages was thought to be only a poetical expression, but modern science discovering that vibrations too fine and rapid to affect the ear, appeal to the eye in the form of light, realizes a truth long uninterpreted.

The day is past, and as the shadows of evening shut from view the beauties of earth we cry, "Cannot we always have the sunlight to enjoy this beautiful world? Must the eye of day be closed?" But, wait, ere the sun has gathered his last, lingering ray from hill top and mountain an ever brightening spark appears, then another and another until the sky is filled with stars, "the thoughts of God in the heavens."

The one who gazes into the night with its mysterious, sable silence, cannot but feel his soul mount

"Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God."

As tenants of a star world we are not the same creatures we should be in a world of mere sunlight." Nature's rest time, revealing to man the true universe of innumerable worlds lifts him out of the narrow selfishness of his own work and pleasure.

"In her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness."

He learns the language of another world, the knowledge of which makes him more thoughtful in the daily task that has a place in the plan not only of one world, but

of many, whose sublime order shows to him his own moral disorder, and teaches him obedience to that One whose word even the worlds obey.

"O wild and wondrous midnight,
There is a might in thee
That makes the charmed body
Almost like spirit be,
And gives it some faint glimpses
Of immortality."

Darkness and sleep though seemingly interruptions to the world's work bring not only rest, but time for reflection and revision and reveal depths of physical and spiritual nature unthought of before. Pain and sorrow discipline the mind, soften the temperament of the soul, and give the highest possibilities of character. Even the darkest of earth's mysteries, has its mission that shall be clearly revealed only when all things shall be made known; and death—

"We know not what it is, this sleep so deep and still,
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all,
But this we know our loved and dead if they should come this day,
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be,
But oh how sweet it is to us this life we live and see."

One man losing himself in the un-

known and unknowable and ignorant of the limits of his own mind will accept nothing he cannot understand. Following such a leader, what is left for us? We are surrounded by "mysteries of Grace" and nature as vast and incomprehensible as the universe. Shall our weak human minds, failing to interpret Nature, refuse to study that which has waited through all the ages for the patient hand of a true scholar to reveal it? Shall we, baffled in all attempts to explain the unexplainable mysteries of Grace, turn to the infidel and the atheist? Surely we cannot trust ourselves to them, for they answer our questions only by deftly evading them, and back through the years we catch a glimpse of hearts torn and broken, of nations prostrate and bleeding from the fury of their own agnostics.

Let us take this life with all it holds of joy or pain, with all its endless possibilities of good or evil, with all its doubts and questionings, with all its abilities and opportunities—let us take it, and with all the power of life face bravely its mysteries, let the unknown lead us to the Omniscient One, the wonder of the creation guide us to the great Creator,

"And link the human to the heart Divine."



HEED not, O man, the flaws thy fellow creatures show.
Enough for thee to know the Master is thy Beacon Light,
And not an earth worm's glow.

W. C. P., '04.

THE MISSION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY V. G., '03.

THAT beauty enters largely into the the composition of all created things is a fact that needs no proving.

When the finished work lay completed beneath the Great Being's gaze who was both its architect and its creator, he examined the wonderful temple both as to its form and contents and over its door wrote the verdict which has remained unchanged down through all the ages and will remain unchanged until the earthly shall have given place to the heavenly. "It is very good." True the original beauty has been marred and scarred and darkened by elements introduced into the work since the giving of that verdict on creation's sunny morn, but as the light is only emphasized by the darkness and the beautiful intensified by the common so the verdict has only been strengthened by the efforts to change it.

The relation of the beautiful to man and to his development in all that is true and good has been one of the questions of the ages. The old sages and philosophers gave to it a dark and mystic meaning which failed to connect it with the true development of man's higher nature, but the age of mysticism passed and with it those dark and vague ideas which tended to obscure rather than to illumine, and then dawned the era not of figures and of fancies but of realities and of facts, and that era has placed upon the beautiful in all its forms, its true interpretation and that interpretation gives to it an important position in the true development of mankind.

If we commence with the beauty that is manifest in nature we can see almost at a glance the truth of this statement—"The earth hath a thousand tongues."

The coming of the spring-time in the procession of the seasons, heralded by the singing of the birds and marked by the emerald carpet on hill-side and valley, the leafy trees waving their branches in the breeze as if to greet each other with joy and love, the opening buds and the rippling brooks. Who can gaze upon these scenes without their lives being filled with hope and pleasure; depression is driven away and by this picture of new life man is called to renewed energy and earnestness; and then when all this is past and autumn comes and nature lays aside the wedding garments for the burial robes, she does not bedeck herself in sombre garb as if she mourned for the past but she seems to put on her brightest robes in which to die.

The forests on hill-side and on mountain peak are a blaze of glory as they shine like polished gold beneath the mellow rays of the autumn sun, and thus she seems to whisper words of inspiration to the heart of man, telling him that when life's autumn is come and the beauty and work of youth are laid aside, that brighter robes shall be his and that cheer and not sadness should be the tone of his life.

The beauty of the lily, the delicate shade and tint of the rose, the care of the birds, all these teach us now as they taught others long centuries ago of the needless-

ness of fret and worry and of the perfect order there is in trust and patience, and so we conclude that each creation of nature, whether viewed by philosopher or rustic has a beauty and that beauty tends to minister to the elevation of mankind and to the development of those traits of character that make him true and noble.

But there is a higher and more elevated beauty than this and that is presented to us in the work of the human mind.

It is a higher type of beauty, because it is the production of the living, thinking mind and so appeals to the human heart either for good or evil as nature can not and does not. Among these might be mentioned music and painting.

Why is the human voice and the human hand cultivated in these different departments at a great sacrifice of time and wealth by their devotees? Is not the answer presented in the fact that these feel that their nature is being developed in all that is beautiful by this training.

Why is it that the individual delights in listening to the trained voice or the trained musician on the instrument? It certainly is not merely because he admires the skill displayed, but it is because that skill awakens emotions and feelings that tend to lift him above his grosser self to something that is better, and so the tear follows the simple ballad as the story of a wronged self has been carried to the weary soul and the desire of a higher life has been created by the same sweet voice; and if one fact more than another tends to establish the truth of the elevating effect of music it is to be found in the emphasis placed upon it in all religious services; it seems to sub-

due and soften the human heart and to awaken true purposes as almost nothing else does.

The same is true of painting. It is said that the picture in one of the greatest collections ever seen in this country that attracted the most attention was that of a mother bidding adieu to her son who was about to go from his home to make his way in the world. The mother has followed him to the gate that leads out from a humble home and is now placing on his lips the last touch of affection.

Before that simple yet strong picture there was a constant crowd and upon the cheek of many a strong man, tears were seen as they gazed upon it. Home and mother-earth's two sweetest words were brought to their minds and all that had been meant to them in by-gone years by these words came back and the cares of life were forgotten, the failings and fallings and even the greatness and success that had come faded away and they were at home with mother again all through the influence of a picture of a simple scene and yet instinct with influences for good.

Time would fail to tell of the mighty work that has been done by those old artists who delighted to portray on canvas the life of the man of sorrow, teaching as they have truth and righteousness all these years.

But there is a higher beauty than either of these and one that appeals to the human heart more strongly than they, and that is the beauty presented in heroic moral action.

There is a power in nature, there is a power in the portrayal of a scene whether

by song or by brush, but they all fade into insignificance when compared to a scene enacted not for selfish purposes but for the good of a fellow-man.

The world will always draw near with careful tread and holy thought as such scenes as when Socrates takes the hemlock and with a smile upon his lips drinks the deadly draught to its very dregs as he talks to his friends about immortality and so seals by his actions the belief of his life; to an Arnold Winklereed as he gathers in his side beneath the shadow of the towering Alps, a sheaf of Austrian spears and by so doing breaks the solid phalanx that confronted his country-men; he dies but Switzerland passes through the breach and lives; to a John Brown stooping to kiss a colored child at the foot of the scaffold and then ascending the platform of death, gives up his life that a nation might be awakened to a sense of the injustice done to a race of enslaved beings and be led to make them free; to an Abraham Lincoln signing the emancipation proclamation in the face of cruel criticism and stern opposition and thus seemingly as seen in the light of after history signing his own death warrant.

Who can describe the beauty of such scenes as these? The moral grandeur they display is a revelation teaching us that man is akin to something higher than this earth and at the same time they are voices, inspiring and calling mankind up to that higher stage of action which is the honor and glory of the race, where one forgets himself for the good of others, even to the laying down of his life, the greatest moral excellence that is to be found on the earth!

“Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,

Still travelling downward from the sky
Shine on our mortal sight,
So when a great man dies
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.”

But the mission of the beautiful does not end here, if it did it would indeed be incomplete. There is a beauty of a higher nature than any we have mentioned, an ideal beauty, and all these things only tend to prepare the individual to attain in some degree that beauty. The ideal recedes and continues to recede as we approach it, but it is no mere myth that leaves us at last groping in the dark. Its termination is in the infinite, in God himself, for the true and absolute ideal is nothing else than God, and the mission of all beauty is to prepare the mind to receive and enter into the perfect character of that one who is moral beauty itself.

The grand old philosopher, Diotomus, is represented as catching a glimpse of this beauty, and recognizing that all else had been given to prepare for it, he speaks of the yearnings of his heart thus beautifully to Socrates: “Eternal beauty, unbegotten and imperishable, exempt from decay, which is not beautiful in such a part and ugly in another.” “Oh my dear Socrates,” continues the stranger of Maritima, “that which can give value to this life is the spectacle of that eternal beauty. What would be the destiny of a mortal to whom it was granted to contemplate this beauty, to see it face to face, under its sole form, the divine beauty,”

The old philosopher lived and died, groping after this unknown God, but not so with us; the unknown God of the Ath-

enians has become the known God to us.

Infinite is the beauty which surrounds his presence—so dazzling that no human eye can behold his glory. But more beautiful in those beneficent traits of character which we can behold, and which form the very essence of his being. And as we behold we see in all this beauty of creation and of action a little of his infinite beauty.

and that given to us to create a desire within the heart to become like the great ideal; and so the longing of the lonely shepherd on the hills of Palestine, which found an expression in the beautiful words of the song, has become the longing of every true soul, which has learned aright the mission of the beautiful, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."



EDITORIAL.

THE Hall girls are grateful to the Glee Club and others who have favored them with serenades this fall. Their music is always most enjoyable, but, floating up through the still night air, it has an added charm. Moreover, on such occasions, they have always given their best selections and those which are the acknowledged favorites of their enthusiastic listeners, as "The Stein Song," "Sweet and Low," "Our Mother Fair Westminster," and others. Our singers and musicians will find a thoroughly appreciative audience at the Hall as often as they choose to come.



FEW students enter college with any clear idea as to what they are sent to school for. Some go through their college course without ever learning how to study. It is not a matter to be learned by rule. Only the broadest principles are applicable, so widely do minds differ in their working. Concentration of mind and retention by memory are generally acknowledged as essentials, but there is another

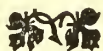
that most students are apt to neglect—the habit of reflection. The knowledge gained in the class room can only be of use when it is assimilated. To this end no exercise of the mind is more useful than that of thoughtful reflection. In this way the thoughts of master minds will become our own, the facts of science will become suggestive, and all branches of our knowledge will be related in the mind's view. And not only will there be a firmer grasp upon knowledge acquired, but the habit of weighing the opinions of others and forming one's own judgment concerning them is in itself valuable. No student can afford to pass over his lessons without thinking them over for himself, unless his aim is merely to get through his course, and that in the easiest way possible.



THE recent additions to the library are works worthy of more than passing notice. Dr. Moorehead's writings are invaluable to the Bible student, President Roosevelt's "Winning of the West" will

not fail to attract attention, while some essays of Marden and Hillis deserve the careful perusal of every student. There are also several volumes of recent fiction, all well chosen. A complete set of Ruskin

will be added later. Alumni of the college who like to bring some gift to alma mater when they return to visit her, might well remember that a thoughtfully chosen book is indeed a fitting gift.



HOLCADES MIKRAI.

A GOOD tonic for those who are back in their studies—Catsup.

My kingdom for a HOLCAD joke.

Exams seem to be all the go now.

Mr. V. to L. A.—“Are you sleepy, dear?”

Miss D—“Girls, will meet you down at the tack-shop.”

Mr. McBride, with agitation.—“Oh! you have my heart ”

Miss McLaughlin informs us she is going to change her name.

Hall girls, next time you go to Mercer Fair, be sure there is a Mercer Fair.

When it comes to exams, to know or not to know, that is, the questions.

Mr. McCollam, 'oo, preached in the College chapel Sabbath evening, Oct. 12.

Miss Culbert.—“Oh, yes, Mr. McCollum has been in the cemetery for two years.”

Miss L. A.—“Mr. Zuver ran in the Sophomore relay team when he was a Freshman.”

Patterson in English Literature.—“Queen Elizabeth had much tact in dealing.”

Miss Brown, in French.—“What have you in your pocket, Mousieur B?” Painful silence.

Miss Beatty.—“Coal oil looks just like pineapple phosphate. I wish the “Hall” had a fountain.”

Mr. Long, in German.—“There is in Deutsch many verb forms which in English are not reflexive.”

“Say,” exclaimed Miss Beatty, “Wouldn’t school be nice this year if only the old students were back.”

Some of the ladies at the hall have been sleeping on wedding cake, but Miss Ramsey says she is beyond such things.

Miss A. (with emphasis)—“I do hate to be in the city on rainy days; the air is just muddy with smoke.”

A very enthusiastic celebration took place at the Ladies’ Hall Saturday evening, October 11th, on account of the victory over Allegheny college. We are glad to see the spirit of the students, and hope it will continue.

"Was she a studentess, too?"

Mr. P.—"I guess I'll have to take another look."

Patronize the "Wanted" colum of THE HOLCAD. It brings results.

Mr. Craig, in Sr. Greek.—"Oh! I meant it to be emphatic."

If consciousness is the power to know, is not to know, unconsciousness?

Miss King, while in the laundry of Ladies' Hall.—"Girls, it's my turn to Press."

Mr. McCandless is still wondering how Hall girls enter the music hall through locked doors and windows.

"Heads I win. Tails you lose." "All right" And for five minutes he couldn't understand why he lost every penny.

Mr. Tennent, after walking down street with Miss Ella Warner.—"Oh, well, it's all in the family anyhow. She's my cousin."

Miss Mary Warner, at a foot ball game, as some one is laid out, or makes an exceptionally good play.—"Is that Scotchy?"

The Hall janitor, at sight of Dutch approaching, starts immediately for Miss R's room to save time for him after the bell rings.

He was gazing reflectively at a photograph of a young man with a fine mustache. "That reminds me," he remarked, of my mustache." "You must have a long memory," said his companion. "Oh, I guess not." "Well," she said, "I suppose

it wouldn't take a very long one to be as long as that mustache" "Now indeed," he protested, "that mustache was good. You just ought to have tasted it."

Prof. Schott in Physics.—"How many foot-pounds does it take to come up the stairs?"

Bright pupil.—"One, on each step."

Of course, you should subscribe for THE HOLCAD. It's your own college paper, and if you're not interested, who would be.

A certain Hall girl takes those gentlemen she likes up the board walk, less favored youths up the drive. For further particulars inquire of Miss D.

Miss Grier.—"I've broken my electric light globe, and I don't know where to get another."

Miss Breaden, (cheerfully)—"At the Globe office, of course."

Dr. Ferguson and Prof. Freeman were absent at the centennial of Washington and Jefferson College. The degree of L. L. D. was conferred upon Dr. Ferguson.

The Leagorean and Adelpic Societies gave a reception to the faculty and new students Thursday evening. An elaborate program had been prepared, after which refreshments were served in Leagorean hall. The evening was enjoyed by all present.

Time, 10:30 p. m. Group of Hall girls discussing fall fashions.—"Have you heard what's the latest thing out," drawled a Junior.

"Oh! what?" from a Freshman.

"The lights," was the squelching reply.

The faculty and students spent a pleasant evening as guests of the Chrestomath and Philomath Literary Societies. Much enjoyment was afforded by attempts to match capitals and countries, as well as by shadow fortune telling. Refreshments were served from a booth in the HOLCAD room.



Wanted.—(Two Cents a Word.)

A piece of wedding cake warranted to turn out better. Leave with Miss Miller in one week from date.

A buggy that will not upset in the mud, by Mr. Crawford.

Another lock of her hair. Leave with Assistant Editor.

A photographic memory for Mr. Stevenson.

A HOLCAD local containing two points and a joke. Drop in local box.

Ten of the ladies at the Hall desire a washer-woman.

A cover for the Athletic Field in rainy weather. Any one having same will please present to Manager Thompson before the next game. It is very desirable that the new suits be kept off the damp ground.

A hickory-chestnut-walnut magnet for a student.

Mr. Getty wishes to know the derivation of "Jehu."

Mr. Veazey desires an ante-Psychology nap.

By five Freshmen. Those Sophomore posters. If left on Main street they will reach the searchers.

By the students of Westminster—a new gymnasium.

By two students, a substitute for spoon holders during the renovation of the campus.

A gentleman having valuables to deposit wishes a portable safe. Expense no consideration.

To see my full name in print.—"Alice Penelope Peachbloom Bard."

Sixteen plausible excuses for skipping church. Samples to be sent before close of term to VanOrsdell club.

A new secret place in which to hide my picture of him.—Ladies' Hall.

A drive in a single buggy with just one person—Miss Donaldson.



Popular Fallacies.

Morgantown, W. Va., Oct. 4, 1902.

In connection with the trip to Morgantown the following popular fallacies may be of interest:

1. That the hotels of Morgantown wanted to entertain a foot ball team.
2. That Sampson can't make a touchdown on U. W. Va.
3. That Bunny can play with mud in his eyes.
4. That the visitors were much heavier than the mountaineers.
5. That five college men can't sleep in one dining room.
6. That Rudolph won't shine shoes.
7. That Eddie can't sing.
8. That the Catskills are 52 miles from Walton.
9. That Scotchy can't wear Bunny's coat.
10. That Minter can play the piano.—[Saturday Evening Echoes.]

MUSIC AND ART.

IT has been said that Mozart is the most brilliant of all musical geniuses.

Great art is nothing else than the type of strong and noble life; noble art is nothing less than the expression of a great soul; and great souls are not common things.—Ruskin.

Miss Pearle Anderson is working on a very pretty forget-me-not photograph frame. Mention should be made of Miss Pauline Robinson's landscape in monochrome.

The most attractive piece of china in the studio is a punch bowl belonging to Mrs. Pyle. It is designed in currants, and for richness of coloring it cannot be surpassed. There are several other pretty pieces of china. A punch bowl in blackberries, by Mrs. Veech of New Castle, and a tankard in grapes by Mrs. Green are beautiful. Miss Ferguson is working on a set of dinner plates in currants, grapes and cherries.

The success of pictorial art depends on the artist's power of elimination. The great artists have been those who have so firmly riveted the attention of their public that out of its fancy have been evolved objects the artists merely suggested. This power of concentration is a more delicate quality in the hands of the black and white artist than in him who has a palette at command. In all the range of black and white processes there is none so delicate as dry point etching. With the development of photography, etching and engraving have

fallen from their high estate, and it is only recently that the older form has been revived by modern artists. One of the most remarkable of these is Paul Hellen, a young artist of Paris. Hellen began his art life as a painter in pastel, and made for himself a reputation along this line. One day he called upon Tissot, the Christ painter, and found him at work on a dry point plate, and he became interested to the extent of practicing it for himself. In all of Hellen's work there is the charm of a delicate workmanship. The beauty of his art is indeed a joy forever to all art lovers.

The Lecture Course Committee have now completed all arrangements, and the schedule for the year has been announced. They have labored faithfully to give to their patrons the very best talent available, and they have succeeded admirably. Although the program will vary slightly from those of preceding years, we feel safe in saying that the change is for the better. The committee should be congratulated on their success in obtaining such noted lecturers, and concerts which are so widely known. The following is the list of attractions:

Oct. 16.—Col. A. W. Hawks. Subject, "Sunshine and Shadow."

Nov. 3.—E. Maro, Entertainer.

Nov. 20.—Hon. Champ Clark. Subject: "Picturesque Public Men."

Dec. 9.—Rev. Frank Dixon. Subject, "The Threat of Socialism."

Feb. 15.—Chicago Glee Club.

March 19.—Bostonia Glee Club.

Apr. 16.—Wm. Hawley Smith. Subject, "Born Short."

ALUMNI NOTES.

FRED G. Wright, '00, is at Allegheny seminary.

Emma F. Robertson, '94, is teaching in Fostoria, Ohio.

Clyde Wright, '02, expects to take up the insurance business.

Edward P. Cole, '02, is pursuing a post-graduate course at Oberlin.

J. K. Gamble, '02, is in the Cleveland office of the Prudential Insurance Company.

Rev. Wm. Brown, '95, Mundale, N. Y., preached in the 1st U. P. church, October 5.

J. P. Vance, '85, is constructing engineer of a railroad between Toronto and Montreal.

Synod will meet at the U. P. church, Mercer, of which Rev. S. W. Gilkey, D. D., '77, is pastor.

James C. Sloss, '00, chemist at the Black Diamond steel works, Pittsburg, is ill at the home of his parents.

George H. McFarland, ex-'89, is manager of the Pittsburg office of the Royal Union Life Insurance Co., of Iowa.

Rev. C. D. Fulton, '95, of Canonsburg, assisted the Rev. Dr. McElree, of the Second U. P. church, with the recent communion service.

Rev. S. A. Martin, D. D., '72, president of Wilson College, has been elected Professor of Homiletics at Princeton Theological Seminary.

James H. Grier, '02, J. Armor Veazey, '02 and Roland G. Deevers, '02, have reached Asyut, Egypt, and are now preparing for active work at Asyut college.

Rev. William H. Vincent, D. D., '69, of Detroit, Mich., and W. J. W. Cowden, Esq., '71, have been re-elected members of the Board of Directors, Allegheny Seminary.

S. A. McCollam, '00, Allegheny Seminary, preached October 12th at the 1st U. P. church, and in the evening conducted the preaching services in the college chapel.

George H. Seville, '98, was ordained a minister of the Baptist church October 13, at Wilkinsburg, and is now on his way to China under the direction of the China Inland Mission.

Mrs. Taggart, '61, of Pittsburg, and Mrs. Lowery, '66, of Lincoln, Neb., daughters of Dr. James Patterson, first president of Westminster, are visiting in New Wilmington.

Rev. J. C. Kistler, '86, Houstonville, has been elected president of the Washington county Sabbath School Association. Mr. Kistler will have charge of 68 schools containing 949 teachers and 10,618 pupils.

The Pittsburg "Times" under date of October 10, and a recent issue of The Midland both contain pictures of Miss Zella W. Mitchell, '01, Westminster's latest representative in the foreign mission field. The Y. P. C. U. of the 2nd U. P. church, held a farewell service for Miss Mitchell, October

12, and receptions will be tendered the mission party of which she is a member in Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New York.

Rev. James D. Barr, '88, will be installed pastor of the U. P. church, at Bloomington, Ind., Nov. 11, at 10:30 A. M. At a farewell reception held in the 1st U. P. church a handsome chair and a fine set of books were presented to Rev. Barr on behalf of the congregation and students respectively.

Recent visitors: John L. Nesbit '95, Utica, J. A. Chambers '00, J. L. Degelman '02, Allegheny, S. A. McCollam '00, Alle-

gheny, H. G. Snodgrass '02, Sharon, W. L. McKay '02, Greenville, T. C. Cochran '01, Mercer, M. C. Wright '02, Metz, O., H. Spencer '94, Kittaning, H. B. McElree '96, Kittaning, A. H. Baldinger '01, Allegheny, Ira F. Leeper '01, Xenia, O., Miss Mary E. Turner '00, Wilkinsburg, Miss Sara B. McLean '00, Wilkinsburg, Miss J. Frances Mehard '02, Mercer, Ralph C. Adams '02, Mercer, Rev. Dr. D. R. McDonald '81, Mercer, Rev. R. A. Jamison '74, Apollo, Rev. I. T. Wright '69, Metz, O., Dr. J. H. Vance ex-'85, Mrs. Dora Barr Brown, '92.



COLLEGE NOTES.

THE following admirable record of the York Collegiate Institute, York, Pa., speaks well for the excellent training received by the students of that institution: Of graduates and students of former years, 43 were in different colleges and professional schools during the year 1901-1902. Of these, ten were in Princeton, five in Lehigh, four in U. of P., three in Gettysburg two each in Harvard, U. P. Seminary, of Allegheny, Woman's College, State. One each in Columbia, Trinity, Yale, Troy, Dickinson, Johns Hopkins, Mt. Holyoke, Swarthmore, Philadelphia School of Pharmacy, Lebanon Valley and other institutions. Rev. E. T. Jeffers, D. D., formerly president of Westminster college, is now in charge of this school.

Professor Rudolph Virchow, "the simple little gray man," king of science, world renowned physician, teacher, statesman, great citizen and great commoner, died in Berlin early in September. Virchow elevated medicine from a trade to a science and completed the theory of the processes which actually constitute disease. This work of his became the basis of all medical theory.

Woodrow Wilson, the newly elected president of Princeton university, is the first layman who has occupied that office. Dr. Wilson is the son of an Ohio father and a Scotch-Irish mother. He was born in Virginia, reared in Georgia and South Carolina and educated at Princeton. While professor at Princeton, President Wilson

was regularly voted each year by the students the most popular professor in college. He is devoted to his Alma Mater and ranks high as a teacher, jurist, historian, man of letters and man of affairs.

Pennsylvania and Brown universities have adopted Harvard's plan for a three year course leading to the A. B. degree. At the University of Pennsylvania, sixty (60) "units" is the amount of work required and this work can be done in three, six or even ten years, at the option of the student.

President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, believes we need the bible in our schools. He says: "When we study the ancient civilizations one of the first things to which we give attention is their religious books. . . . From Chaucer and Browning our literature draws liberally from the eternal springs of the sacred scriptures. And yet we are undertaking to educate our children and make them scholars in literature without putting into their hands that great literary masterpiece which is the foundation of the whole literary structure "



Y. M. C. A. Notes.

Prof. Freeman addressed the Y. M. C. A. Tuesday evening, October 7, on the subject, "The Duty of the Strong to the Weak." His talk was plain, forcible and practicable. He said that our first duty was to our lessons. Make a good class record both in study and in attendance and we would be setting a good example. We should be as careful about the kind of an

example we were setting our fellows on the athletic field and in our sports as anywhere else. Do not forget the kind word, the pleasant look, the impressive hand shake, as being worthy examples for others to follow.

The District Y. M. C. A. convention at Beaver Falls was attended by about twenty men and all report a splendid convention and a hearty welcome by the town people. The college session held at Geneva college was especially helpful in our work here. Many good things were said, which, when put into practice, will be helpful to all. We hope much good may come to the lives of the men who went to Beaver as well as to the Association.



Y. W. C. A. Notes.

We are glad to welcome so many new members to our number. We hope they also may be helped and strengthened by our weekly meetings.

One evening a very interesting report of the Silver Bay Convention was given. An earnest, helpful prayerful spirit seems to have been characteristic of the convention.

Our Association seems to be in good working order so let us try to make this the very best year we have ever had. Let us "learn to labor and to wait" God's blessing on our efforts.



"Be wise with speed; a fool at forty is a fool, indeed."—Young's Love of Fame.

ATHLETICS.

DURING the past month Westminster's football team has been doing excellent work and meeting with deserved success. Harmony and a true spirit of sport prevail, and this with good coaching has been bearing fruit in kind.

The following games have been added to the schedule which was published in last month's HOLCAD:

WESTMINSTER ABROAD.

Grove City, - - - October 20.
Indiana Normal, - - - November 17.

WESTMINSTER AT HOME.

Slippery Rock, - - - September 27.

The game announced last month with W. U. P. for October 25, is to be played on the 15th of October.



The first game of the season was played with the Slippery Rock team at New Wilmington on September 27. An easy victory for Westminster was the result, the score being 52-0. The first touch down was scored on the second play in thirty seconds from the beginning of the game, and other touch-downs and goals followed rapidly. The weakness of the opposing team gave little opportunity for showing the strength or weak points of our men. The line-up was as follows:

SLIPPERY ROCK 0.	WESTMINSTER 52.
Magors l e	Tennent
Gormley, J. G. l t	Minteer
Gormley, J. C. l g	Rudolph
Daugherty c	Warnock
Kaste r g	Crooks
Wilson r t	Parisen
McCullough r e	McBride

Ricketts q b	Moore
Watkins r h	Sampson
Seitz l h	Christy
McDonald f b	Elliott

Touchdowns: Sampson 2, Christy 2, Elliott 2, Tennent, Tweedie, Moore. Goals, Moore 7; substitutions, Tweedie for Tennent, Thompson for Wilson, Braham for Ricketts, Wilson for McDonald. Referee, Mr. Porter, New Wilmington. Umpire, Mr. Pearson, Slippery Rock. Linemen, Jamison, Westminster, Thompson, Slippery Rock. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes



WESTMINSTER-UNIV. OF W. VA.

The Westminster eleven played the first important game of the schedule at Morgantown on October 4. The opposing team was the heavy players representing the University of West Virginia.

For four years Westminster and W. V. U., have met on the gridiron and each year our team has come home decisively beaten. This year, however, Westminster college has every reason to feel proud of the showing made by her representative team. They not only held the mountain boys down to a small score, but even scored on them by fast, straight football.

West Virginia won the toss and chose the east goal. Moore kicked off for Westminster to Virginia's 10 yard line. W. V. U. then began a series of line bucks and short end bucks that slowly carried the ball to the center of the field where Westminster held them for downs. Westminster tried the line with no gain. Tennent made ten yards around right end. At this point West Virginia took a brace and forced our boys to punt. Captain Smith caught the punt nicely and ran 65 yards for the first touchdown. Score 5-0.

After the second kick-off West Virginia's half backs, Smith and Martin alternated in advancing the ball until they reached Westminster's yard line, when Smith went over for the second touchdown. The half ended soon after with the ball in the center of the field. Score, West Virginia 10, Westminster 0.

In the second half Captain Parisen went in at center in place of Warnock who had been injured, and Tweedie took Parisen's place at right tackle. Virginia kicked off to Westminster's 20 yard line. Westminster now began to play snappy ball and Christy and Tennent made good gains around the end. Moore punted to West Virginia's ten yard line where a fumble gave the ball to the visitors. Westminster advanced to the four yard line when Sampson went over for the touchdown. Moore kicked goal. Time of touchdown 4 minutes, 10 seconds

During the remainder of the half the team was materially weakened by the absence of Captain Parisen and the disabled condition of several of the men. Smith of West Virginia, made two long runs each time scoring a touchdown. The half ended with the ball on Westminster's 6 yard line. Score 20-6.



The first game in the inter-collegiate league series was played with Allegheny college at New Wilmington on October 11, and was won by Westminster by a score of 6-0. The game was a very hotly contested one throughout. Allegheny's team was somewhat weakened at an early stage in the play through the loss of its captain who was injured and compelled to retire.

Westminster received the ball at the kick-off and by steady gains, chiefly on end runs carried the ball down the field for a touchdown. Our team's work at this time was very aggressive. The interference was strong and was well followed up by the runners. During the rest of the first half our eleven made good gains at times, and again sustained losses, so that they were unable to cross the goal a second time, and the half ended with the score 6-0. In the second half Allegheny was given an opportunity to show her strength on the offensive, and by strong team work succeeded in carrying the ball far down the field. At last by a determined effort our team held them for downs on the five yard line, and receiving the ball were again able to put it out of danger. After this the two teams oscillated back and forth on the field without either side reaching the goal, and the half ended with the score 6-0. The line-up of the two teams was as follows:

ALLEGHENY 0,

WESTMINSTER 6.

Lockwood	l e.....	Tennent
Hayes	l t.....	Metz
McQuiston	l g.....	Russel
Kelly.....	c.....	Parisen (Capt.)
Lampe.....	r g.....	Crooks
Ballentine.....	r t.....	Elliott
Yard.....	r e.....	McBride
Ransom.....	qr.....	Moore
Taylor.....	r h.....	Sampson
Turner.....	l h.....	Christy
Williams (Capt.).....	f	Minteer

Substitutions, Harper for Williams. Touchdown, Christy; Goal, Moore; Referee, Porter, New Wilmington, Humeston, Bucknell; Linemen, Yourd and Wilson; Timekeepers, Whelan McElree. Two twenty minute halves were played.



On October 13 a game was played with the Slippery Rock eleven at Slippery Rock and won by Westminster's second team,

score 18-0. The game was played in a drenching rain. The visitors entirely outclassed their opponents. A safety, touch-down and goal in the first half and two touchdowns in the second constituted the score.

The second team played its first game at New Castle, September 29 and won an easy victory by the score of 32-0. An exhibition game was also played with the New Wilmington A. C. on October 10, which resulted in defeat, N. W. A. C. winning 5-0.

At a recent meeting of the Inter-colle-

giate Athletic League the following officers were elected: Pres., Prof. Barnes of Westminster, vice president, C. J. Scott of Allegheny; secretary and treasurer, F. B. Limerick of Geneva.

A schedule of games has been arranged for the second team as follows:

New Castle at New Castle Sept. 29.

Slippery Rock at Slippery Rock Oct. 13.

Greenville H. S., at Greenville Oct. 20.

New Castle at New Wilmington, October 27.

Ellwood City at Ellwood City, Nov. 3.

Other games are still to be secured.



EXCHANGES.

A SINGLE conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years mere study of books.

We are glad to welcome back again many of our old exchanges, and hope to receive them regularly during the coming year. Most of them are up to former standards, while some show decided improvements. The "Colorado Tiger" in particular deserves commendation for its improved style. Among the best literary efforts contained in the issues so far received may be mentioned as deserving of notice, "An Old Violin, in the "Tripod," Henderson's Home Coming" and "The Unforgotten Vow" in the Washington-Jeffersonian," and "The Soul of a Violin," in the Colby Echo.

Primus.—"What was it that killed that Freshman?"

Secundus.—"Why, a train of thought ran through his head, demolishing it entirely."—Normal Outlook.

Compliments may be put in a delicate manner. Youthful gallant take notice:

"This long walk hurts my feet," said she.

"Ah," he replied, "Let's not talk about such small things."

A mist on the dim horizon,

An infinite blue sky,

The rich, ripe tints of the cornfields,

And the wild geese sailing high,

And over upland and lowland

The charm of the golden-rod;

Some of us call it autumn,

Others call it God.—Selected.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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NATURE'S INFLUENCE.

POETRY, it is often said, has two great objects with which it deals, two threads of which it weaves its many-colored fabric: Man and Nature. Yet there is in all true poetry of every age and civilization, continual reference, now latent, now expressed, to something higher than both which binds each to the other and without which neither could exist.

As a middle ground between God and man, nature has been an object of intense interest. Her influence in the forming of civilization and its arts can scarcely be estimated.

Even in its very childhood, did the human race recognize the fact that this universe is not a mere machine moved by a system of ropes and pulleys which we call natural laws, nor as the satirist says, a dead thing which some upholsterer has put together, but that it is a living organism, defying our keenest scrutiny and escaping our most subtle analysis.

Each people has had its own idea concerning the interpretation of this "open secret," but that idea has changed from age to age. The mysterious ebb and flow of the Nile; the vast, monotonous steppes of Russia; the soft skies, clear air and blue sea of Greece; the verdure, the misty heavens, the sea-girt isolation of England; all have left their impressions on the literatures of these various lands. Men describe nature as they see her and disclose the difference of their surroundings in their attitudes toward her.

The Hebrew regarded nature in a pro-

foundly religious spirit. The inspirations of the Old Testament are often due to her as the intermediate agency. The tempest, the river, the sea, the harvest—these are personified by psalmist and prophet. They sing, shout and jubilate, or they mourn and sob in an accompaniment to the spirit of the writer. From the tiniest plant to the greatest star, nothing is left silent and inert.

The Greeks viewed nature less reverently, but with a greater sense of artistic beauty. Mythology is but the result of their efforts to explain her different appearances. From their poetic perceptions of the splendor of the visible world, grew those glorious images of the deities, those beautiful traditions of struggle and prowess, those marvelous stories in which the mystery of the forces of nature was illustrated. Stream and valley, mountain and forest, rocky cavern and sounding sea were peopled with beings in whom the soul of that beautiful world was personified.

The oldest of Greek poets constantly reminds us of his familiarity with nature. In the "Iliad" she appears as a simile to bring out the force of human passions or forms a background for human life.

During the centuries between the decay of classical culture and the Renaissance the love of nature almost entirely disappeared. The prejudiced ideas which stamped the Middle Ages with a distinct character well nigh destroyed all perception of beauty and poetry.

But Dante, "the voice of those ten si-

lent centuries," who saw the world again after so many years of sleep and dream, takes us at the very beginning of his "Divine Comedy" into a "forest savage, rough and stern," and repeatedly he borrows from nature some solemn or beautiful impression.

The drama is the last form of poetry to which we would turn in hope of finding rural objects and scenery described; yet Shakespeare has enriched us with countless glimpses of natural beauty. Human character was his absorbing study and nature interested him mainly as the stage setting of the mighty drama which he portrayed. He compares the different aspects and forces of the natural world to the human actions and emotions.

It is this vast fund, forming a kind of common capital, upon which all artists draw whether it be with pen, brush or chisel. As the intangible yet ever living spirit of sound imprisoned in the silent harpstrings awakens at the stroke of his master hand, so does nature respond with her most sublime harmonies to the touch of art.

Carlyle says that nature's highest reward to a true, simple, great soul is that he become a part of herself. To him is a God made visible through every leaf and every blade of grass. This is the thought that the poet expresses in the words:

"Little flower, could I but understand
What you are, root and all and all in all
I should know what God and Man is,"

The reader of nature must have a true, noble, sincere soul. Ruskin says that great art is the expression of a great man and mean art the want of mind of a weak man. To the mean or selfishly ambitious nature's mysteries are forever sealed, her voices forever silent. The triumphal hero-

march of the stars, the brief, bright rhyme of the flashing comet, the song of the rose as she bares her crimson heart to the sun, the never completed epic of heaven's solitudes; all these and countless other joys he has lost, joys that the poet drinks in with the light and the air.

But in this modern age of materialism there arises a fear in many hearts that the love of nature is destined to be trampled under foot in the mighty march of science, and to disappear like many other things beautiful but antiquated. Will the magnifying glass of the botanist and the crucible of the chemist entirely displace the poet's vocation as an observer of natural beauty?

So long as sovereign intellects study the universe we need fear no such result. Smaller men may become so entangled in the meshes of their own understanding as never to escape, but the broader minds leave the laboratory or study to look abroad with expanded vision.

Kepler, after he had discovered so far the laws of planetary motion, said that he had been able to read only a few of the thoughts of God and Newton is reported to have said, "I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than usual whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

Science may modify poetry, may enlarge its range but can never supercede it. The imaginative view of things which poetry expresses is not one that can grow obsolete.

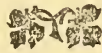
It has been said that the difference between the botanist's and the poet's knowledge of plants is that the one notes their distinctions for the sake of increasing his

herbarium. When he has noted the number of stamens and petals, the form of the pistil, the corolla, the calyx, and has given the flower a place in a system, his work is done. The aim of the other is to see and express its loveliness; not only the beauty of color and form, but the sentiment, so to speak, which looks out from it.

How many there are who would acknowledge the existence of features in the landscape, wild-flowers by the wayside, tender lights in the sky which they would have passed unheeded had not the words of some poet enabled them to discern their beauty. Who ever sees the "wee, modest

crimson tipped flower" without a new perception of beauty in the flower itself and of its added beauty since the eye of Burns dwelt so lovingly upon it. Poetry is not the child of any particular stage of knowledge or civilization which can be put aside when a higher has been reached. There will be changes of taste, modifications of language, revolutions in thought, but the art in which the human soul reflects itself will ever renew its freshness, its power and its beauty. Art and nature will go hand in hand to the very end.

G. S. '03.



THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

IN the regular college curriculum two classes of studies are recognized: "those that evoke power, and those that impart knowledge," the former for their disciplinary value, the latter for their direct practical benefit. The old system of education in vogue a half century or more ago comprised almost exclusively such as might evoke power or train the mind for independent research. A reaction came a little later and a steadily increasing preference for the practical studies followed until quite recently, when another change took place. Now, educators are looking for the happy medium, that students may have their minds disciplined and trained to strict habits of thoughtful study, and at the same time be preparing for some useful position in life. Whatever may be said in favor of elective courses that may enable the student

to make constant and direct progress toward the profession he has chosen, no fair minded person will deny that education without discipline is unnatural, and therefore defective, and the curriculum that omits a rigid training in mathematics and ancient languages is of little value.

The study of English, it seems to me, combines the two great purposes of education. The study of the language itself with its technicalities may be made a very profitable disciplinary exercise, if the student is required to develop his mental powers by mastering the difficulties, instead of having them ground down and served whole in chocolate-coated doses; while the study of the literature of our language is certainly of inestimable benefit for every practical purpose. And this is the standpoint from which the subject is to be considered at the present time.

It is natural for us to feel that we know our own language and how to use it after it has served as our only medium of expression for fifteen or twenty years; but if by that time we begin to notice how much more effectively Emerson, Shakespeare, Milton and Everett have used it than we can do, we realize that there is something still for us to learn. The pity of it is that some never learn that they are not using their own language properly and have no incentive to improve. But supposing we do recognize our faults and want to overcome them, how may we do so?

The first and most efficient aid that we can obtain is that furnished unwittingly by the educated people around us. Notice how they speak in their ordinary intercourse with others and how they write—the forms they use, the manner, the style. If you enter a higher grade of society than that in which you are accustomed to move, you must learn many little courtesies and points of etiquette that may appear quite trivial; and the only way to learn and keep your place is to watch how others do things. So in the use of language, if you want to move in the best society you must master all its forms.

Did you ever notice how much character there is in the address on an envelope? If it is spread all over without any regard to space or regularity, "In care of" written across one end or in the upper left hand corner, you imagine the writer to be very disorderly, to say the least; if proper titles are omitted or written wrongly you think he is ignorant; if the address is crowded down into one corner, you think the writer is ashamed of himself and is apologizing for his existence. This is a part of your ex-

pression by which you are judged, for it meets more eyes than the two for which it was intended. This is only one instance cited to show the importance of learning to do things properly, or according to recognized form.

But books have their place also in the teaching of proper forms. It has been claimed by some that the English language has no grammar, hence English Grammar has no place as a study. It certainly has not as extensive and systematic variation of forms as the Greek and Latin languages; but so long as our personal pronoun is inflected and the verb is irregular there should be a place for its study in the curriculum. That some students can parse every word in the language, and diagram "Paradise Lost" from beginning to end, and still insist upon saying "a party of we girls," "he done it well," and between you and I" is no argument against the study of English Grammar. It is only by putting one's heart into the work and applying it in every day life that one can gain present practical benefit from any study. One cannot "absorb" enough of English Grammar any more than he can of Latin or Greek to be of use to him.

One who has mastered and applied all the rules for correct expression may be able to speak and write faultlessly, but not effectively. The rules of rhetoric carefully applied will enable one to select the most appropriate terms and so to arrange them as to make his expression most effective. The study of rhetoric serves a higher purpose also than this, as it reveals to the student the finest qualities of style and renders him able to appreciate and enjoy the conversation, the address or the writings of an ar-

tist in language. By this means a new field of beauty and pleasure is opened up to him.

Is it not true as has been said that "he who knows but one language knows none?" Certainly we can never master our own without knowing those from which it is derived. How much thumbing of dictionaries we should be saved if we knew the Greek words of which so many of our scientific and theological terms are formed. How could we ever understand the religious and industrial customs that have come down through the ages to us in Latin words if we were ignorant of the language that gave us the large French and Norman element in the one we speak? And German, being so near of kin, and Anglo-Saxon, the direct antecedent and scarcely a different language, are almost indispensable to an intelligent use of our mother tongue. Indeed, there is not a language used by civilized races that has not furnished some part of our own.

But above all these means of culture in its power to please and instruct is our literature. How rich it is in all that goes to make life a success! What mines of treas-

ure worth more than all the ore in California do we have access to in our libraries! Ruskin says. "Into that (this eternal court of books) you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault." From such literature we learn, not only the proper forms of speech, but also how to think, how to live, what to do and say, we enlarge our ideals, we verily associate with the noblest kings and queens. We might read McCauley for his well-rounded and balanced sentences, Webster for his bold flights of eloquence, Ruskin for his marvelous word-pictures, Browning for his great, healthful view of life, and hosts of others of the great and powerful for the pleasure and profit they may bring us.

Taking it all in all, is there any line of study the earnest careful pursuit of which may be made more practical and profitable than the study of English? Let us never be satisfied with present attainments, for after all the explorations we may make, we are still, like Newton, able to pick up only a few pebbles from the shore of the vast ocean of thought.



LOVE and Riches, long ago,
 Ne'er spoke to one another;
 For love was proud because he'd wings
 And scorned to greet the other.
 But once, on meeting, Riches cried:
 I've wings! nor lack a feather!"
 Why, so you have," said Love, surprised,
 And now they chum together.—Ottawa Campus.

EDITORIAL.

SWIFTLY we are drawing near the season of holly-wreathed windows, of mirth and gladness, of kindly thoughts, and kindly deeds. It is truly a blessed season when the world casts aside all its sordid selfishness and lets the spirit of helpfulness shine forth. But we are in danger of missing its blessing if our appreciation of the meaning of Christmas-tide is summed up in the customary exchange of gifts between friends. If you would have the true Christmas spirit, learn what Lowell meant when he said,

"Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare."

More than the cane you intend for him, would grandfather appreciate sharing in your ambitious planning. More than the little book, would that lonely seamstress enjoy an hour with those jolly girls you know. When we give those priceless gifts that not the hand but the heart receives, then will our Christmas giving be in harmony with the spirit of "its mighty Founder."

A GOOD motto for the middle of the year is "Stick to it." What about those good resolutions you made three months ago? Are there any you are failing to keep? When the freshness of enthus-

iasm wears away, and duties multiply as the term advances, it is easy—yes very easy—to forget the purposes with which one started out. Think over your own now, and begin again with a steadfast determination to persevere in whatever is noble and praiseworthy.



THE foot ball season is ended, and attention is now turned to basket ball. The prospects for a good college team are very bright. Most of our players of last year are still with us, and there are many new candidates who are showing up well. The manager has been working hard to make up his schedule of games, and has arranged that the first game shall be played with the Alumni on December thirteenth. We appeal to every student to attend these games, and cheer our boys on to victory. Nothing will encourage our team so much as the presence of a large, enthusiastic crowd, full of college spirit. Remember what was written about us two years ago in the paper of a neighboring college: "How can Westminster help having a winning team, when her students have such college spirit?" Do we still possess such college spirit? Let us show that we do.



TEACHER—"John Stokes, how many make a million?"
Johnnie—"Very few on earth."

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

MR. Hildebran's favorite flower is the "Rose."

Miss Ramsey to Mr. N.—"You're a treasure!"

Miss McLaughlin announces "Her heart is gone."

Is it the last 'Rose' of summer, Mr. Hildebran?

And still some of the girls don't know which boy is who.

Miss Donaldson says she likes big boys better than little ones.

Miss Grier says she has been living on love for the last week or so.

Miss Edith Giffin of St. Clairsville, O., is the guest of Miss Alexander, '04.

Mrs. Ramsey spent Thanksgiving with her daughter, Miss Edna, '03.

Miss Beatty announces she's going to be a nurse. Won't that be convenient.

A new complete set of Ruskin's works were placed in the library last week.

Mr. Bailey, seeing Miss D coming from class.—"Well, I think I see myself "

Miss Breaden, after Mr. G. leaves.—" 'Twere better far had we not met." etc.

Miss G. is afraid that if Mr. Lytle would come to see her, they would begin to talk about mothers-in-law.

We are all very glad to hear that Miss Alice Bard, who has been very sick for the past two weeks, is able to sit up.

"Well, you'd get cross, too, if any one would talk about your class the way you do about ours."

Miss Margaret Thompson of Pittsburg, was the guest of her sister, Miss Myrta, last week.

"Your kindness is exceeded only by your good looks."

"Ah! not much of either."

Mr. Warnock's quotation, "If thou hast tears, prepare to shed them now," failed to produce the desired effect.

We advise Mr. Bailey to become better acquainted with the road to Pulaski before attempting to take midnight drives.

There will be no society Monday evening on account of the reception given by the Y. W. C. A. to the Y. M. C. A.

Miss Brown.—"Mr. Baldinger, please translate, "She is a pretty girl."

Mr. B.—"Oh, I can't say that."

Gill in impromptu class.—"I'm sorry I can't express myself on the subject of freight congestion in Pittsburg."

Miss Hough of Mercer, and Miss Henon of New Castle, were guests of Miss Gilkey '05, and Miss Davidson recently.

The most betitled personage in the college is the Right Honorable Professor Patterson, Esquire, Marshall, L.L. D., '06.

At a recent gathering it was suggested that the next weekly meeting be held at the Hall, whereupon one member innocently asked, "The Science Hall?"

The last of the Junior Orations will be given Friday evening, Dec. 12th.

The Junior class has decided to postpone the publication of the Annual until next year.

Rev. J. J. Imbrie of Harrisville, Pa., preached in the First U. P. church Sabbath morning, Nov. 30.

The challenge of the girls of the Junior class to the girls of the Senior class for a basket ball game has been accepted.

Miss Ramsey, after receiving a subject for an essay, "I do wish he had given me a man. They're so much more interesting."

Mr. Tweedie.—"Polly, its only three more weeks."

Mr. Yourd.—"Oh! No, it's six more weeks."

"Oh, Mr. Lytle," cried the Senior chemists, "why is the door locked."

"Why I shut that to keep the dust out."

The girls' gymnasium class under the direction of Miss Oliver will from this time on meet Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons at four o'clock.

Miss Mary Warner, having her fortune told.—"You're to be married."

Miss W.—"Didn't you know that—that's been settled long ago."

Miss W having given Miss McL some candy kisses, Miss McL exclaimed, "Oh, I had two of those yesterday, but they didn't have paper on them."

Mr. Mawhinney thinks that since there are so few Freshmen girls and not enough Juniors to go around he should have a blank for the banquet.

The man that makes puns has a kink in his brain. The only consolation for some people is that the man with the most convolutions in his brain is supposed to be the brightest.

Russell, in an excited whisper, as the Supreme Council of the arch conspirators were earnestly plotting the downfall of caps and gowns.—"I'm going to embrace the opportunity."

Gilfillan.—"See you don't embrace anything else."

Miss B (in French)—"Mr. Press, please translate, We love Canada." Silence.

Miss B.—"Oh, well, never mind, say He lives in the United States."

He, penitently, "I believe I made a mistake in asking you to go to the next game."

She haughtily.—"Oh, indeed."

He, more humbly.—"Yes, there's to be no game."

The contestants for the Philomath and Adelpic Literary societies are: Oration—John Lytle '04, Philo; F. J. Warnock '04, Adelpic. Debate—G. G. Bennett '05, Philo; W. C. Press '04, Adelpic; Declarations—J. A. Stranahan '05, Philo; T. G. Thompson '04, Adelpic. Essays—J. M. McCalmont '03, Philo; T. A. Craig '03, Adelpic. Orators for Preliminary Oratorical Contest—Philo, H. T. Getty '03, P. H. Yourd '03, William Mercer '05; Adelpic, F. S. Thompson '03; G. W. Bal-dinger '03, and G. H. McClelland '03.

It was Friday evening, but all was quiet at the Hall. Every one, almost every one had gone away and there were few callers. Suddenly the bell rang im-

peratively and Robert was sent hurrying up stairs. The visitors waited and waited until presently "they" came down stairs. A whispered conference outside followed. "You go in first." "No, you do please." "Oh, well." It was quiet in the library, and only the pages of a newspaper were to be seen. For a moment there was silence, then "Oh, you horrid girls, we'll just—why didn't you come up?" "Oh, we wanted to see how long the boys have to wait." That's not fair; boys always tell us when they're coming."

QUESTION BOX.

1. Why are the Freshmen like Gen. U. S. Grant?
2. Why are Sophs like Cromwell's army?
3. What words of Brutus are favorites with the class of '05?
4. Why don't you put some locals in the Local Box?

'Twas Thanksgiving night and all through the Hall

Every girl was prepared for the Masquerade Ball,
 'Twas very exclusive the frolic that night,
 And many indeed were the shouts of delight.
 Dr. Doolittle stern with his stove pipe hat
 With Doolittle Junior less staid than that
 Led off at once in a grand parade
 When every one her debut had made
 The President came and Mrs. Roosevelt,
 Mrs. Adelaide Patti Jones who felt
 Quite overcome with grief and woe
 When Paderewski loved her daughter so
 That there in the Hall that very night
 He wedded her with truest plight.
 John Alden true with his trusty gun
 And Priscilla as quiet as the nun
 Were shocked indeed by modern ways
 Which never were known in their younger days
 George Washington grand and Martha too
 Discovered some in the crowd they knew,
 While little Maud Muller and Bobby Jones
 Were not left out with their merry tones.
 The Vanderbilts and Lord Fauntleroy
 Old Rip Van Winkle in careless joy
 Listened intent to the minstrel band
 Singing the lays of Dixie land.
 The Worths, the Washingtons and the Brooks
 Were excelled by no one there for looks
 The sailor children and all the rest
 Helped on the fun with mirth and jest.



MUSIC AND ART.

THE virtue of art lies in detachment, in sequestering one object from the embarrassing variety.—Emerson.

Miss Ida Smith is a new student in the art room. She has taken up a course in water colors and is now working on a landscape. Miss Kate Elliott's study in black and white is worthy of mention.

A box of very fine casts has recently been sent to the art department by Mrs. Rebecca Aten Borland of Hartstown, Pa. There are nearly a dozen of them and they

make a valuable addition to those already in the studio. Mrs. Borland's kindness in giving them to the College is very much appreciated.

We are glad to announce that Miss Hodgens' health is improving, and she expects to be able to take up her work again next term.

The series of lectures under the auspices of the Junior League of the Methodist church began Thursday evening, Dec. 4, with a lecture by Rev. E. L. Eaton, D. D., of Allegheny, on the subject, "The

End of the World; the Answer of Astronomy." The course will consist of four lectures and one entertainment.

Hon. Champ Clark, who has been called the brightest and most unique man in Congress, delivered his lecture "Picturesque Public Men", on Thursday evening, Nov. 20, in the 2nd U. P. church. Mr. Clark is a very entertaining speaker and throughout the evening, retained the unflagging interest of his audience. It was the element of personal acquaintance with the events recorded that gave to the lecture its chief charm.

The following Junior Orations were given on Friday evening, Nov. 14:

"The Influence of Fame", Helen Adeline Byers, Fairchance. "Life—An Allegory", Sarah Elizabeth Gealey, Volant; "The Power of the People", William Clyde Anderson, Pulaski; "Our Nation's Ideals", Olive Belle Pierson, Vienna, O.; "The Era of Hope", John Lytle, Philadelphia. The music for the evening was furnished by Mr. Weddell, Mrs. Maynard, Miss Fisher and Miss Hoekenberry.

Nov. 21.

"More Beyond", Martha Elizabeth Gamble, New Wilmington; "A Happy Warrior", Harriett Stewart Culbert, Buena Vista; "Something Always Sings", Clara

Anna Elliott, New Wilmington; "The Cost of Worth", Gertrude Mae Duncan, Utica; "Qualities That Win", Mary Claire Cleland, Harlansburg. Miss Warner and Prof. Peterson furnished the music.

Dec. 5:

"The Waning of the Star and Crescent", Bertal Leigh Alexander, Asyut, Egypt; "A Strike-out or a Hit", Margaret Ethel Nesbit, Utica; "A New World-life", Thomas Grier Thompson, New Wilmington; "Horatius", George Clark Vincent, Detroit, Mich.; "Conquered Yet Unconquered", Carrie May Alexander, Asyut, Egypt; "Up From the Ranks", Frederick Jayne Warnock, New Castle. The music was furnished by Miss Davidson, Mr. Craig and Miss Mary Getty.

It is a remarkable fact that though music began when the human race first appeared on the earth, if not still earlier, its written history and its technical perfection are things, as it were, of yesterday and today. Muscial expression is many thousands of years old, but its scientific development may be dated from the introduction of the modern notation by Huchbold, about 900 A. D. Considering the importance of music as a factor in our intellectual life, the name of this Flemish Monk should rank among those of the great inventors.



"**B**E thankful, with that thankfulness,
That in uncounted ways,
Helps a fellow man,
And renders silent praise."—Lombard Review.

ALUMNI NOTES.

WM. McELWEE, ESQ., '97, addressed the Adelpic Literary Society recently.

Rev. R. R. Littell '99, of the Cross Roads (U. P.) church, near Washington, is in danger of losing his eyesight and an operation is deemed necessary.

The Rev. T. H. Hanna, D. D., '56, of Monmouth, Ill., delivered an address before the National Reform Convention held at St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. Wm. Harvey, D. D., '62, has recovered from his late serious illness and hopes to sail for Egypt, Jan. 7, 1903.

In an article in "The United Presbyterian" for Nov. 20, entitled "United Presbyterianism in Philadelphia", mention is made of the fact that the Rev. James Crowe, D. D., '59, and the Rev. S. G. Fitzgerald, '70, are seniors in service in that city. Dr. Crowe has spent forty-two years in his present pastorate, and Rev. Fitzgerald has seen twenty-six years continuous service.

The Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D., '62, of Philadelphia, editor of the Presbyterian S. S. publications, is the author of a recent book "Upper Currents", much praised by the religious press. T. Y. Crowell, New York, is the publisher.

Reports from Iowa Northwestern presbytery state that Rev. S. P. Barakman '87, has been very successful in securing aid for struggling congregations in that section of Iowa.

The cover of the issue of "The United

Presbyterian" for Dec. 4, contains a picture of the Rev. J. C. Kistler '96, of Houston, and family.

The Rev. S. H. Moore D. D., '75, of New Castle, was a recent visitor.

The Rev. D. G. McKay, D. D., '72, of Greenville, and the Rev. M. S. McCord, D. D., '72, of Providence, R. I., were college visitors recently.

Miss Houston '87 and Miss Bertha Houston '94, were recent chapel visitors.

Miss Margaret Gealey '01, of Plain Grove, visited her sister Miss Sarah Gealey '04, recently.

Miss Frances Mehard '02, of Mercer, was here as the guest of Miss Warner, Ladies' Hall.

Miss Mabel Woods '02, of East Palestine, O., was the guest of friends at the Hall.

J. P. Whitla Esq., '83, of Sharon, has, under consideration the offer of the secretaryship of the new fifty million dollar steel combine to be located in Sharon with headquarters in Pittsburg.

Messrs. Deevers, Grier and Veazey of the Class of '02, have prevailed upon the faculty of Asyut College to procure an Athletic field, and they are enthusiastically initiating the natives of the land of the Nile into the mysteries of baseball and sprinting.

The Rev. James M. Ferguson '97, of New Castle, preached the ordination sermon at the ordination of Rev. R. B. Miller, as pastor of Beaver congregation, Beaver Valley presbytery.

Miss E. McLaughry M. D., '87, of New Castle, was a recent visitor.

Miss Laura Stewart ex '05, was the guest of friends at the Hall.

Mrs. Jane M. Boyd of Ligonier, grandmother of Miss Myra L. Boyd '95, died Oct. 28, at the advanced age of 100 years.

Recent visitors: W. L. Byers ex '04, of Fairchance; R. M. Clark '98, of Pittsburg; S. M. Johnson Jr., '02, of Pittsburg; H. V. Kuhn '01, of Rochester; R. L. McCague ex '03, of Pittsburg; W. L. McKay '02, of Greenville; C. S. Newberry ex '05, of Zelienople; Miss Lida Pomeroy '98, of New Castle; A. B. Reid '01, of Allegheny; G. F. Zehner '02, Zelienople.

W. W. Campbell '91, Director of Music in Trinity University, Texas, has been compelled to purchase several new pianos owing to the growth of the music department.

Ben A. Allison '02, will enter Johns Hopkins University after the holidays for a postgraduate course in chemistry.

S. A. McCollum '00, was one of three delegates who represented Allegheny seminary at the convention of Theological seminaries held at Dayton, O.

Miss Mary Lee '02, of Carnegie, is in town visiting friends.



COLLEGE NOTES.

A NEW feature at Yale University Art School will be evening classes in drawing, beginning early next January.

Students in the scientific course at Harvard will be allowed to offer music as an entrance "unit."

Chinese and Coptic will be recognized hereafter at Columbia as subjects for the degrees of master of arts and doctor of philosophy.

When doctors disagree.—"Football as played at present is on the level of a prize fight." Chancellor Day, Syracuse University.—"Such expressions of opinion show crude thought." President Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University.

President Wilson of Princeton Univer-

sity hopes to obtain \$12,500,000 for an English system of tutors for Juniors and Seniors.

Wooster university will dedicate its new buildings Dec. 11.

A Martyr Memorial Arch will be erected at the principal entrance to Oberlin college campus in memory of the thirteen missionaries massacred in the recent Boxer outbreak in China. Seven of the thirteen missionaries were graduates of Oberlin.

The brother-in-law of the Solicitor General of the Philippines is the first student from those islands to enter Yale university.

The students of Gottingen university have refused to accept any of the five Cecil Rhodes scholarships offered to Germany.

Professor Henry Churchill King, Ph. D., for ten years dean of Oberlin college, has been elected president of that institution. Dr. King pursued post-graduate courses in Berlin and at Oberlin and Harvard, and is eminent as a mathematician, theologian, author and philosopher.

A graduate school for engineering research leading to the degree of doctor of engineering will be established by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

A U. S. army captain has been detailed as instructor of military science and tactics at Yale.

The Russian government will found an agricultural high school for women. The school will furnish teachers for intermediate schools and will be the first of the kind in Europe.

Professor Jacobi of Berlin, has bequeathed 10,000 marks to the University of Berlin with the proviso that the university throw open to women, at least two of its departments.

Miss Nora Stanton Blatch of Ithaca, N. Y., the granddaughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the noted exponent of women's rights, is the first and only woman graduate of the Civil Engineering course of Cornell university.

Professor Wm. M. Sloane of Columbia university, delivered an address at the dedication of a Sarah Porter memorial building designed to be a part of Miss Sarah Porter's celebrated school for girls at Farmington, Conn. In the course of his remarks Professor Sloane eulogized Miss Porter in the following words. "She was indifferent to wealth, except as it was a

power for righteousness, to dress except as it expressed sincerity, to social standing except as it was a means of high example."



Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. M. C. A. has been very successful in many ways during the fall term. The number now has increased to more than eighty. A very enthusiastic spirit has been shown by all members. The Association was twenty years old Dec. 10 and the anniversary was fitly celebrated. Why has the Association prospered? Because the men are doing God's will in their College life and he has blessed them.

Messrs Yourd and Reid gave stirring and helpful reports of Northfield conference at one of the meetings this month. Already plans have been begun to send a delegation next year.



Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

One meeting this past month was made interesting by reading an account of the origin and formation of our Y. W. C. A. Letters from different alumnae and absent members of our Association were also read.

December fourteenth is the birthday of the Y. W. C. A. The progress it has made since its establishment is marvelous in one sense, but in another it is only natural, for as it has been doing God's work, He has blessed it. The amount of good the Association has done both in College and City work is incalculable and we feel sure that a bright, hopeful, busy future lies before it.

ATHLETICS.

THE Westminster eleven suffered an unexpected defeat at the hands of Indiana Normal at Indiana on Nov. 17. Our boys did not put up their usual game, either in defense or offense, allowing the opposing team four touch-downs and a field goal, and making few good gains themselves. However, they held their opponents for downs several times, although the latter outweighed them considerably, and toward the end of the second half, Tennent, by clever dodging and running, carried the ball around Indiana's right end for a touchdown, which saved them a shut-out. Indiana scored five of their points on a pretty drop-kick by Calhoun from the 28 yard line. Line-up.

Indiana Normal—29.		Westminster—6.	
Adair.....	l e.....	Tennent	
McCreight.....	l t.....	Elliott	
Emphfield.....	l g.....	Russell	
Smith.....	c.....	Parisen, Capt.	
Seanor, Johnston.....	r g.....	Crooks	
Work.....	r t.....	Minteer	
Bowman.....	r e.....	McBride	
Williams.....	q b.....	Moore	
Moorhead, Seanor.....	l h.....	Christy	
Longwill.....	r h.....	Sampson	
Calhoun.....	f b.....	Tweedie	

Touchdowns—Moorhead, Seanor, Bowman, 2, Tennent. Goals from touchdowns—Calhoun 4, Moore 1. Field goal—Calhoun. Referee Owens. Umpire—Earhart. Time—20 min. halves.

The two games with Muskingum on Nov. 21 and 22 resulted in a tie, neither team being able to score in either game. Both games were played at New Concord, Ohio, on a very muddy field, and this fact combined with the greater weight of the Muskingum players, had much to do with the final result, for Westminster clearly demonstrated her ability to score under

fairly favorable circumstances. The total number of yards made by Westminster in both games was 458, by Muskingum 301. Tennent made a 30 yard run for a touch-down, but was brought back for offside work. When time was called for the second game Westminster had the ball on Muskingum's 2 yard line. The work of the Westminster guards was highly commendable. Line-up:

Muskingum		Westminster	
Kramer.....	l e.....	Tennent	
Roy, Capt.....	l t.....	Elliott	
Thompson.....	l g.....	Russell	
McGeorge ..	c.....	Parisen, Capt.	
Giles.....	r g.....	Crooks	
McCall	r t.....	Minteer	
Jewall.....	r e.....	McBride	
W. Carson.....	q b.....	Moore	
Shipley.....	r h.....	Sampson	
A, McConagha.....	l h.....	Scott	
P Carson.....	f.....	Christy	

Subs.—Kelly, Tweedie and Mercer.
The star plays for Westminster were made by Tennent and Sampson

The team acknowledges the kind attentions of President Johnson, who entertained them at supper on Saturday evening. An evening of pleasant enjoyment was spent at his home.

The last game of the season was played with Allegheny College at Meadville on Thanksgiving, November 27, and was won by Allegheny 5-0. The field was very muddy and slippery and covered with puddles of water, which to a certain extent hindered good playing. On such ground Westminster was unable to use her end plays to good effect, but in some respects played better foot ball than ever before during the season.

Allegheny received the ball on the

kick-off, and during the first half had it in their possession the greater part of the time. Westminster put up a fine defense, holding the opposing team for downs a number of times when very near the goal line. In the second half Westminster had somewhat the advantage, advancing the ball repeatedly, though the gains resulted in no goals. In this half, however, Allegheny made the score that won them the game. It was made on a "trick" play, which, though altogether legitimate and startling, shows no true foot ball skill or science. The ball in Allegheny's possession was carried out of bounds, and while it was being carried in again and before the usual line-up and signal, it was quickly passed to McCartney, who made a 50 yard run for a touch-down, almost before the Westminster team realized the play. The punt-out was missed, and no goal kicked. The game throughout showed the equality of the two teams in the matter of straight foot-ball. The spectacular running and dodging of Tennent received much applause, while Sampson and Christy did good line work. Turner, McCartney, Williams and Taylor did the best playing for Allegheny. Line-up:

Allegheny—5.	Westminster—0.
Taylor.....l e.....	Tennent
Hayes.....l t.....	Russell
McQuiston.....l g.....	Kelly
Kelly.....c.....	Parisen
Lampe.....r g.....	Crooks
Ballantyne.....r t.....	Minteer
Yard.....r e.....	McBride
Davenport.....q b.....	Moore
Turner.....r h.....	Sampson
McCartney... ..l h.....	Christy
Williams.....f b.....	Elliott

Referee-Edmundson. Umpire-Whelan. Touch-down-McCartney. Time 25 min halves.

The game at Meadville on Thanksgiving day ended another successful foot ball

season for Westminster. When the light material the team had to work with is considered, satisfaction may be felt with the results. The services of the coach, Mr. Edmundson, were very valuable, and congratulations are to be extended to him, as well as to the members of the team, and Mr. Thompson, the business manager, for what the team has accomplished. The list of games played during the season, follows:

Sept. 27, Westminster 52—Slippery Rock 0, at New Wilmington.

Oct. 4, Westminster 6—U. W. Va., 20, at Morgantown, W. Va.

Oct. 11, Westminster 6—Allegheny, 0, at New Wilmington.

Oct. 15, Westminster 6—W. U. P., 6, at Pittsburg.

Oct. 20, Westminster 6—Grove City, 6, at Grove City.

Oct. 27, Westminster 17—Grove City, 5, at New Wilmington.

Nov. 1, Westminster 0—Geneva, 23, at New Wilmington.

Nov. 17, Westminster 6—Indiana Normal, 29, at Indiana.

Nov. 21 Westminster 0—Muskingum, 0, at New Concord.

Nov. 22 Westminster 0—Muskingum, 0, at New Concord.

Nov. 27, Westminster 0—Allegheny, 5, at Meadville.

A threat of unpleasantness arose through a misunderstanding in connection with the game to have been played with Geneva at Beaver Falls on Nov. 22. Both teams desired to play other games on that date and decided to call the schedule game off, agreeing to notify each other within a certain time if the original plan was to be adhered to. Geneva opened up negotiations with Washington-Jefferson for a game, and Westminster, with Muskingum. Westminster completed arrangements with Muskingum, and was then asked by Geneva, after the appointed limit, to play the scheduled game. But matters were amicably settled and the trip was made to New

Concord for games on the 21st and 22nd with Muskingum.

Geneva again holds the inter-collegiate championship having won all her games in the series. Allegheny and Westminster are tied, each having won one game.

An exciting game was played between the Sophomores and Freshmen on Athletic field Dec. 3. The two teams were so nearly matched that the contest was very interesting and sharply fought from the first. Neither team scored and the result was always in doubt. The Freshmen half-backs Deevers and Lewis did fine work and Ten-nent played his usual good game for the Sophomores. The score was 0-0. Twenty minute halves were played.

The second team ended a successful season by defeating Greenville H. S. at New Wilmington, Nov. 12, by the score of 11-0, and West Middlesex on the latter's

field, Nov. 29, by the score of 21-0. It has now won every game played, having been scored on but once, by the New Castle H. S. team in the game of Nov. 6 at New Wilmington. The following is the list of games played:

Sept. 29, New Castle H. S. 0—Westminster II, 32.

Oct. 13, Slippery Rock 0—Westminster II, 18.

Oct. 20, Greenville H. S. 0—Westminster II, 6.

Nov. 6, New Castle H. S. 5—Westminster II, 35.

Nov. 12, Greenville H. S. 0—Westminster II, 11.

Nov. 29, West Middlesex, 0—Westminster II, 21.

Manager Jamison of the track team, states that he has sent out letters to the Alumni of Westminster asking for their financial support of the team. Westminster has always taken a leading part in track athletics and all the friends of the college should take pride in helping her along in this line of sport. All contributions will be very welcome.



EXCHANGES.

NEVER jump at a conclusion, it might knock you down.—Delphic News.

A Galveston teacher had a great deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally, however, he succeeded, and drawing a long breath, remarked: "If it wasn't for me, you would be the biggest donkey on Galveston island."—Tarkio Phoenix.

First Student—Have you ever heard

about the three holes in the ground?

Second Student—No.

Third Student—Well, well, well!

Doris—"Yes, she was furious about the way that paper reported her marriage"

Helen—"Did it allude to her age?"

Doris—"Indirectly. It stated that Miss Olde and Mr. Yale were married, the latter being a well known collector of antiquities.

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BRET HARTE--AN APPRECIATION.

By W. E. BROOKS, ~~189~~

HAD Bret Harte been a success in any of the occupations he essayed in his trying-out career, some other might have told the tales of the golden days of the modern band of Jason, and blazed that lonely trail to the new fields of the West that has widened into one of the highways of American fiction. It is not necessary to tell you of his career, of his boyhood days in the valley of the Hudson, of the reverses in fortune which caused his mother to seek it anew in California, of how, after their arrival there, he ran the gamut of all possible occupations—school teaching, mining, printing, the government service and a magazine editorship, and of the fame that came to him in a night. Nor of how when “the old order changing had yielded place to new,” and a pushing, crowding commercialism had utterly changed the California of the early days, he sought to escape the horror of the ubiquitous dollar mark in the solitude of London’s crowd. And of how at the last far away under this alien sky, so far away that the ears of the mourners never heard the requiem chanted for him by the pines of the mountains he loved, they laid him to sleep.

All this you know. And you know what is still more important, the story of the days in which he lived, and of which he wrote. A knowledge of these in the fullest

particulars is necessary for a proper appreciation of his art. In the preface to his first book he calls it an heroic age, and longs for the Homer who would sing its Iliad. And it was an heroic age, and reading of its men and their brave, wild doings one’s mind easily reverts to the men who camped those weary years before the walls of Troy. The men of ’49 were just as brave and just as free and just as savagely reckless as the men whom Hector fought. Perhaps we might say they were more savage, for their laxity and license were those of civilized men grown savage. And surely the obstacles they had to overcome and the dangers they had to face were as great as those of the Greeks. Slowly they had to make their way over the wide prairies; and the prairies passed, there were the mountains, in whose gorges and canyons lurked ever the Indian foe. Or there was the long perilous voyage around the Horn in any crazy craft that they could find. And the journey ended there awaited them hunger and cold and disease and death. It was a race only for the swift and a battle where the strong alone might think to prevail. As to their character we might find a closer parallelism in the men who surrounded David in the Cave of Adullam—“every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every

one that was discontented." Wister's words descriptive of his cow-punchers might as fittingly have been spoken of them,—“In their flesh our natural passions ran tumultuous, but often in their spirit sat hidden a true nobility, and often beneath its unexpected shining their figures took on an heroic stature.”

Among these men Bret Harte had the good fortune to live at the time when they would make the most lasting impression on his artistic consciousness. He knew them in every phase of their lives, the commonplace as well as the picturesque. This is what makes his stories so simple that the merest novice among us is satisfied that he could write just as good ones. He called them sketches, and such indeed they almost appear at the first reading. The detail is not apparent, it is art concealed, but Yuba Bill is very much alive to us, and we hear with our own ears that first wailing infant cry that broke the echoes of the Canon of the North Fork. Nor can we help shuddering with John Oakhurst and the others of that little motley company of Outcasts, stranded amid the desolate whiteness at the prospect of the fate that is theirs. It is because they are so vividly real, these men and women whom he has drawn, that at first we pitied his art, and afterward came to admire and bow down before it. He has shown us in these men and women whose manner of thought and life is so different from our own that “touch of nature that makes the whole world kin,” and we enter into our new relation and see and understand.

And then the background, the setting. A wild and virgin country, rugged and bold, and uplifting to one who had the eye

to see. He loved his mountains. They filled his being completely, or they never could have filled his stories so completely. They are everywhere. You cannot get out from among them, and you do not want to. Here again is his art. You are not afflicted with long descriptions. Rather are you made to feel the presence of the mountains with their glistening, snow-clad peaks blushing to rosiness under the departing sun's caress. You hear the murmur of the wind through the pines, or the red-woods nod above you, while you catch the fragrance of the mountain-flowers and the sweet-smelling shrubs. Or your face tingles with the sharp swirl of the snow on the top of the Range with the Outcasts, or you feel the bitter sting of the driving rain on the night of the wild ride to Miggle's. But the strongest impression of all is of the Sierra at night, “remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.” A strange feeling comes over you, and you forget the present, and are one of the men of '49 in the silence and the loneliness of that new wild wilderness. Those who would belittle his art have said that his fancies were merely copied from life, and this he has not sought to deny, but rather has confirmed it. But is this belittling his art? We are inclined to the belief that the ability to copy life so exactly as to make men appear real and living is as rare as the creative ability itself. To this very drawing from life we owe the idea which we have of that picturesque period in our national growth, an idea such as we could never have gained from volume on volume of the usual sort of history. We are very glad to know that the California of Bret Harte was the real California of his day,

not a figment of his imagination. His stories are the realistic conceptions of a romantic period. Says Mr. Watts-Dunton: "Bret Harte had the great good fortune to light upon material for literary treatment of a peculiarly fresh and peculiarly fascinating kind, and he had the artistic instinct to treat it adequately. To my mind there is nothing so new, fresh, and piquant as in the fiction of my time as Bret Harte's pictures of the race we call Anglo-Saxon finding itself right outside all the old sanctions, exercising nevertheless its own peculiar instinct for law-abidingness—of a sort."

It would be interesting if we could go fully into the question of Bret Harte's relation to Dickens. It is a question over which critics have wasted many words. They had much in common. They were both idealists. They both saw the truth that "while it is very rare indeed to find a thoroughly good man, it is rarer still, rare to the point of monstrosity, to find a man who does not either desire to be one, or imagines that he is one already." They were alike able to scrape the outer crust off a man, and see the exquisite pathos of the life that lay revealed. And they saw the collary of pathos, humor. How finely Bret Harte could blend them is seen at its best in the incident in "The Luck of Roaring Camp" when the baby grasps Kentucks's finger. One does not know whether to laugh or to cry as this rough man of the wilds goes about in a sort of ecstatic confusion, holding the finger apart from the contaminating touch of the others, muttering over and again the words that came to him when the first touch filled him with pride and joy "He rassled with it." And both had the power of caricature, a power

that enabled them to make their characters stand out boldly and created impressions with a few words that might otherwise have taken many pages. What Dickens did for London Bret Harte did for California, and he did it from much the same viewpoint. But was Dickens' method original with himself? We say he got it from Smollett, but was that the beginning? We wonder if the white robed men, whom Mr. Bliss Perry tells us about in his admirable essay on "The Short Story", who sat by the gate of Jaffa, did not find some such method employed by the wandering storytellers who came to them from far-famed Babylon, or the cities by the Nile. We opine that Bret Harte had a right to the method if he could apply it to the new conditions, without being dubbed merely the "Dickens of the California pines." Yet his own word calls Dickens "Master" in the poem written after his death "Dickens in Camp", where he tells how as one of their number read from the treasured volume "the whole camp with Nell on English meadows wandered and lost their way." Very tender is the tribute in the closing verses—

Lost is that camp! But let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly
This spray of western pine."

Let us look for a moment at the methods of his art by a study of two of his representative tales. It was difficult to make a choice. We would like to have discussed the interesting moral problem in the "Idyl

of Red Gulch," and pointing out the same method of its treatment in pleasing contrast to the "eratic neurotic and tommyrotic" pages of the present day problem tale. And there were other phases of life and thought described that would have made interesting matter for discussion. We finally decided on "Tennessee's Partner," and the tale that brought him his Eastern opportunity and consequent fame, "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

The latter is a tale of the first child born in Roaring Camp. Left an orphan at birth it is adopted by the miners, who provide for its keeping in the best manner possible. It tells how the presence of the child works a transformation in the camp, of the attention paid to matters which were formerly deemed non-essential—cleanliness of person and cabin, cleanliness even of speech when the Luck, as he had been christened, was around. The christening itself reveals a feeling of reverence such as they had not dreamed of for many a day. Tales of the camp's cleanliness, of its rude attempts at adornment, are carried by the express messenger everywhere, along with the story of the wonderful successes in finding gold that it had had since the Luck was born. Suddenly all is changed. A furious storm breaks over the camp, and when the night of wrath is over and the waters have abated, the cabin of the child is found to have gone down in the flood. And the story ends as abruptly as it had begun.

It is the old story of the refining touch of a little child—a story as old as the days when the desolation outside of Eden was brightened and made glorious by the presence of the first-born of the world. And

the other is an old tale likewise, the tale of the love of a man for his friend. It is the motif that has been repeated again and again in the world's literature from the days when David sang the "Song of the Bow." And who will question that the finest part of our latest Western tale is the love of the Virginian for Steve which almost tempts him from his duty.

Tennessee's Partner—he has no other name. Tennessee is a scamp, a villain. There is little about him that we can admire, except his nerve, as page after page reveals some new rascality of his—the elopement with his partner's wife, the return after she has left him in turn, the robberies, the daring attempt to escape, and the answer to his judges as he faced his certain death, "I don't take any hand in this yer game." His partner had all the admirable qualities in the possession of the firm—the forgiveness of the insult offered his honor, the pleading the cause of his already doomed partner, the sorrowful carefulness in the giving of the last poor attentions to his dead friend, the manly grief he shows in the pitiful little funeral speech, and the loneliness over a loss that most men would have called a deliverance—all these demand our deepest admiration.

Moral teaching of course there is. We have already spoken of the author's idealism. But we are left to divine it for ourselves. We are not troubled with subordinate motives. The author has followed the rule that Poe lays down that the unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest importance." We have said that they are old tales and yet the setting is new and original. The stories are usually mere episodes made short by limiting the space.

We are conscious of things gone before and of other things to come. Sometimes these are even alluded to, as the fight in the bar room in the opening paragraph of "The Luck." In this story there are many characters, and a much larger part of the action is performed by these than by the principal character. In the other tale our attention is riveted on the Partner. Tennessee with all his deviltry and daring is small compared to him. In these tales we meet first the afterward very familiar breezy dialect of the Westerner. Neither of the stories could be made into a novel and gain anything by it. "Tennessee's Partner" might be stretched out over the novel's length by telling in full incidents which were only hinted at in the tale, but the vividness of the impression would be lost. And we think that the pleasant part of the story of

Thomas Luck could only have been the part that is told. A boy born of such parents and raised under such conditions, would have been a pretty poor specimen, or our theories about heredity are all at sea. So the flood had to come and the story end when it did.

The name of the imitators of some of the salient features of these tales is legion. We have been introduced to every phase of Western life, mining-camp and cow-ranch, army post and Indian reservation, the hut of the lonely sheep-herder and the tent of the still more lonely prospector. King and Garland and Conner and Wister and a host of others have depicted for us in various ways its many sided life, but ~~high~~ above them all is the name of him who opened first the ~~door~~^{WAY} into the new wild wonder-land.



Wm. E. Brooks

THE WINNER.

EVERY feller's got a leanin'
Toward a certain kind o' work,
But there's some, altho' well meanin',
Kind o' from their duty shirk.
There is some that make a livin'
'Cause they're handy with their hand,
Then there's others allers givin'
"Hail Columbia" to the land.
Some kin use their feet in runnin'
Little errands for a friend;
Others use their skill in shunnin'
Folks to whom some help may lend.
There is some that's allers fussin'
'Stead of workin' with their might,
Then there's others keeps a cussin'
'Cause the world don't use 'em right.

Many earn their daily eatin'
By a certain natural skill
Such as with their fingers beatin'
On machines while sittin' still.
Some by singin', some by talkin'
Eas'ly earn their daily bread;
Some by writin', some by walkin',
Many, many use their head.
'Tis the man who keeps a goin'
What is goin' ter reach the top;
And the one who does the blowin'
He's the feller what will stop.
When a man is allers winkin'
There is something in the dark;
But the man who keeps a thinkin',
He's the one will reach the mark.
"MAC" '03.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

EMERSON in his essay on "Beauty" writes, "Beauty is the form under which the intellect prefers to study the world." Yet we can better realize what beauty is than define it.

A love of the beautiful has been implanted within every human breast, hence God has made this world, the abode of man, very beautiful, in order that the inherent sense of beauty might be gratified.

All nature and all works of art, which is the expression of man's realization of beauty, delight us. We gaze in wonder and admiration upon some fine building, a beautiful picture or a noble statue and listen with rapture to the reading of a fine poem or the rendition of a piece of music. But beauty is not confined to nature and art. The human race has also been richly endowed with beauty, especially woman.

"To Eve" say the Mahometans, "God gave two-thirds of all beauty." What beauty must have been lavished upon Cleopatra, the Egyptian Queen, whose fame has come down to us through all the centuries. She was so beautiful that she fascinated all who came in contact with her. It is related that soon after she ascended the throne she became engaged in war with her brother Ptolemy, who disputed her right to the sovereignty.

At this crisis Caesar came into Egypt, and since he was guardian of Cleopatra and Ptolemy, he considered it his duty to act as arbitrator of the quarrel. He ordered the armies to disband and Cleopatra and

Ptolemy to appear before him to plead their cause and receive such judgment as he chose to pronounce.

Cleopatra, knowing the power of her great beauty, sent no advocate, but contrary to custom came herself to plead her cause. Caesar was so enchanted with her beauty that he decided in her favor. After this Caesar remained a long time in Egypt, neglecting his affairs in Rome, a willing slave to Cleopatra's beauty.

After the assassination of Caesar, Antony fell a victim to her charms, so much so that he went to Alexandria to live, leaving his wife, Octavia in Rome. The Roman people, becoming enraged at his conduct, sent an army into Egypt, with Caesar-Augustus, the Emperor at its head. Determined to capture Cleopatra, the Emperor pursued her to Alexandria. Failing in her attempts to enchant the Emperor, and knowing that he was prepared to take her to Rome as his prisoner of war, the proud Egyptian queen preferred death to such dishonor and allowed an asp to sting her until she died. So ended the life of a woman noted for her beauty, her pride, and most of all, for her ambition, to which she sacrificed her friends, her own brothers and sister, her suitors, her honor and dignity as a woman, and outraged every womanly grace and virtue. Today we think of her as a very beautiful woman whose hands are black with murder and intrigue and who died at last by her own hand.

Helen of Troy was another very beau-

tiful woman about whom the poet Homer sang in his Iliad. Helen is one of those ideal creatures over whom time and the changes of time exert no influence, we shall always think of Helen as young and beautiful. She is represented as being so beautiful that she was loved by all men, even Achilles, who never saw her is said to have loved her. Theseus carries her away from her home in Sparta when but a very young girl, afterwards Paris steals her away from her husband, Menelaus and as a consequence of her perfidy the Trojan war is waged for twenty years, incurring untold suffering and sorrow. So end the lives of two women whose names come down to us through all the annals of history only because of their wonderful beauty and the evil influence it exerted upon the world. They lacked that beauty of character and of soul which alone can make a woman truly beautiful.

Again Emerson says—"Gross and obscure natures, however decorated, seem impure shambles, but character gives splendor to youth and awe to wrinkled skin and old age." Then let us remember that exterior beauty is only the setting for the gem of a beautiful soul.

Who can estimate the influence of a good woman?

She is the civilizer of the world. Man discovers and inhabits new countries, but it is woman who contributes the civilization and refinement. It is woman who trains each rising generation.

Many a man who has risen to eminence and renown owes his greatness to the influence and early training of a good mother.

How beautiful are those women who may or may not be possessed of personal

beauty, but whose lives are so beautiful, so self-sacrificing, so devoted to the service of the Master, that we cannot do aught else but reverence them. They are so whole-souled and so large hearted that they have love for all humanity.

There have been beautiful women, who were also good, as Alcestis who died that her husband might live, Esther who risked her life to save her kindred, and the Empress Josephine, who although she has been much censured, compels admiration for her courage, her uncomplaining endurance of hardship, her sweetness and nobility of character, and her unswerving love for Napoleon even after he had cast her off like a broken reed,

There are also many women whom we admire not for their personal beauty, but for their beautiful lives. Mrs. Siddons and Mary Anderson proved to the world that even an actress can live a pure and beautiful life. Jennie Lind, the famous singer, spent all her spare time and nearly all the large sums of money earned by singing in making the lives of the poor and needy ones brighter.

Joan of Arc was a brave young girl, who taking command of the French army, shed her own warm blood in order that the effeminate aspirant to the French throne might be crowned king, and finally perished at the stake as the consequence of her loyalty. She is the bravest heroine the world has ever known.

Some women of rare literary talent have spent their lives in penning thoughts that tend to elevate and purify the lives of their fellow creatures. Harriet Beecher Stowe used her literary talents to bring about a much needed reform. Her intense hatred of slavery caused her to write "Un-

cle Tom's Cabin" the one book that did more toward the abolishment of slavery than anything else.

Some have written what the experience of a beautiful life, lived close to God, has taught them. Frances Ridley Havergal was such a woman. Her poems speak to our hearts and sweeten our lives, and we appreciate them still more when we know that her whole life was spent in doing God's work and learning His will.

Margaret Sangster although not possessed of remarkable personal beauty, yet has a beautiful face because of the beautiful soul that shines through it. Queen Victoria lived a beautiful life devoted to the welfare of the English people. Helen Gould is devoting her life to the task of making less fortunate lives happier and better. Her charities which began in a contribution of \$100,000 to the Cuban war have extended in almost every direction. She prefers, instead of wasting her time in the deceitful vortex of fashionable society, to spend it planning and executing charitable schemes. The one in which she takes the most delight is a home for crippled children picked up in the slums of New York City. We honor and revere Florence Nightengale because she was brave enough to go from England to Crimea in the midst of the winter season and there establish a hospital and care for the sick and wounded soldiers. Clara Barton, whose name we unconsciously link with that of Florence Nightengale, was the angel of our own battle fields during the Civil war. She helped to organize the Red Cross movement, which is in the language of its founder—"A great treaty by which all the civilized nations of the world have bound themselves to regard the sick and wounded persons in time of war as neutral and to care for one another's disabled as for their own." Her mission has been world-wide. She nursed our own sick and wounded soldiers during the Civil

war, cared for the maimed and dying in the Franco-German war, conducted relief to the suffering Armenians in 1896, and a little later hastened to Cuba to bind up the wounds of those bleeding for the sake of downtrodden and enslaved humanity.

She has been chastened and sanctified by the whole world's suffering and stands a shining emblem of love and pity for her fellow creatures.

While we are bringing to mind a few of the beautiful women who have lived during the past century, we must not omit the name of Francis E. Willard, that queen among beautiful women, the founder and organizer of the W. C. T. U., which is doing so much toward the putting down of the liquor traffic. She has made only a very small beginning in the fight against the blood-thirsty monster that is gnawing at the very vitals of our nation, but it is a beginning based upon a sure foundation, and it will some day see a victorious end. In a memorial tribute it has been written of her—"When the temperance reform shall emerge from the twilight valleys of unpopularity and assumed impracticability, to the sunlit hilltops of assured victory—and this hour will come—then bright and glorious among all who have dared and achieved for humanity, in golden letters of light will stand the name of Frances Willard." The fame of Frances E. Willard as a leader, an orator, a philanthropist as a beautiful woman will resound throughout all the ages. She has been called "the uncrowned queen of America," She will be crowned queen of good works in heaven,

Truly—

"Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below;
Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like song of birds.
Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true.
Moment by moment the whole day through.

BESS SHANON '03.

EDITORIAL.

AT the beginning of this term the same trouble was experienced in making out the recitation schedule that is experienced at the beginning of every term. Everybody could not be satisfied, and a very few were much dissatisfied. As far as we can learn, other colleges have the same trouble. If a student has regular studies, he finds no trouble in adapting himself to the schedule. If he has irregular studies, there seems to be no way out of the difficulty, but the blame for this state of affairs should not be placed upon the college.

WE hear much at the present time concerning the development of the mental faculties and much concerning the development of the muscular power of the body, as if the cultivation of these alone would form a fully developed man. We know that regular exercise of the body is essential to health and strength, and that the use of the mental faculties according to established laws of graded study produces intellectual vigor, but little thought is given to the training of the will, without which character is worthless, and individual and social greatness impossible. A man with a weak will cannot make his way among men. He is easily discouraged, easily beaten, and a strong-willed man, whose failures are but stepping-stones to success, and who owns not defeat, soon pushes him aside. All kinds of misfortunes, commercial ruin, and personal disaster endanger the weak will, and with the power of resistance paralyzed, the sanctity of life is exposed to every approach of evil. The best endowment that a school can confer upon a young person is

“a will so trained that, when a thing is right, it will require no courage to do it; and when a thing is wrong, it will have no power to tempt the soul from firm resolve.”

THE question whether we may be able to erect a building for our Christian Associations has long been in the minds of many of our students, but until recently no definite steps have been taken in regard to the matter. The question is not whether these Associations are doing any good here, or whether they need a building. These are things which no one doubts. Two-thirds of the students in college are members of the Associations, and there are few in college, if any, who have not felt their influence. The advantages of such a building—we might almost add the necessity for such a building—are well known, and we have not the space to mention them here. Before we can expect to gain much financial aid from our friends outside the college, we must first prove that we are willing to make some sacrifices ourselves to accomplish our purpose. Subscription papers are being passed around, and each will be given a chance to show, in a practical way, his interest in our Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and college.

THERE is much dissatisfaction expressed among the students at present with the Athletic League as it now exists. The principal cause of complaint is the size of the League. A league of only three colleges does not amount to much, and an effort should be made to induce more colleges to join. Again, there rumors afloat to the effect that one of the colleges is offering inducements to athletes. We hope that there is no truth in this report, but the matter should be investigated.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

MR. DEEVERS.—“Oh, I think I could learn to love.”

How about it, Getty?

P. H. Y.—“I have her at last.”

Mr. Warnock.—“Who is Jennie?”

Miss Branson is at the Hall this term.

A Senior in Astronomy wishes to know where the solar plexus is.

Mary Warner.—“What is it like to have a case?”

Cheer up Scott, she is only eighteen miles away.

Mr. Sampson has advanced to the Senior class.

Which lady in the hall is most familiar with her A B. C's?

Miss Sloss.—“Mr. Byam, won't you give me your name?”

Mr. Robert Yourd is thinking of starting abroad this winter.

Miss Lytle in Evidences.—“Yes, men are inclined to company.”

A certain couple seem to have effectually broken the ice in more ways than one.

Miss Mabel Dunn of Utica, Pa., was the guest of Miss Dunn '04, for a few days.

Misses Grace Browne and Harper of New Castle, attended the Chorus Concert.

The Seniors seem to be very popular this term. Even the year is named for their class.

Mr. Getty, having gotten off from French examination.—“Oh, I'd like to hug some one.”

Miss Sloss, after shaking hands with a new student.—“My, I almost lost my hand that time.”

Miss Breaden says she always gets heart trouble when she comes back to New Wilmington.

Miss Lytle in Eng. Lit.—“John Bunyan was married before his conscience pricked him so.”

The Junior-Freshman Banquet was held in the Philo and Adelphic Halls Monday evening, Jan. 25th.

“Mr. Thomas, what is meant by merle and mavis?” “I guess they are some kind of a flower, no a vine.”

Misses Vincent '03, and Grier '04, and McKirahan '04, will not return this term, but we hope to have them back in the spring.

Any information concerning Miss Grier, as to her health, when she will return to school, etc., will be gladly received by Mr. Deevers.

We are glad to welcome Miss Hodgen back to the studio. Miss Anna Park '03, Miss Vesta Lytle '04, and Chas. Mathiott also returned after a short absence.

Dr. Ferguson, in ethics.—“The only trouble with this book is that it's a little too easy. However I think that you will be able to get along.”

Mr. Veazey recited bravely on man's love of company, but the only answer to the question, “Don't we hear it said that opposites attract” was the rustle of suppressed amusement that went around the class.

Why is Miss Cochran so fond of coasting?

To wear a veil is one remedy, Miss Miller.

Miss B, in German.—“Mr. Press, you look poisonous.”

Dr. J. O. Campbell and family will spend the next few months in Pittsburg.

“Does the distance increase or decrease the size of an object?”

“I think it would.”

Why did Mr. Baldinger ask if a certain chair would hold two when he was told that Miss Gilkey was to sit in it?

After the C. A. Reception.—“If that man ever falls out of that air castle he'll never reach the ground alive.”

A literary club with twenty members has been organized and will hold frequent meetings. Pres., R. Jamison; secretary, Miss Hockenberry.

Miss Wright had fallen on the ice and as Mr. Shaw helped her up she exclaimed enthusiastically, “Oh, Ann, but he helps you up nicely.”

Prof. Freeman attended the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Washington, D. C., during the latter part of the vacation.

Overheard in the train, while passing Bellevue station—“Deevers, what are you looking so wistfully at?”

Deevers—“Oh! nothing, I just wanted to see Love.”

The following collectors for the Martin fund have been appointed: '03—Miss Anderson, P. H. Yourd; '04—Miss Sloss, T.

G. Thompson; '05—Miss Gilkey, A. J. Crooks; '06—Miss Carithers, L. R. Deevers; Preps—Miss Myrta Thompson, H. Lambie; for the faculty—R. M. Jamison '03; for those living in town—W. R. Veazey '03.

“How did you get 48 1-2, Mr. Thompson?”

“Add 18 to 23 1-2 and subtract from 90.”

“Why?”

“Because that makes 48 1-2.”

The following new students have been enrolled this term: Miss Edith McCowan, A. E. Wright, William Irons, Robt. Shaw, R. A. Warren, Jr., J. M. Hood, J. L. Mayberry, L. M. Smith, T. R. Gilkey, J. E. Myers, C. J. Aiken, F. C. Houston, J. E. Anderson, R. S. Wilson.

Miss ——— “You can't spell my name right.”

“How do you spell it, Wright?”

“Oh I can't even spell it right myself.”

“Why not?”

The “first Friday” social given by the Christian Associations furnished several unique ideas for entertainment. To assist the reception committee were two learned oculists who assigned each guest a particular group by the appearance of his eyes—“sleepy,” “green,” “dreamy” or “blue.” The fortunate group who received the apple pie as a prize for spelling the most names of apples from the letters given were objects of envy. A vocal duett by Miss Warner and Mr. Craig was much appreciated, and the evening closed with other music, and the awarding of the prize for the

best picture drawn upon a given foundation line.

One of the most pleasant social events of the college year was the celebration of the organization of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.'s, invitations to which had been sent to alumni members and near by colleges. Dr. Ferguson presided at the public meeting in the chapel. Miss Florence M. Brown, Gen. Sec. of the Pittsburg Y. W. C. A., and Mr. B. M. Pond of the Youngstown Y. M. C. A., spoke of Association work as carried on in these cities, and of the relation between the college and the city departments. Music by the quartettes, letters of greeting and encouraging words about the Westminster work added to the pleasure of the occasion. After the chapel meeting the Y. W. C. A. entertained the faculty, visitors and Y. M. C. A. in Philo hall, where tables were set for one hundred and fifty. Prof. Margaret McLaughry, a charter member of the Y. W. C. A., was mistress of ceremonies. A toast to the Y. M. C. A. by Miss Mabel

Welch and response by P. H. Yourd '03, were followed by "The Association and the New Student," by D. C. Fulton '05; "Association Air Castles," W. C. Press '04; "The World Wide Work," Miss Branson; "Our Guests," Miss Oliver. A C. A. building was mentioned for the first time in a public way as an air castle, though now it is fast finding a more sure foundation. With happy mingling of the witty and serious the evening passed all too quickly, and the first "Birthday Party" of the twenty year old Y. M. C. A. and the thirteen year old Y. W. C. A. had brought to mind the friends of other years, and bright hopes for the future.

GENERAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Linoleum replaces the old matting in the Greek, Latin and Mathematics rooms.

Philo Hall has new curtains and shades.

The college is now surrounded by improved real estate.

New paper and paint at the Hall.

Physical Laboratory—house cleaned.



ALUMNI NOTES.

EUGENE WARDEN, Esq. '95, of Mt. Pleasant, was here visiting friends.

Rev. W. E. Purvis '88, of Freeport, preached here recently.

Clyde Gibson '02, has taken a position as chemist, in Cleveland, Ohio.

Fred. J. Taylor '95, of Mercer, and Miss Edith Taylor, '95 of Bryn Mawr, were home visiting their parents.

Mrs. Robb W. Veach '89, Rochester, N. Y., visited her sister, Prof. Margaret McLaughry.

Rev. W. H. Vincent, D. D., '69 has entered upon the duties of his new pastorate in Youngstown, O.

Rev. A. L. Davidson '85, who preached here recently, pastor of the first church (U. P.) Washington, Iowa, has been called to Lenox congregation.

Rev. E. J. Black '98, of W. Hebron, N. Y., has enlarged his church building.

Professor Charles B. Robertson '93, of Indiana, and family, visited his mother, Mrs. Robertson.

Ed. G. Frazer '00 Frankfort Springs, is studying civil engineering at the State College.

The Midland for January 15, contains a sermon "An Ideal Life: Living to Serve" by Alvin S. Vincent, D. D. '68, of Emporia, Kansas.

Rev. Huber Ferguson '91 has been installed as pastor of the 10th (U. P.) church, Allegheny. President Ferguson conducted the ceremonies.

Rev. J. Gerald Houston '93, of East McKeesport has been successful in erecting a \$15,000 church to replace the one recently destroyed by fire.

The "United Presbyterian" for Jan, 15, contains a posthumous article from the pen of the late Dr. McMichael '59, entitled "Teachers and Educators."

The many friends of Professor John J. McElree '90, will be glad to know that he has almost completed the required course of treatment and is no longer confined to his bed.

Rev. Morrison S. Telford '61, died Jan. 10th, of heart failure, in Homer City. Rev. Telford was a successful and faithful pastor and the many friends in this community to whom he was well known, will be grieved to hear of his sudden death.

There was a pleasant reunion at the home of Mrs. Spencer during the Christmas

holidays. In addition to the members of the family resident in town, the following were present: Herman W. Spencer '94 and wife, Rev. J. H. Spencer and wife, and Will Spencer of Cross Roads, W. Va.

Among the graduate visitors of the past few weeks are the following. J. M. Briceland '02, Allegheny; Wiley Byers ex. '04, Fairchance; H. C. Chambers '99, Allegheny; T. C. Cechran '01, Mercer; J. McN. Cameron '01, Allegheny; Hugh L. Dawson '97, Cleveland, O.; Miss Letitia Elliott '99, Carnegie; Wallace Ferguson '00, Princeton, N. J.; Miss Bertha Houston '94, New Castle; Harry V. Kuhn '01, Rochester; Ira F. Leeper '01, Xenia, O.; Miss Laura B. McClure '97, McKeesport; Miss L. Jennie McFate '94, New Castle; Ralph G. McGill '02, Wilmerding; M. M. McKim '01; Braddock; John H. Moore '02, New Wilmington; A. B. Reid '01, Allegheny; M. Clyde Wright '02; Cleveland, O.; and Gilbert F. Zchner '02, Pittsburg.

The Rev. J. B. McMichael, D. D. '59, a distinguished graduate of this College, died suddenly, on New Year's Eve, near Dayton, O. Dr. McMichael was prominent in United Presbyterian church affairs and during his long and honorable career discharged the duties of various offices with conspicuous ability. He was moderator of the 2nd Synod in 1869 and occupied the same position in the Synod of Ill. in 1889. In 1895 he was moderator of the General Assembly and in 1884 a delegate to the Presbyterian Alliance Council. In addition to a successful ministerial career, Dr. McMichael was professor in Xenia Seminary and for nineteen years president of Monmouth College.

COLLEGE WORLD.

THERE are thirty-six women studying law at New York university.

The new Studebaker Memorial Y. M. C. A. building at South Bend, Ind., will cost \$200,000.

A brutal fight, the result of attempted hazing, took place on a recent Sabbath evening at Annapolis Naval Academy.

The Sophomore class of Princeton University, has voluntarily voted to discontinue the practice of hazing.

A fire last month at Princeton University, caused presumably by a lighted cigarette, destroyed property amounting to \$3,000.

Cornell University will hereafter grant a pension of \$1500 a year to any one of its professors who may reach the age of seventy years.

Rev. Thomas H. McMichael, eldest son of the late Dr. McMichael, Dayton, O., has been offered the presidency of Monmouth college.

The Harvard Astronomical Observatory is the largest in the world. In addition to the professors in-charge there are forty assistants.

Yale students sometimes assume the name of DeForest in order to secure the aid of the DeForest scholarships. These scholarships afford an income of \$1000 a year.

Physical statistics of the Yale-Freshman class show average age of nineteen years lacking fifteen days, average weight

of 135 1-2 pounds, and that almost exactly half have defective eyesight. Only 20 per cent. use tobacco, and all but 10 per cent. know how to swim.

Divinity students at Yale University who do not become clergymen, must return within five years from graduation, all the aid they receive.

Co-education continues to be a mooted question in educational circles. The following facts may be of interest: Cornell men students have for years ostracised women students. The same conditions prevail now at the universities of Michigan and Wisconsin. The University of Chicago has practically banished co-education. Nevertheless Cecil Grant in his report to the English Board of Education on "Education in the United States," says, "Co-education should be gradually adopted in England, and gives these reasons among others: "1. Economy. 2. Natural System. 3. Improved manners. 4. Safeguard against moral danger." Co-education is growing in favor in the German universities, and especially in Switzerland.

Alice Freeman Palmer, who died recently, was prominently identified with the movement for the higher education of women. Mrs. Palmer was a graduate of the University of Michigan, and married Prof. George H. Palmer of Harvard University. As president of Wellesley college Alice Freeman Palmer practically "made" that institution. She was the hostess on all occasions, and she broadened the conception of religion and education at the college.

MUSIC AND ART.

THE music department has opened with an enrollment slightly larger than that of last term. The new pupils in piano are Mary Emily Cochran, Sidney Gittens, Sarah Edith Mercer, Edna Jean Ramsey, Ralph Culley Veazey, Jane Davis, Mary Albertha Kemps. In voice, John Cratty Campbell, James Smiley Tannehill.

Miss Zoe Hockenberry is studying pipe organ this term.

Prof. Peterson will have a class in Theory of Music this term.

Miss Warner is a new student in the art room.

On Friday evening, Jan 16, a concert was given in the chapel by the chorus class, assisted by Miss Warner, pianist, and Mr. Hubner, violinist. The program was rendered in a very able manner, and it was quite evident that the class has been doing excellent work this year. This is the second time that Mr. Hubner has appeared before a New Wilmington audience, and on both occasions he has shown himself to be a violinist of more than ordinary ability. Following is the program:

Costa.	With sheathed Swords. (Damascus.)	
	Chorus Class.	
Leybach.	-	Oberon Op. 67.
	Miss Warner and Mr. Weddell.	
Loehr.	-	A Slumber Song.
	Chorus Class	
Leonard.	-	Souvenir de Bade Op. 30.
	Mr. Hubner.	
Bizet.	Toreador's Song.	(Carmen.)
	Mr. Peterson.	
Knecken.	-	Barcarolle.
	Ladies' Chorus.	

Grieg.	Bridal Procession Passing By. Op. 19.	
	No. 2	
	Mr. Weddell.	
Handel.	-	Largo.
	Mr. Hubner.	
Fanning.	-	Song of the Vikings.
	Chorus Class.	

"Much interest has been aroused in France by the attempt of a group of Parisian sculptors to resuscitate an art in which some of the world's greatest artists have excelled, namely sculpture in wax. Quite a number of statuettes made in this new yet old medium have been recently exhibited in Paris with results that are regarded as decidedly encouraging. The impression that wax is too fragile a material for serious works of art is at once swept away by the fact that Benoit's portrait of Louis XIV at Versailles, which is unprotected by glass, is almost as hard to-day as a piece of marble. When it becomes thoroughly understood that this material is very durable, statuettes in hardened wax will be almost as popular for ornamentation as those in other materials."

Professor Otis Boise, who is connected with the Peabody Institute in Boston, names six men as the "high priests" of music," who have laid down the lines on which their art has grown. The six are the Italian Palestrina of the sixteenth century, and five Germans—Bach, of the eighteenth, and Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Wagner of the nineteenth.



Columbia has the largest post-graduate enrollment of any university in the United States.

ATHLETICS.

AT a recent meeting of the Athletic Association. W. C. Press '04, was elected manager of the foot ball team for the coming year.

With the coming of winter, out-door sports are suspended and the gymnasium becomes the scene of athletic activities. Westminster's gymnasium has been receiving its full share of patronage since the classes were organized in the fall term. Two men's classes are conducted every Tuesday. Thursday and Saturday afternoons at 3:30 and 4:30 p. m., under the management of Mr. Lambie, physical director. Considerable interest is manifested in this gymnasium work, both classes being of large size. This is a department of college athletics in which every young man can and should take part. It is to be regretted that the accommodations offered by our gymnasium are so poor. The floor space, while it serves its purpose for ordinary work, is entirely inadequate for basket ball, and several pillars further interfere with the playing. The seating capacity for spectators is small, and the seats are so arranged that a complete view is impossible from all parts. But the full force of the situation does not strike one till the men's dressing and bath room is reached. Here from 50 to 100 boys seek accommodations on gymnasium afternoons, and strive in the confusion to keep themselves and their clothes separate from others. Little more floor space than 10x10 ft. is available. One shower bath alone can be used, and is in almost constant demand. Under such conditions order is impossible

and cleanliness is next to impossible. Westminster certainly needs a new gymnasium, and has arrived at a stage in her progress when she cannot afford to be without one.

Basket Ball has been receiving its share of attention. Besides the college five, which was organized in the fall, and has been practicing regularly, various class teams have been formed and have games in prospect. The prospects are bright for a strong college team. Of last year's five there are back Lambie, Moore and Stewart. Other candidates are Russell, Crooks, Deevers, Freetly, Zuver and Aiken. Of these, Deevers and Aiken are very promising players and with the three of last year's five will probably make up the team. Manager Christy has arranged the following schedule of games.

Dec. 13.—Alumni at New Wilmington.
Jan. 17.—Geneva at New Wilmington.
Jan. 30 —Grove City at Grove City.
Feb. 4.—U. of Pa. at New Wilmington.
Feb. 9 —Allegheny at New Wilmington.
Feb. 12 —State College at New Wilmington.
Feb. 16 Geneva at Beaver Falls.
Feb. 21.—Grove City at New Wilmington.
Mar. 6.—Allegheny at Meadville.

Other games with Beaver College and Oil City will probably be arranged.

Two games so far have been played, both resulting in defeats for Westminster, but defeats which are not at all to be ashamed of. The boys did good work and were defeated by stronger teams.

The first game of the season was played on the evening of Dec. 13, 1902, with a team composed of Westminster Alumni. The two fives kept the score

pretty nearly even for a large part of the game, and the first half ended with a tie score, 12-12. But in the second half, five goals from fouls and two field goals were made by the Alumni, against two goals on fouls by the home team, the final score being 14-21 in favor of the Alumni. Score and line-up:

Westminster, 14.	Alumni, 21.
Lambie.....f.....	McKim, '01
Deevers.....f.....	Kuhn, '01
Moore.....c.....	Cameron, '01
Russell.....g.....	Porter, '01
Stewart.....g.....	Edmundson, '01

Field goals—Deevers 3, Moore 1, Kuhn 2, Porter 1, Edmundson 2. Goals from fouls—Lambie 6, Porter 9, Edmundson 2. Officials—P. A. Kuhn and Elliott.

The first league game of the season was played with Geneva in the home gymnasium on Jan. 17, and was won by Geneva by the score of 34 to 22. Westminster scored the first goal. At times her team work showed to advantage, but the size of Geneva's players and their greater skill in shooting when the opportunity offered, gave her the victory. The first half ended with the score 15 to 9 in Geneva's favor, and in the second half the visiting team steadily held their lead with the above result.

The game was characterized by a great deal of rough playing. Indeed it seems to be the deplorable fact that roughness is entering more and more into the playing of this otherwise admirable game. If basket ball is to retain its popularity as an indoor sport, its supporters should strive to keep this "foot ball" element out as far as possible. The appointing of more than one officials in order that fouls may be more closely watched and penalized whenever made, may do something towards improve-

ment. One man can hardly keep track of the ball and call all fouls at the same time. The line-up in the Geneva-Westminster game follows:

Westminster, 24.	Geneva, 32.
Moore.....f.....	Leach
Deevers.....f.....	Patterson
Lambie.....c.....	East
Aiken.....g.....	Martin
Stewart.....g.....	Brown
Goals from field.—Moore 1, Deevers 3, Lambie 5, Aiken 1, Leach 6, Patterson 3, East 4, Brown 2. Goals from fouls—Lambie 2, Patterson 4. Official—Campbell (Grove City.)	

The ladies' department of athletics has been coming more and more into prominence of late. Gymnasium classes are conducted by Miss Oliver on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, and considerable interest is taken in them. Several basket ball teams have been formed and a number of contests arranged for. A game was played on Dec. 15, in which the Seniors won from a picked team by the score of 16-10. The line-up in this game was as follows:

"1903"—16.	Picked Team—10
Miss Getty.....f.....	Miss Allen
Miss Grove.....f.....	Miss Elliott
Miss Anderson.....c.....	Miss Cleland
Miss Stewart.....g.....	Miss Cochran
Miss Welsh.....g.....	Miss Davidson



Y. M. C. A. Notes.

THE opening meetings of the term have been full of interest and enthusiasm. Eleven new members were added to the roll at the first meeting and seven at the second. Increasing interest is shown in all branches of Association work, especially in the Tuesday evening devotional meetings. One of the pleasant features to be expected in the future will be a series of meetings on "Life Work," conducted by some man prominent in his profession.

The membership of the Association has reached ninety-five, leaving approximately forty men outside of the ranks. There is one thing, however, we must not overlook, the failure of which will be ruinous to the Association. We must not think that our work is completed when we have a large membership. Let us not aim merely to get many names upon our roll, for Christian service can only be measured by the hearts that are won to Christ, by the souls that are saved. Also the Association is the center of the religious life of the college, and let us make it such beyond doubt.

The "air castle" which a good friend mentioned in a recent article in one of the church papers is coming so near being a reality that it is all but within our grasp. It is the undisputed opinion of the men that the Association building is no longer a dream, but something to be realized in a few months. The project was very ably presented to the students in chapel Wednesday morning, Jan. 21, by F. S. Thompson, Miss Mitchell, Profs. Barnes, Freeman and McLaughry, Dr. Ferguson acting as master of ceremonies. The students are subscribing liberally, and it only remains for our many friends to come in and help us out, that we may have a home center for the Association. Kind friends, will you lend us a helping hand?



Y. W. C. A. Notes.

THE Y. W. C. A. is steadily if slowly growing. Our devotional meetings are well attended and a helpful interest seems manifested by all the girls.

Ever since the birthday anniversary of the Christian Associations the subject of the

Association Building has been before us. We are longing to see our air castle turned into a real substantial building. And we are willing to take our part in helping along the good work. For it is a good work, and will benefit not only the two Associations, but the whole college as well.

We shall meet with difficulties, of course. And perhaps sometimes failure will seem inevitable, but let us take courage, for "all we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist."



Exchanges.

THINGS don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.—Garfield.

The whole of your life will be spent in your own society, and only the educated man is good company.—Ex.

Oh! wud some power to others gie
The gift to see us as ourselves we see.—Ex.

I find that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—O. W. Holmes.

"In my life I have been a carpenter, a barber and a school teacher. I can single your house, your hair or your boy."—Creighton Bulletin.

Detroit Journal:

They

Say that dancing is the poetry

Of emotion. Say!

If you take a snap

Shot

Of people dancing you get poetry

Like

This here.

THE HOLCAD.

THE HOLCAD

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IMPRESSIONS OF EGYPT.

THE valley of the Nile has been properly called "the garden of the world." From Dan to Beersheba it is one mass of green dotted over with little mud villages. Only one modern city mars its beauty, and to a Pittsburgher even Cairo bears small resemblance to his home city. Three hundred miles from the mouth of the river is the city of Assiut. Here according to tradition, the truth of which I will not vouch for, Joseph gathered his corn during the years of plenty, and here he stored it during the seven years of drought. It is the capitol of the province and the center of trade. Here the valley is eight miles wide and the river waters it from the Sahara on the west to the Arabian desert on the east.

Assiut is a thoroughly native city. The houses are built of mud and serve only as a protection from the sun—as for rain we seldom have any. Because of its effect on the mud walls of their houses it is considered a very great calamity. Standing on a little mountain west of the city one can see distinctly its outlines marked almost as plain as the walls of a house. There are no suburbs—the houses go so far and then stop. It is hard to believe that within that little area, less than a square mile, there are crowded forty-five thousand people; and yet this is the truth. The streets are narrow, dirty, filled with jabbering people, and have a scent which is peculiarly Egyptian. On the edge where the sidewalk would be at home, sits the shop keeper with his lim-

ited supply of trinkets, or dry goods of brilliant colors, or dates, pomegranates and figs. When we patronize him we must bargain and perhaps take longer in fixing the price than in choosing the article. His favorite position is to sit with his feet under him on his counter, but some few have become European enough to stand behind or squat down at its side.

No less than fifteen minarets are to be found in these narrow streets marking the following of the false prophet in the most Christian city of any size in all Egypt. From these can be heard five times a day the weird cry of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. Mohammedanism surely has a strong hold on these people.

But that which is of most interest to United Presbyterians is not the streets, houses and customs, but our mission work and workers. Here we have the college, girls' school and hospital. More than twenty workers are located here—the largest station in Egypt. At 7:30 the college work begins, and after the first recitation the boys assemble in the campus and march into chapel, taking their places orderly until the entire room is full—at home we would say very much crowded. There are five hundred of them, to a new teacher looking very much the same with their red "tarbooshes" and "gelabeias." A psalm is announced and Badeer, stepping to the front of the rostrum, leads the boys in one of those old tunes which we have heard ever since we can remember. "Corona-

tion," "The Lord is My Shepherd," "Old Hundred," lose none of their sweetness even though sung in a foreign tongue; never before did they mean so much to us. The boys sing with a will and their five hundred voices make such a volume of sound as is ever to be remembered by a visitor to Assiut.

The teacher's troubles are much different than those of an American instructor. When a student is called on to recite, it is no easy matter to get him stopped. He wants to take up the whole time. After recitation it is not uncommon for a boy to complain that he is not called on often enough. They are very sensitive, perhaps more so than our boys at home, and we dare not smile even when in their attempts to speak English they talk of the "delicious" day, or "cozy" weather, or the "chubby" ox, or the dog which "shrugged" its tail. One boy describes a lion like this: "Lion is tawney beast. He has a shaggy hair. He is covered over with flowers and wears a white dress." His impression of the "King of beasts" was evidently not very vivid.

Our American customs strike them as very strange. A land is like a fairy tale which has no classes, no aristocracy, where each family lives in a separate house, where woman has equal rights with man, and where one day of the week is given to rest. When we read lately in class of an American school where boys and girls went together they could hardly be persuaded that they were really in the same room, and what was yet more wonderful there was no curtain between. Yesterday a boy asked me this question, "How do you know in America, when a letter comes to your home

which member of the family receives it? Your name is Grier, so is your father's and brother's and sister's; even your mother's name is Grier." I explained that we had other names also and of course he wanted to know why we were not called by them. Now and then they translate expressions into English from the Arabic, not knowing how strange they sound. We are not surprised when a boy greets us with, "May the Lord keep you" or "May peace be with you. The name of God is in all their common expressions. Even the watchman in the streets acquaints us at night of our safety by his cry, "God is one."

Among the late improvements along the line of college work is the introduction of a literary society. This is a purely Westminster institution. In name it is called Philomath, and we are thinking seriously of introducing, "Who is George Washington?" In constitution it is mostly Adelpic. It is surprising how harmoniously the two go together when separated by seven thousand miles of land and sea from their parental ideals.

James H. Grier '02.

CLIFFORD, a lad of five, was at the dinner table with other members of the family and a few invited guests. Having learned to spell some of the simpler words, he took every occasion to display his knowledge. A lull in the conversation was broken by a voice from the high chair: "Nobody can have anything on this table lessen he can spell it."

"All right, Clifford," said the lady across the table, "you can't have any chicken, for I know you can't spell that word."

Quick as a flash he glanced up and with a merry twinkle in his soft gray eyes, said: "I know I can't spell chicken, but then I can spell hen."

OUR NATIONAL IDEALS.

By OLIVE B. PIERSON, '04.

HISTORY is a great romance. Fancy and reality are blended in almost imperceptible graduations. The true and the false play through such mystical lights that the one seems scarcely distinguishable from the other. But with all its varying accidents, the record of nations is a story of the triumph of substance over mere shadow; its one great lesson is that the right must ultimately prevail.

Babylon, in her glory, vaunted a lavishness of grandeur of which Athens never dreamed. But while the Oriental powers passed away almost to oblivion, the queen city of Greece sprung anew from its ashes, to live through all time. A state is true and permanent only as its institutions and outward development are the expressions of an inner spirit answering to the highest principles of the soul.

If a nation lack this deeper life, if it be animated by no nobler sentiments than mere material ambitions, its glories are as transient as the golden tints of the sunset. This is the verdict rendered by American civilization: In it, the critics tell us, materialism has conquered. Our life is one of outward enjoyment, and our desires are of the factory and the counting-house. "Great, avaricious, sensuous," America has written her fate with that of Babylon. Her sky already glows with the mene, mene of impending ruin; her doom is sealed. No one will gainsay the material greatness of America. Indian dreams have no place in her life. Her history is a mir-

acle of practical progress. The treasures of commerce and industry have been bestowed with lavish hand. Prosperity abounds in riches and luxury such as no other people ever knew. Does this mean only a second Nineveh? Is there nothing deeper than the gilded surface?

Do the eternal principles of love and beauty, and of truth have no part in this civilization? Let history answer. Was it the love of gold that stirred the hearts of the colonists to shake off the shackles of tyranny and stand forth in the glory of their free manhood? Was it the desire for comfort that caused the nation to rise against the curse of slavery, and proclaim all men, by divine right, free and equal? Is it deification of wealth that has made it possible for poverty to claim the highest honors of the land, and for every man to stand by no other criterion than that of individual worth? Is it love of luxury that instigated crusades against intemperance and conceived schemes of world evangelization?

Is it commercialism that has established free education and freedom in religion; that has emancipated women; that has found visions of eternal peace? There are principles in this nation's life deeper than any artifice. In these we find the true soul, the real groundwork of American civilization. Glimmering bubbles they appear, but eternity has stamped them for her own. They will endure "when seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay. Rocks fall to

dust and mountains melt away." The battle cry of the Revolution was "Liberty." From the old rock of the pilgrims its full, clear note had sounded long before, and independence was but its necessary outcome. With this nation's breath the individual was first enabled to claim his sovereignty, the principle of freedom found adequate expression.

In the governmental institutions, in the whole natural development it found utterance, by peace fostered and war strengthened. As it reached maturity, its influence grew more silent, though not less intense. With ringing eloquence it spoke in the great strife. But with advancing years the love of liberty had blossomed and borne a love of native land till patriotism and loyalty to law were made first principles of the nation's life. One century alone lends its inspiration to the sons, but from many a thrilling battle scene, from many a noble heart, there comes to them the cry, "Love thou thy land."

Let people say, America has lost the soul of beauty, has banished the glories of art. Commerce has solved the mystery of the sea, science has transformed the twinkling orbs of night into planets—rolling through infinity, and robbed the heavens of their glory. All dreams of beauty have been swallowed up in the practical realities of modern life. Grandeur untold has burst upon man's vision; God's majesty and the dignity of his own being unfold before his eyes.

The beauty of nature and the soul's true harmony are the deep wells of his poetic inspiration. Never were themes so sublime, surpassing in holiness the conceptions of the Hebrew, in grandeur

dwarfing the splendors of Egypt, in beauty excelling the divine ideals of the Greeks. True, for a time Puritan austerity did check the progress of art, but it has arisen purer and nobler from the refining fire. Already in that old New England home an illustrious school of poets and novelists has appeared and passed away; Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes. What more glorious earnest of a bright future for American art and literature?

Nor has this land reached its highest development in the production of a patriot and the poet. Faithful to their task, the forefathers planted the germs of true religion, and this the one sure bulwark against the forces of decay. Greece fell when she lost her trust in the humanistic dieties of Olympus. Rome fell with her faith, blind superstition though it may have been. The strength of America is in the high ideals of Christianity. In the principles of the Nazarene the world had its first complete vision of truth.

Within the sunshine of her glory this nation has developed, and while in the house of worship, in legislative hall, in the life of its people, these eternal verities find utterance it may defy the powers of ruin and stand impregnable. Our nation may well boast of her material glories, of the success that crowned her industry, and the prosperity of her people. It is in this that her mission lies.

Like the fire in the opal's heart; there burns in man an inner soul. This fashions his realities. The pile of gold and marble palaces, the jewels and lands and banquets are all shadows of his real life.

In ideals, pure, lofty, divine, he finds

his true being. These must ever be the soul of our nation's civilization. Imperfect now they may be, but slowly they will develop, and with them the nation's life will broaden and deepen, realizing a great-

ness still more lofty, a grandeur more enduring. Yonder clouds are yet lined with silver, another hour will reveal them, scarlet and yellow and gold, mountains of heavenly glory banked up against the sky.



A Sympathetic But Cunning Newsboy.

ALMOST deafening were the cries of the newsboys, as one of the Chicago street cars stopped at a very busy crossing. The pavement was covered with slimy mud, but in spite of this gray slime, and in spite of the gloom overhead the newsboys' faces beamed with a sort of careless joy as their clear voices rang out above every other sound.

One "newsy," the smallest, and perhaps, the most battered one of the crowd, was struggling to sell the last paper of his morning's pack. This, a breeze snatched from him and spitefully hurled in the mud. With eager hands he snatched it up, only to find it so besmeared with mud that even the gigantic head lines could not peep through. Two large tears stole out of his eyes and rolled down his sorrowful face, leaving two white streaks on the dark background, as the comet leaves its luminous streak in the dark depths of the heavens. An older newsboy, in the midst of his sales, noticed the sorrow of his little friend and was touched by those two glistening, tumbling tears. His thought and act were almost simultaneous, as he turned and said, "Here, Jack. Don't cry. Here's a good one for that 'un." Hastily he

snatched the begrimed paper from Jack's hand, and into it thrust one fresh from the press.

A passenger on the car, touched by this kindly sympathy and kindlier act of the rugged youth, intently watched his movements. With deftly moving fingers he folded the paper with the soiled page inside, then putting it with his pack resumed his call, "Tribune! Tr-i-bu-ne!" "Here, lad," said a gentleman on the front seat of the car. The car had begun to move; but the lad, moving with it, gave the deftly folded paper to the man, received his money; then skilfully swung from the car, his face beaming with the satisfaction of his simple triumph.

When the gentleman unfolded his paper, he was several blocks from the rogue who had perpetrated the trick. It was the passengers' turn to laugh at the sly trick of a "newsy", whose moral sense had been trained by the policeman's cudgel, but whose sympathy had been sharpened by his own contact with the tears and suffering in this work-a-day world. "B."



An apt quotation is as original as an original remark.—Proverb.

EGYPTIAN SPORTS.

By W. G. ROBERTSON, '95.

IN order to give an adequate idea of the sports of Egypt or of Cairo it will be necessary to describe some local conditions which are factors influencing sports and indeed all life. First I would mention the climatic conditions. During the summer months it is so intensely hot that out door exercise does not appeal very strongly, even to the gamest "sport." From 10 a. m. until 5 p. m., the heat is unbearable except for a certain class of natives. So what little sport is indulged in, must be during the winter months. Once in a while the English, of whom there are many here, play a match game of cricket, but that is harder on the spectators than on the players, for it is a very ladylike sort of sport in comparison with base ball. The native Egyptian has very crude ideas about sport. It is quite beyond them to associate sport with anything that requires physical exertion. The poor working native has neither time, money nor inclination for recreation, and the better class resent anything that resembles manual labor. There is not one young man in a hundred of this class who could go in and play any game more exciting or vigorous than croquet. All they think of in the way of recreation is to sit at the coffee houses and drink, and smoke cigarettes. At least 90 per cent of the Egyptians are inveterate cigarette smokers. Just here tho I would note a most remarkable exception in regard to physical endurance, There are the "donkey boys," who will run at a good stiff pace by the

hour. I have also seen a native run from the top of the "Great Pyramid" to the ground, across a sandy stretch of 100 yards and climb to the top of the Second Pyramid in nine minutes. The Great Pyramid is 460 feet high, the steps are very irregular and average three feet. The Second Pyramid is 450 feet high and about forty feet from the top it is covered with a smooth casing scarcely allowing a hand hold. It is an extremely dangerous feat, but they do it with apparent ease. Another feature which would be an important factor against the public patronage of any sport would be the small wages paid for all kinds of employment. An ordinary laborer, such as receives \$1.25 per day in America, receives twenty-five cents per day here. Railway clerks are handsomely paid at \$30 per month. Street car conductors get fifty cents per day. So it can readily be seen that the inducements are small and prospects very remote for the introduction of anything like public games in Egypt. However the English have done a great deal for Egypt aside from her military influence. They have control of the government schools and have introduced gymnastics and foot ball, the association game. They give one public exhibition each year, but it is a very tame affair for one who has seen a hair-raising, ninth inning finish when a lost game has been pulled out of the fire. So much as I have seen of the native I am convinced that they could not safely indulge in such games as Rugby foot

ball nor in base ball unless the referee and umpire were legally empowered and armed to the teeth. They are an exceedingly demonstrative people and are easily angered, and have no sense of self restraint or fairness. So much for the native Egyptian. A word now about sport among the English. Association foot ball is played by the soldiers at the barracks. They are not permitted to play Rugby, for they have needed all the men for service in South Africa. These soldiers have it all over any American team I have seen in this game, but none of the fine or rough points are seen that make Rugby popular. I have already mentioned the "sissy" game of cricket. The "blooded" sports form a distinct class. "The Khedivial Sporting Grounds" is a beautiful park where the season's race meet is held, polo games and golf. There is also an occasional regatta in Alexandria harbor, but all of these are carried on in a rather mild manner, for there is no very great amount of English wealth

represented here. There are many persons of moderate wealth though, and they try to keep up appearances. I was talking with a young jockey some time ago, and asked him if he knew the American riders in England. He said he did. When I questioned him about their success over the English jockeys he answered: "The American riders look like fleas on horses." "Yes," I said, "and you know the flea has the record of being an unusually aggressive and successful rider." "Oh," he said, "they win because they dope their mounts, which is made clear by the fact that they last about two years only." That was an item of genuine news to me. He was clearly sour and had come to Egypt to ride because he was out of date at home. He was too heavy. The more I see of other national games and sports and the longer I am deprived of seeing base ball games the more I am convinced that there is no game like the Great American Game.



DE New Year come,
 En he beat his drum,
 But I ain't got nothin' ter swear off fum,
 Don't take no drink—
 Kaze I got no chink:
 De very latch on my do' won't clink!

I des so po'
 In de way I go,
 I fit fer heaven—ez de good Lawd know!
 Dey may beat de drum
 'Til kingdom com,
 But I ain't got nuthin' ter swear off fum!
 —Atlanta Constitution.

STRUCTURE BUILDING.



BY JOSEPH McCALMONT, '03.

IN building a house the foundation is first;
Vegetation is stripped, large rocks must be burst;
The plan of the building the builder must show,
The size of the walls the mason must know.

When the dark shades of night have long passed away;
When the big red sun announces 'tis day
By spreading its rays on the hill tops to stay,
Then the builder begins on his work for the day.

He digs till he comes to the most solid ground;
Or, oft he will laugh if a rock he has found
On which the foundation is laid firm and strong,
Then the owner can see he's done him no wrong.

Before he can build he must have plenty time,
With sand and water to stir for a time
Until it is mortar which strengthens the wall—
It holds it together and saves a great fall.

When a solid foundation the mason has made,
His work is all ready for bricks to be laid.
The bricks must be good so they'll bear all the weight,
And stand all the pressure—the wall must be straight.

Let us watch him each day as he works on the wall,
One brick at a time—yes one brick, that is all—
One brick at a time and if that brick's laid right,
Will make a strong structure and be a fine sight.

Each day finds him higher than ever before
By not stopping to rest just because he is sore—
His wall is completed, he takes his repose
Midst the praise of his friends and the jeers of foes.

What a beautiful structure it now seems to be,
As one looks upon it from guilt it looks free!
The walls appear strong and to passers erect,
But a storm will soon come which will make an effect.

The storm now advances and strikes the huge wall;
The winds whirl around it, the result is a fall
Just shortly before folks admired as they passed
The structure that now is a ruined mass.

But what is there wrong that a wall fine as that
Could not stand a storm but now lies so flat?
Did not it look perfect the work so complete?
As it stood in the air—it was finished so neat.

The trouble is this if desirous to know.
The builder, to save and to make a fine show,
Put in many bricks which were full of defect,
The best side put out made it look so erect.

So we my dear reader, are building a wall
Which depends on the builder to save a great fall;
A solid foundation at first we must lay
In order to stand many long years it may.

The wall is named Character which is so tall;
The bricks used are acts—no matter how small;
From he who at all times is so found at his work
The habit is formed—no duty to shirk.

As we lay down each brick, or perform we each act,
The world looks upon us and whether a fact
The critical eyes which are passing us by
Will give their opinion if straight or awry.

But don't get disheartened, work always with might,
For as the hard mortar, it makes the wall tight.
The mortar we use all our acts to secure
Is cheerfulness, willingness—hearts which are pure.

And now my dear friends, we're all building a wall;
Do we put in bad bricks that will cause us to fall?
Acts, that look well just on the outside,
That makes our wall weak, that destroys all our pride.

If this we are doing we make a mistake,
For the storm of temptation will cause us to shake;
'Twill ruin our character—great tho' it be;
No more can be built for you and for me.

EDITORIAL.

IT is well known that we have an Athletic Association in college, and it is also well known that it is a poor apology for an Athletic Association. About one-half the boys in college attend the Association meetings, and scarcely one-tenth pay their dues. Students can not be compelled to join this Association, and as far as raising money for athletics is concerned, it has proved the saddest possible failure. It is not just that managers of athletic teams should themselves be compelled to back their teams financially. Yet this is the case at present. It is true that last year the College Board appropriated three hundred dollars for athletics, but even this is not enough. Nothing at all has as yet been appropriated this year. The Association must have money. The plan to have every student pay a certain sum for athletics every term along with his tuition has been proposed many times, and there seems no doubt but that it is a good one. There are many who can't be reached in any other way, and as this plan has proved successful in several other colleges, we might with profit experiment with it here.

OUR attention has recently been called to the fact that very few of the students make any use whatever of the reading room. The few who do, generally go in for a few minutes after dinner, and spend the time looking over the morning papers. The current magazines are neglected except by those who drop in irregularly, perhaps on an average of once in two or three weeks.

There are some who endeavor to spend a certain amount of time each day in reading but they are very few. It is difficult to answer why the reading room is so much neglected, but its value does not seem to be appreciated. The students do not seem to realize, that more practical good may be obtained from a short time spent in careful reading each day than from the time spent on one of the regular studies. We do not mean that a study should be neglected in order to do this, but that this is as important as a study, although not required.

IT seems that the greatest trouble of students in studying is to concentrate the mind on a subject. Those ideas are most likely to be recalled upon which the attention has been centered by an act of the will. Many people never summon their will power to concentrate their attention upon a subject, and give only a mechanical involuntary attention, and consequently soon forget. They may really possess good memories, and the trouble may be entirely in the will. But when the habit of concentrating the attention has once been formed, it requires less and less effort to keep the firmly fixed on a subject, and the sooner the attempt is made to form this habit the easier the task will be.

WITH this number of the Holcad, the present editorial staff completes its year of service. The time has come when we must bid our readers farewell, but first we wish to thank you for the interest you

have taken in the Holcad, for the readiness with which you have contributed articles, and for your friendly criticisms. A college paper should represent the efforts of its students. In order that this may be so, it is necessary that the students should always be ready to assist the staff, and should feel

that the responsibility of having a representative paper rests largely on themselves. We thank you for having done this, and we ask that your interest in the paper may continue, and that you will lend your support to the new staff in every way possible, as you have to us.



HOLCADES MIKRAI.

OUR HOLCAD staff they have to quit.
Cause why? Theyv'e used up all their wit,
And little enough they had of it.
But other folks 'll take their place,
And prob'ly go at a swifter pace,
A edifyin' the human race.

The Ladies' Hall's the biggest place,
Where most o' girls in school lives at,
They shet the door at half past nine,
And then if even the littlest rat
Should squeak, they'd all be just as skeered
As if there's reason to be afeered.

Senior's the wisest folks that air,
In this school, or anywhere.
And Second Prep're ignorant men,
Cause they jest start to learnin' then.

"Have some cake and candy, do,
Made it all my own self too,"
Said a maiden softly. "Do"
O'er his face a look of pain
Swept as does a summer rain:
"Can't, I've just begun to train."

"The Seniors now are hard at work,
And will doubtless have orations,
That will rouse the people of the town
And resound through all the nations.



Miss T.—Gazing at Sampson—"I just can't help from loving that man."

Senior orations commence March 6.

Ask Miss N. what Deacon's process is.

Miss S. is very anxious to change her name.

Earla says the quiet talks of Gordon are so enjoyable.

And still some people believe in the ground-hog theory.

Some people think "that man Craig" is an awful runner.

Miss Porter says she likes Dutch better than French this term.

What is Mr. McBride's best time in the hundred "yard dash?"

Why are editors like chairs? Because they are liable to be sat upon.

When is a college girl like a ship?
When she's attached to a buoy.

Mrs. Olive Pyle is now located at 2903 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Sophomores have invited the Seniors to a banquet February 20.

Miss Miller sadly regrets the fact that the girls can't do without the boys.

From all reports the "Twentieth Century Club" is prospering famously.

Miss B. says 'tis awfully hard for the young men to leave the hall. Why?

Mr. Baldinger is still trying to calculate the right ascension of his furniture.

"Cupid" is ever on the move and in some instances even takes his trunk with him.

Sign boards are a very good thing especially when you get lost, aren't they Mr. Byam?

Miss Oliver: "Well then, I'll read 'That Old Sweetheart of Mine,'—of Riley's, I mean."

The Senior class would like to know where the Juniors sent for their orations last term.

Mr. Press thinks a good remedy for heart disease is walking over to the Hall several times daily.

Miss Clawson—Asking for a deflagrating spoon—"I want a spoon".

Mr V.—"I hav'nt time".

Miss Ferguson excitedly, "Where's my man?"

Mr. L., cheerily, "Here!"

Mr. Bailey — At banquet in serious contemplation—"I wonder what the poor girls who are left at the Hall are doing."

Mr. McBride: "Is Rev. D. any relation to the Miss D. here in college? I believe there is something in a name after all."

"Well, if I can't come I'll be sure to telephone to you," Miss Turner declared. Why was it then that she sent Miss Beatty only a telephone message?

"Remarkable, isn't it, how some of the banquet cases do last?" they concluded just before the ball game. "Our banquet comes next week, doesn't it?" murmured a Senior hopefully.

The subscriptions of the young men to the Christian Association building already amount to over five hundred dollars, The prospects are that the young women will show their interest just as practically.

There was tapping on the near arm,

Of a Junior class-room chair,

And the teacher ceased his talking,

There was silence everywhere.

Then as suddenly as whispers,

Wakened by a summer breeze,

Roused a Junior from his dreaming,

And exclaimed, "The question, please"

The first of a series of talks to the Senior class was given by Prof. Barnes on February 60, on "The Student's Attitude Toward Current Events," in the Greek room. The expressions of appreciation for the words of helpfulness and advice, show plainly that the first of the series was a success.

ADELPHIC EXCHANGES.

"We grow like what we love," the poets say.

"O, mighty cupid! shall I then some day,

Grow shorter by an head, have tiny feet,

And beardless lips, and bang my hair, I pray."

—*Arthur Graves Canfield.*

"The editor sat in his sanctum.

Penning a beautiful thought,

Next day came his compenstaion.

The professor recorded a naught."

The annual Junior Freshmen Banquet was given Jan. 26th in Philo and Adelphic Halls. The Halls were artistically decorated in the colors of the two classes. Parsons' Orchestra of New Castle, furnished the music of the evening. Much credit is due the entertainment committee in adding greatly to the enjoyment of all present.

Rev. Charles R. Watson visited the college on January 30th. We were glad to

meet the newly elected Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, and to hear him speak. He addressed a meeting in the College chapel in the evening, the students in the afternoon and in the morning chapel service. He spoke most impressively of the surrender of the life and brought to us added interest in the great missionary work of our church.

The "Quiet Talks" by Mr. S. D. Gordon of Oberlin, Ohio, fulfilled all our expectations. The earnestness of the man gave to his words a weight that carried them to the hearts of his listeners. His chapel talks in the morning sent us to the day's work with a new sense of the day's possibilities. Mr. Gordon spoke from February 1-5 each afternoon in the Second U. P. church and in the evenings in the Presbyterian church. A large choir from the Christian Associations under the direction of Mr. T. A. Craig, added to the enjoyment of the meetings:

REMARKABLE REMARKS.

"It's so dark I can't hear what he says."

"Yes, two of the girls sang a solo."

"Oh yes, there's skating but the ice won't hold you up."

"He was a sculpture as well as an author."

"Isn't this a fine night?"

"I hope the music will be good to-night!"

"Shall I play for you? Really now, wouldn't you like to have me?"

"Well, I didn't just ask for you."

A COMMUNICATION.

Chlorine,

Yellowish green!

What a smell!

Hello, got a snuff;

That's enough

To kill a horse;

Make a corpse.

Of a man.

After he's dead,

These words on his headstone,

Please read with reverent tone;

Here lies a mortal,

In death's cold embrace,

He fought a good battle,

His life free of disgrace,

He left suddenly—

Learn a lesson:

Beware!

And prepare.

He met death

By taking a breath

Of

Yellowish green

Chlorine.



"HERE'S where I lose a little ground" said the tramp,
as he stepped into the bath tub.

MUSIC AND ART.

Music hath caught a higher pace than any virtue that I know. It is the arch-reformer; it hastens the sun to his setting; it invites him to his rising; it is the sweetest reproach, a measured satire.—*Thoreau.*

Miss Beulah Stewart has just finished a cleverly done water color landscape, and is now working on a delightful study, "The Afterglow on Venetian Waters."

The picture, "Jacqueminot Roses," by Miss Kate Elliott, deserves special mention. It is an exquisite copy and the color effect is most striking and pleasing. "The Venetian By-Way," by Miss Mary Park, is admirably done, as are also two water color studies by Miss Helen Ferguson and Miss Pauline Robinson.

We are glad to be able to announce that the Mandolin Club is to be reorganized. That we have had neither Mandolin nor Glee club this year, has been very much regretted by all. This term, however, there seems to be a wealth of good material, and the prospects for a good club are decidedly encouraging.

The Chorus class will study for the remainder of the year, "The Holy City" by Gaul. This will be given Commencement week, at their annual concert.

"All the arts are but the means for expressing thought, and that art is most valuable which interposes fewest obstacles between the thought and its ultimate expression and receives most readily and retains longest the impress of individuality."

In a recent discussion as to whether there should be a duty on works of art for the protection of American artists, Mr.

Ruckstuhl, who has charge of the sculpture at the World's Fair to be held in St. Louis, declares that American artists are amply able to take care of themselves. He says they have made great advance in the past few years; that they have developed men who rank with the first artists of the world, and that they are creating a new school of art which promises to take its place with the great schools of the past.

The Chicago Glee Club gave the first concert of the Lecture Course on Saturday evening, February 14, before a large audience. The program which consisted of eleven numbers, was well rendered, and the audience showed their appreciation by enthusiastic applause, the quartette being obliged to respond to encore after encore. They were assisted by Miss Norrine Cochran, a reader who gave three selections. The program follows:

"Antoinette,"	Glee Club.	Maer
"Sketch from Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"	Miss Cochran.	Hegan
"Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son,"	Glee Club	Kendall
Solo,	Mr. Thomas	Selected
"In Liberty's Name," (Arr. from Faust.)	Glee Club.	Parks
"Lead Kindly Light,"	Glee Club.	Buck
"Mandy,"	Harra Stilwell	Edwards
Solo,	Miss Cochran.	Selected
"The Goblins 'll Git You if You Don't Watch Out,"	Mr. Henry.	Parks
Reading,	Glee Club.	Selected
Sailor Songs in Costume,"	Miss Cochran.	
(a) "Tar Song,"		Hatton
(b) "Breeze of Night,"		Molloy
(c) "Davy Jones,"		Lamothe
	Glee Club.	

ALUMNI NOTES

Of Our Alma Mater's Representative Sons and Daughters.



*'Mother triumphant, let thy splendid story
Teach us the truths it ever taught thy sons;
That age hands down to coming age,
Through all our lives the same firm purpose runs.*



'56.

Rev. J. M. Jamison, D. D., of Hope-
dale, Ohio, a venerable servant of the
Lord, is Westminster's oldest living grad-
uate.

'57.

Rev. D. S. Littell, D. D., and congre-
gation have just taken possession of their
handsome new church in the East End of
Pittsburg. The building cost \$100,000.

'58.

Rev. Dr. E. N. McElree's congrega-
tion, Second New Wilmington, tied for
first place in payment of quota due Dec. 1,
1902.

'59.

Rev. James Crowe, D. D., has been
for forty-two consecutive years, pastor of
the Norris Square church, Philadelphia.

John Walker Vincent of New Wil-
mington, Editor, killed at the battle of Fred-
ericksburg, Dec. 1862.

'60.

Elizabeth Findley, of New Wilming-
ton, one of the first missionaries to the

Freedmen. Died of fever during the Civil
war at Davis Bend, Miss.

Rev. David Strang, of Beni Sef, is one
of the pioneer missionaries to Egypt.

'61.

Rev. James G. D. Findley, D. D.,
soldier in the Civil War; pastor at New-
burg, N. Y., for over thirty years; one of
800 leading educators, Bible students and
pastors that sailed on the Steamship Celtic
on her famous four month's voyage to
Europe and the Holy Land.

Rev. James W. Witherspoon, D. D.,
of Allegheny, for many years Secretary
of the Freedmen's Board of Missions.

Hugh L. Sawhill, of Taylorstown,
killed at the battle of Gaines' Mill, June
27, 1862.

'62.

Rev. James R. Miller, D. D., of Phil-
adelphia; author of many works highly
prized in the religious world

Rev. William Harvey, D. D., of Cairo,
for 37 years missionary in Egypt; has just
returned to the land of his chosen work.

'63.

W. Luther Findley, Esq., Wall street, New York; for many years consulting attorney for the New York Fire Department.

Rev. J. R. Brittain, D. D., of Newark, prominent leader in Anti-Saloon work in the State of New Jersey.

'64.

Rev. Adam G. King, D. D., of Galt, Ontario, is slowly recovering from the effects of blood poisoning, the result of a painful accident incurred last December. His congregation reports a prosperous year.

'65.

Judge George F. Arrell, of Youngstown, O.; distinguished jurist. He refused the office of Attorney General in President McKinley's cabinet,

'66

Rev. William S. Owen, D. D., of Chicago, Ill. Editor of The Midland.

Rev. S. J. Crowe, of Warren, Ohio. Franklin College recently conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Samuel R. Galbreath, of Latakiyeh. Syrian missionary, deceased. Remains, it is believed, lie buried in Jerusalem.

'67.

Rev. William J. Snodgrass, of West Middlesex; has been for many years, a faithful pastor to his people.

'68.

Rev. Frank M. Spencer, D. D., president of Cooper Memorial College, Sterling, Kansas. Athletes from this college refused to compete in athletic games on the Sabbath Day at the Paris Exposition in 1900, thereby permitting French athletes of indifferent ability to win.

'69.

Rev. W. H. Vincent, D. D., who has just been called to Youngstown, Ohio; went to Detroit, Mich. in 1890 and in thirteen years increased the membership of his congregation from thirteen to 308. The Detroit congregation's present standing is through death and other causes 170 church members and 200 Sabbath School pupils. Their church and parsonage occupies one of the finest sites in Detroit.

'70.

William M Ekin, of Louisville, Kentucky, Captain U. S. Volunteers, Manila, Philippine Islands.

Rev. James M. McAuley D. D of Tokio. For many years a faithful missionary in Japan. deceased.

'71.

Rev. Eugene P. Dunlap D. D. Long a missionary to the people of Siam. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has just issued an interesting pamphlet from the pen of Dr. Dunlap, descriptive of foreign mission hospitals.

'72.

Rev. S. A. Martin D. D. President of Wilson College, Chambersburg, has resigned owing to ill health and intends to travel abroad for two or three years.

'73.

Mrs R. A. Jamison, of Apollo has been ill for the past few days.

Rev. Robert W. Kidd of Beaver Falls is pastor of one of the largest congregations in that city. The congregation numbers over 450 souls.

'74.

Margaret McLaughrey A. M. for fifteen years Professor of English at this College is a charter member of the Westmin-

ster College Young Women's Christian Association.

Rev. R. A. Jamison of Apollo has been visiting in Pittsburg and Washington.

'75.

Rev. Samuel H. Moore D. D. of New Castle, prominent pastor, lecturer, orator.

'76.

Hon. James Kennedy, lawyer. Member Congress from 18th District, Ohio.

'77.

Rev. S. W. Gilkey D. D. of Mercer has been on a lecturing tour thro New Jersey and Eastern New York.

'78.

Rev. R. C. Montgomery of Philadelphia has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Grove City College.

'79.

Watson McMillen Hays of Teng Chow. For many years a devoted missionary to the Chinese.

'80.

Rev. John McNaugher D. D. of Allegheny linguist, minister and professor in Allegheny Theological Seminary.

'81.

Rev. John A. Duff for ten years a successful pastor in Chicago now in Aspinwall.

'82.

Harry W. McKean, efficient Principal of Public Schools, Kansas City, Mo.

'83.

Alexander McConnell, ruling elder for almost fifty years in Chartiers Cross Roads United Presbyterian Church, and best known Citizen in Washington County died Feb. 3, 1903. He was the father of Rev. J. O. McConnell '83 of Slippery Rock.

James P. Whitla, Esq., of Pittsburg, is Secretary of the Sharon Steel Combine,

capital fifty million dollars. It is reported that this combine of industries will be absorbed by the United States Steel Corporation.

'84.

Rev. Thomas F. Cummings is a trusted missionary at Gujranwala, Punjab, India.

'85.

Rev. A. L. Davidson was installed pastor of Lenox congregation, Iowa, Feb. 11, 1903.

Professor W. J. Shields, Electrical Engineer, has been nominated for Council on the Citizens Ticket, New Wilmington.

'86.

Johathan Lemoyne Snyder, President of Michigan Agricultural College has satisfactorily settled the recent difficulties between the faculty and the students.

'87.

Elizabeth McLaughry M. D. accompanied by her brother, Will McLaughry, has gone to Florida for a much needed rest.

Jessie C. Wilson M. D. of Hamaden is still very busy in the mission fields of Persia.

'88.

Rev. W. T. Anderson, is actively engaged in mission work at Zarfarwal, India.

'89.

James A. McCracken, of Mercer is the respected teller of Mercer County National Bank.

'90.

John J. McElree A. M. Professor of Latin Westminster College is slowly improving in health.

Miss N. J. Spencer of New Wilmington now home on a furlough, has been for nine

years a faithful missionary in the Punjab India.

Married: Mary Washington Reed and Willet Patterson Hughes M.D. at residence of Mrs. T. K. Ray, '90 East End, Pittsburg. Dr. and Mrs. Hughes will reside at 5500 Centre Ave. East End, Pittsburg.

'91.

Rev. E. C. Littell of Washington recently delivered an address before the Farmers Institute at Cannonsburg.

Rev. Huber Ferguson, of Allegheny has been preaching for over a week at Steubenville, Ohio.

Rev. M. E. Koonce, Ph. D. some time at St. Michael, Alaska, has returned home.

'92.

John Speer Donaldson is one of the leading physicians of Bellevue.

'93.

Interesting reports are received from time to time from Rev. Wm. H. Reed, missionary at Medinet ElFayoun, Egypt.

'94.

H. E. Barr M. D. has been nominated on the Citizens ticket for Auditor of New Wilmington.

Ina M. Hanna, M.S. teacher of Physical Sciences at Seattle, Washington and an earnest church worker reports large entrance class numbering many hundreds in Seattle High School.

'95.

Mrs. Wm. A. Reed nee Grove and Rev. G. W. Robertson are both actively engaged in missionary labors. The former at Medinet ElFayoun, the latter as member of the faculty, Assuit College, Egypt.

'96.

Mrs. R. R. McClure, nee Elliot is also

very busy in mission work at Rawal, Pindi, India.

'97.

Rev. James M. Ferguson of New Castle has completely recovered from his recent illness.

'98.

An interesting photograph of Rev. George H. Seville has been received. Mr. Seville is represented with shaven head and in customary garb of the Chinese.

Lawrence L. Swogger M. D. is on the medical staff of St. Josephs Hospital, Denver, Colorado.

'99.

J. Turner Moore, until recently chemist at Reading, has been appointed Master Steel Worker of the new government navy yard in Washington D. C.

Rev. W. H. McPeak, of Port Huron Mich. has been visiting his parents at Cannonsburg.

'00.

A. H. Baldinger delivered an address at the recent union conference of the Reformed, Presbyterian, Western and Allegheny Seminaries.

Scott A. McCollam, Senior at Allegheny Seminary has received two calls. One to Kortright, N. Y., the other to Linesville.

Charles H. Williamson, Senior at Allegheny Seminary has been called to Cochranon. It is believed he will accept the call.

'01.

Married: Marion Crawford of New Wilmington and James Brewster Taylor, Lieutenant U. S. A. at San Francisco, California.

A. B. Reid of Allegheny, preached at Jamestown recently.

E. C. McCown preached at Kittanning a few weeks ago.

Miss Zella Woods Mitchel is pleasantly located at Alexandria and is getting acquainted with the mission work as it is carried on in Egypt.

Born, Jan. 16, '03, to James E. Work, Fort Morgan, Colorado, a boy.

'02.

The Midland of Feb. 12, contains a letter "Some Strange Sightings and Scenes of Egypt" by James H. Grier, Professor in Assuit College, Egypt.

The American missionary baseball team defeated the native nine in a recent exciting game at Assuit College, Egypt. The majority of the Americans were Westminster graduates, among whom were: C. H. Baldwin, R. G. Deevers, Jas. H. Grier and J. Armor Veazey.

Among our recent visitors were: A. H. Baldinger '00 of Allegheny, W. D. Cleland Ex-'05 of Harlansburg, T. C. Cochran '01 of Mercer, Miss Sarah M. Given '02 of Carnegie, Alvan R. Hunt '02 of Mt. Jackson, R. G. McGill '02 of Wilmerding, Miss Frances Mehard '02 of Mercer, Miss

Corrine Mercer '01 teacher in Beaver H. S. G. F. Zehner '02 of Pittsburg.

"Westminster has graduated 340 persons who have become ministers of the gospel, which number includes more than one-fourth of the present active ministry of the United Presbyterian Church. Among the alumni and alumnæ of the College are numbered also 53 missionaries, 5 professors in theological seminaries, 6 college presidents, 31 professors in colleges, 115 teachers, 9 judges, 80 attorneys, 135 doctors of medicine, 4 editors, 2 artists, 3 engineers. There are 205 engaged in business.

"Many graduates of the college have filled places of importance in the civil and military service of the government. They are found in congress, in state legislatures, in district and county offices. As state, county and city superintendents of instruction, as ministers at home and missionaries abroad they are doing a work on which the sun never sets.' "

We return our grateful thanks to Professor Shields '85 and other friends for much valuable help in this department. Especial thanks are due Miss Loa Mitchel '03 for her ready, even generous, assistance through the year.



"JOHNSON, is dar a color'd pusson mentioned in the Scriptures?
G'way dah, chile, don't you 'members nigga Demus?"

COLLEGE NOTES.

ABOUT 500 men in the University of Michigan earn all or part of their college expenses.

There are over 62 cases of typhoid fever at Cornell University.

The University of Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, has an attendance of 3,800 students.

"The Independent" of February 5 and 12 devotes considerable space to the question of co-education.

The average cost of teaching each student at Cornell is \$331.30. The average income from each student is about \$100.

The new students' building at Smith College will have a large auditorium, well equipped for dramatical and other social occasions.

The class of 1900, Columbia has expressed its disapproval of President Butler's suggestions that the college course should be less than four years.

T. S. Timmins of Liverpool, Eng., has given \$50,000 to the University College of that city for the systematic research for the origin and cure of cancer.

Grove City college has received \$65,000 free of conditions from two of its friends. \$25,000 is for the endowment fund and \$40,000 for a ladies' dormitory.

Willie Keeler will coach the Harvard base ball players again this season and Algy Chesbro the famous pitcher of the New York Americans will coach them in box work.

Xenia Seminary, where many Westminster graduates are located, both as

students and members of the faculty, is under quarantine owing to a mild case of smallpox.

Over seventy headmasters of the leading Eastern and Western secondary schools and the Presidents of the leading Eastern colleges have condemned the mass plays in football as being unnecessarily rough and dangerous.

Edward I. Bosworth, D. D., the eminent Biblical Scholar, recently elected Dean of Oberlin, says that institution among other things is in need of a lectureship, to which some distinguished lecturer could be called each year.

Dr. F. R. Blake, of Johns Hopkins University has completed and will soon publish an elementary grammar of Tagalog for practical purposes. This book will be the first of its sort in English and will be a valuable guide to the principal dialect spoken in Manila, P. I.

The Century Magazine for February and the Presbyterian Banner for February 12, both contain loving tributes to the memory of Alice Freeman Palmer. Friends of the cause of co-education would find much pleasure and profit in the perusal of them.

The question of abolishing compulsory chapel is again under discussion in the Yale periodicals. The students have, heretofore, voted in favor of chapel exercises on the ground that it was an important college bond and brought the classes together for a common purpose at the beginning of the day's work.

Fale.

ATHLETIC.

THE inter-class basketball games were played Jan. 24 and Jan. 28, and resulted in victories for the Freshman and Juniors respectively. Both games were rough. The score in the Freshman-Sophomore game was 29-14. Elliott threw ten field goals for the Freshmen. The score in the Junior-Senior game was 30-18. The line-ups were as follows:

Jan, 24, 1905."—14.	"1906."—29.
Stewart..... f.....	Deevers
Smit..... f.....	Freetly
Crooks..... c.....	Elliott
R, Yourd..... g.....	Aiken
Metz..... g.....	Stevenson
Jan, 28. "1903."—18.	"1904."—30.
Getty.... f.....	Christy
Russell..... f.....	Perkins
Witherspoon..... c.....	Minteer
Sampson..... g.....	Moore
Baily..... g.....	Stewart

The 'Varsity team has been meeting with varied success. Since the game with Geneva one defeat and two victories have been scored to its credit. It has been strengthened by the addition of Elliott to its line-up. In the game with Allegheny, an injury to Lambie compelled him to retire from the game and he was unable to play in the game with State which followed a few days later. The game with U. of P., to have been played Feb. 4, was cancelled.

The team was defeated in a rough game with the Grove City College five in the latter's gymnasium on Jan. 30, by the score of 34-8. Moore made the only field goal thrown by Westminster. Line-up:

Westminster, 8.	Grove City 34.
Deevers..... f.....	Hickman
Moore..... f.....	Locke
Lambie-Freetly... c.....	DeFrance
Stewart..... g.....	Campbell
Aiken..... g.....	Brown

The first basketball game with Allegheny was played in Westminster's gymnasium, Feb. 9, and was won by Westminster, the score being 31-29. It was a very fast game, and one of the most interesting that has been played this season. On both sides was manifest some very skillful work and a good deal of roughness. Westminster scored first on a field goal by Deevers, which was soon followed with a second by Lambie. Allegheny, however, lead the score in the first half by throwing 8 goals from foul besides 3 field goals. Westminster followed up by three more field goals and one from foul, the half ending with the score 11-14 in favor of the visiting team. Westminster lead off in the second half with two field goals by Elliott and Moore, thus passing her opponents in points scored. Then began a race between the two teams which grew quickly in interest, until toward the end the spectators rose to their feet in enthusiasm and the gymnasium was filled with their deafening shouts of encouragement and applause. At one time one team was ahead, and soon after the other, though the lead of neither was ever great or certain for any length of time. At last, Westminster, by a number of well directed shots from the center of the field went ahead and the half was called with victory hers. After the official announcement, Allegheny disputed the score claiming it should be 31-31. Line-up and score:

Westminster, 31.	Allegheny, 29.
Moore..... f.....	Williams
Deevers..... f.....	Turner-Haas
Elliott..... c.....	Lampe
Lambie-Aiken..... g.....	Mellon
Stewart..... g.....	Jackson

Field goals—Moore 3, Deevers 5, Lambie, Elliott, 3, Aiken, Stewart, Williams, 3, Lampe, 6. Goals from foul—Williams 10, Lampe, Moore 2, Deevers, Official, J. A. Thompson, Geneva.

The State College five was defeated in an interesting game on Feb. 12, at New Wilmington by the score of 33-18. State's team work was at fault and showed up to poor advantage in the first half which ended 14-5 Westminster's favor. Dunn entered the game in the second half and his fast playing materially strengthened the visiting team, but they were unable to win. Westminster's five was weakened by the absence of Lambie who was injured in the game with Allegheny and was unable to play. Moore made 21 of the 33 points scored by Westminster. Score and line-up:

Westminster, 33.		State, 18.	
Deevers	f.....	Forkum
Moore.....	f.....	Fultz-Dunn
Elliott	c.....	Devine
Aiken.....	g.....	Kilmer
Stewart.....	g.....	Bradley

Goals from the field—Deevers, 2, Moore 3, Elliott 3, Stewart, Dunn, Devine, Kilmer, Bradley Goals from foul—Moore 15, Dunn 9, Devine. Officials—Stevenson and Rogers,

There is a project on foot for sending a relay and track team to Philadelphia to take part in the Intercollegiate Field Meet to be held there in the Spring. Training has been begun for the event in the way of cross-country runs, and quite a squad of candidates are out trying for the team. Westminster's record of past years is one she can be justly proud of and it is well that she should strive to keep up the standard of she past. There are quite a number of promising athletes among her undergraduates, and it is to be hoped that the way may be seen clear, in financial as well as other matters, for them to compete in the meet at Philadelphia.

Arrangements have been made for an inter-class indoor meet to take place in the gymnasium on the afternoon of March 7. A number of interesting events are included in the schedule, and it is hoped that sufficient interest will be taken in it by the various classes to bring out the best talent in the College. Entries close on March 6.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The association has decided to have a delegate at the state convention held at Lebanon, Pa March 5—8.

On account of the talks which were being delivered by Mr. R. S. Gordon, our association held no meeting Tuesday evening, Feb. 3.

There was a union meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A's Saturday evening, February 7, preparatory to the day of prayer for colleges.

Our building committee chosen to act in conjunction with a similar committee from the Y. W. C. A. is: Wiliard Reid '04, H. C. Hildebran '03, W. C. Press '04, C. S. Atchison '03, L. G. Bennett '05. Mr. Reid has been chosen chairman and Mr. Bennett, treasurer of the joint committee. The reports of the several student collectors are thus far most encouraging.

The subject chosen by the devotional committee for Feb. 10, was "Echoes from the Gordon meetings." Under the leadership of Mr. McClelland, a very pleasant and profitable 45 minutes was spent. The time was largely taken up by many of the boys stating in a few words what to them were the impressive points of Mr. Gordons "Quiet Talks." With some it was the idea of "entire surrender," "the two ways entirely separated," "the power of persevering prayer," the thought that we are the "channels through which may flow the power of God." Others expressed themselves as most impressed by the quiet earnestness and unquestioning faith of the man back of the "quiet talks." Certainly Mr. Gordon's coming among us should result in great blessing. As Jesus and his apostles came down from the mount of transfiguration, not to tell men of the vision but to heal the epileptic and go about proclaiming the gospel of love, so may not we by simple Christlike deeds, give evidence to our fellows that the channels connecting our lives with the great reservoir of power are not choked by selfishness and sin. "The thing you are, thunders so I can't hear what you say."

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THE CAUSE OF THE GRACCHI.

BY F. S. THOMPSON, '03.

[Winning Essay in Inter-Society Contest June 18, 1902.]

On the summits of the mountains fringing the northern borders of Italy a man journeyed toward Spain. Surrounded by servants and accompanying travelers he yet rode alone, for to them he was as the Condor, soaring companionless in the awful solitudes of the Cordilleras, is to the consort of sparrows in the valleys below. His was the "loneliness of genius." Within his soul a noble purpose was struggling mightily to the birth.

Pausing once, he looked back upon the plains which had so lately blossomed with the homes of happy peasantry. The fields whose waving grain had nurtured the best manhood of a nation were desolate, save for the flocks and herds of the rich which wandered through them watched and guarded by slaves.

Prosperous country life from which the most sturdy legions had been drawn was ended. The men of wealth had added to their ever increasing domains the small plots of the poor. Driven by the very struggle for existence, men flocked to the capital city, there to court senatorial favors and fawn at the feet of the rich.

And far in the distance in dusky outline rose the city of Rome. There Tiberius the elder of the Gracchi saw his pathway to glory. There was his home of royalty, there dwelt his father Sempronius the consul and his mother, Cornelia, renowned in history. Husband of the

daughter of Appius he was wedded to influence and wealth—a pathway to glory. But it was "paved with the oppressions of the weak and wet with the tears of the poor."

The desolate fields appealed more strongly than did the marble palaces. And there on those lonely heights were formed plans as pure and stainless as the snow which capped the mountain peaks above him.

Rising in the senate from the side of the aristocrats he espouses the cause of the poor and institutes the agrarian reforms. But wealth and power combine to defeat him and his lifeless body finds its resting place in the sands of the Tiber.

Gaius, the younger of the Gracchi grows to manhood and with more careful preparation attempts to carry out the plans of his brother. In the forum yonder behold the fate of reformers, the sad tragedy of republics. For the head of Gaius the senate offered twice its weight in gold.

Since the time when strife originated in outraged law, the world has become scarred with the struggles of her warring children. Every battlefield is rich with its legends, every mound sad with its story. But to the young republic of the west, flushed with victory, none speak more plainly than do the palaces and pillars crumbled and fallen because the cause of the Gracchi was lost.

Compromising between the dreams of

fondest Utopia and the best of prosaic experience, she startled the world with her declaration that all men are created equal.

People that had for hundreds of years been toiling under the iron yoke of degenerate kings, turning from a past in which they could see no hope, waited, wondering if the new nation founded on principles so peculiarly her own could long stand. And for more than fifty years freedom's flag waved over a happy, prosperous, peaceful people.

And then a dark cloud of portentous gloom began to lower. But when the nation seemed to be treading in the pathway of despair, above the noise and din of the tumult, a statesman's voice arose saying; "I would have government declare to the world what she has not yet done: Freedom to every man beneath the stars."

The moans and cries of suffering humanity had come to sympathetic ears. Freedom became again the ideal. And moved with pity for oppressed mankind, the sons of the North bathed afresh the altar of the Goddess of Liberty and the Emancipation Proclamation breathing "malice toward none and charity for all" perpetuates their deeds.

But "destiny has no logic." The nation peering beyond the hills that had circled her childhood gaze, saw new duties. Her iron prow of justice ploughed the seas. And when Spanish oppression had received its death blow on the western hemisphere, the flag that was Washington's for independence, and Lincoln's for sympathy, had become McKinley's for humanity.

May that flag ever be
"For the serf and the free."

And as the beams of America's natal sunrise dispelled the darkness of despotism, as slavery and oppression fled before her rising lights, we trust that as her sun shall ascend toward the zenith of her mature life, every crack and cranny of the old world shall become illumined and made comfortable for the dwelling of advanced thot and Christian civilization.

But she must give heed to the warning "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." In the century past, she has championed the cause of the oppressed and the condition of the lowly has been vastly improved, but they have not yet attained to their just status for "human perfection is the goal of universal history."

We think of massive walls and cloud crowned pyramids and they whisper to us of human slavery. But they say that yesterday, on the world's field of action, the battle of human rights was fought and won.

But the monster Inequality that Goliath like, has stalked thru history, sounding the tocsin of war on every battle-field, still lives, and class distinctions stand opposed to universal brotherhood.

The lowly ones are strengthening the barriers to their own progress. Worse than the giving of bribes, than the division of spoils is the well-nigh universal fawning on the part of the poor at the feet of the rich. The acting of a part where there should be the embodiment of a principle. For worth is more than wealth, and virtue more than birth.

Not long since our most noted modern philanthropist refused to endow a workingman's hospital. Had he no pity for their suffering and their need? Yes, nobler was the reason he gave. "We shun every-

thing that tends toward a distinct division of men. The working-man should consider himself one of a people, not one of a class."

But the higher classes create conditions which tend to keep the downmost down. From huts and hovels and hells of vice, from sweat shops, sloughs of despondency and pathways of despair, helpless ones are looking to those above them and crying for aid, for degraded man cannot lift himself.

The poor of our land coming to Mt. Nebo, look across into a life which they feel they cannot enter.

"Two babes were born in the selfsame town,
On the very selfsame day,
And laughed and cried in their mother's arms,
In the very selfsame way.

Two children played in the selfsame town,
And the children both were fair,
One had curls brushed smooth and brown
The other had tangled hair.

Two maidens wrought in the selfsame town,
And one was wedded and loved,
The other saw thru a veil of tears
The world where her sister moved,

Two women lay dead in the selfsame town,
And one had tenderest care,
The other was left to die alone,
On her pallet so thin and bare.

For one had lived in a terraced house,
And one in the street below."

In our metropolis alone an hundred thousand are living a life as un-American as if it had no existence in this land at all. Tenement workers they are called. It is there that children clutch mother's skirts and cry for bread. Youths subsist as best they can. Men toil from early morn till late at night for a crust and a place to sleep, for themselves and those they love. Women work amid poverty, hunger and

dirt until at length the gaunt finger of death frees them from the "chains, and walls, and limitations of a life."

The republic of old, thinking itself freed from dangers without, forgot the debt which it owed its common people, forgot that, "the mystic cords along which flit the messages that spur trembling armies to victory, stretch from firesides in peril." Centralized capital robbed humble ones of their homes. The Gracchi, the jewels of Cornelia, dared plead for the poor, and altho their spirits join with kindred spirits of the noble and the true, a nation fallen, marks the failure of their cause.

For humanity alone could not solve the equative of human woe, the wanting quantity was love, and inate selfishness ruled supreme in the hearts of men. And life to those who felt fate's fiercer gales seemed but a disheartening struggle.

But on that memorable night of old, a band of earth's lowliest ones were roused from their slumbers on the bleak Judean hills by angel voices chanting the mysterious strain "Good will among men." As the heavenly singers ascended thru the skies "a new gleam from the immensities shot over life" and self-sacrificing love became the altar slanting thru the darkness up to the throne of God.

"Out from Gethsemane's garden, out from the riven tomb, the thorn-crowned leader is marching through the ages speaking conscience to every soul." Opposing Buddhism with its casts, and Mohammedanism with its strife, he teaches that the highest perfection is in humility, and the greatest nobility in self-sacrifice.

Earth's lowliest ones heard his words,

and new seeing came upon their eyes, the pulsing was quickened in their veins. Realizing their sameness before God, they conceived of equality among themselves, and struggled toward a recognition of their rights.

Nobles at first scoffed and scorned, but modern philanthropy declares that "love is the greatest thing in the world, that money should be prized only for the service it can render, learning for the light it can shed, and power for the help it can give."

And a thousand evidences point to a time when "all shall measure life by the standard of love, none make gain by an-

other's loss, and none buy pleasure with another's pain." Class distinctions will have disappeared, the slum and tenement house be no more, and man's inhumanity to man, live only in the records of the past.

Calamities all melted in the universal sunshine, "hearts beating in unison to the strains of human progress," men everywhere joined as with a golden thread, that thread linked to the throne of God, the cord of brotherhood, all bathed in light, the light of Bethlehem's star, from whirling wheels and ringing anvils, happy firesides and honor's seat, a chorus sweet as the minstrelsy the angels sang, shall rise for justice and for right.



OUR ALMA MATER.

BY W. C. P., '04.

O FOSTER mother of a noble race,
 Whose impress firm has marked for good, the life
 Of all the Universe, Hail, Hail, to Thee!
 Secure thou art enthroned within the hearts
 Of all who love thy name. And thou dost live
 In distant foreign lands, mid heathen hordes,
 Where dwells the lonely messenger of Christ.
 Oh, never may thy precious memory fade
 From out our hearts. Thy hallowed shades forbid!
 Nor may the sordid strife of care-worn men,
 Battling mid the harsh roar of life, for gold,
 Make us unmindful of thy varied needs.
 Grand thou hast been and ever wilt remain,
 A mighty force that leads to righteousness.
 But grander yet and worthier ever
 Thou and thy work shall be, when friends shall pause
 And give to thee thy recompense, thy due,
 Thou patient Cinderella of the Church.

JOHN SHIELDS McKEE, D. D.

The funeral of Dr. McKee took place on Saturday, Mar. 7, 1903. The services were held in the beautiful stone church in Butler, and it was crowded to its utmost capacity with people of all ranks and faiths, Catholic as well as Protestant, liquor dealers as well as temperance reformers. It was an objective testimony to the sincerity and nobility of the man from the entire community. Addresses were made by Dr. Prugh of Butler, representing the ministers of the town; by Rev. J. H. Breaden of West Sunbury, Pa., representing Butler Presbytery and by Dr. J. W. Witherspoon of Allegheny, representing the Board of Directors of Westminster College. Drs. McClelland, Russell, McKay and Grier also took part in the services. The remarks of Dr. Ferguson, who had charge of the services are given below.

DR. FERGUSON'S ADDRESS.

John Shields McKee D. D., was born June 22, 1850, graduated from Western University in 1870, studied theology three years in Allegheny and one year in Free Church College Edinburg; was licensed June 24, 1873 by Monongahela Presbytery; ordained Oct. 19, 1876 by Butler Presbytery; was pastor at East Brady from Oct. 1875 to 1880, of 1st Mercer from Jan. 18, 1881 to Aug. 26, 1884. He commenced his labors in Butler congregation in October 1884, was installed as pastor Jan. 2, 1885. For 18 years and more he has served this people and to human view there was the prospect of many more useful years in the

same relation. But God has ordered it otherwise. One month ago he had what seemed a not very serious illness, but it continued with varying severity until Friday of last week, when it assumed a more serious aspect. His sufferings became very intense and on Thursday morning, Mar. 5, 1903, he fell asleep and his spirit passed into glory. We meet together here to say a few things to his honor and the honor of his God.

We mention as a starting point of our remarks—

II. Chronicles 31:22. "And in every work that he began in the service of the house of God and in the law and in the commandments to seek his God, he did it with all his heart and prospered."

Thus have we summarized the work of the good King Hezekiah. He restored the true religion to its rightful place in the land. He put down idolatry and re-established and re-organized the service of Jehovah. It was with him a labor of love and was thorough-going and complete. His heart was in it and he succeeded.

Without any strain we may apply the words of his record to the life of Dr. McKee in the sphere of his labors. There was scarcely any part of the church's work that he did not have a share in. In the Presbytery, in the Synod, in the General Assembly, in the work of education, in missions, in temperance, in national reform, in everything that concerned the Kingdom of God in the earth; he was an interested faithful and efficient laborer.

Of his work in various lines, others will speak. It may be appropriate for me to say a little concerning his work in the pastorate and I think I may fittingly sum it all up in the words of the inspired historian concerning Hezekiah, "In every work that he began in the service of the house of God—he did it with all his heart and prospered."

His sincerity was manifest. It was written in his face, it beamed out of his eye. His character was as transparent as crystal and there was no need to wait in order to fathom his meaning. However he might differ with men as to questions and policies, no man ever charged him with being insincere. He was not only honest but earnest. The fire was ever burning upon the altar of his devotion to the cause of Christ. His ministry was carried on in no merely official, perfunctory way. His heart was in it and in every part of it. He loved the truth as it is in Jesus and was grieved when it was trampled upon or trailed in the dust. Though he was not born for controversy, he did not shrink from it when the important matters of faith were assailed. He did not follow the teachings of Jesus in any limp and languid way but with enthusiasm. He had downright convictions and would not surrender them without defense. He did not yield to every passing breeze but pressed each veering wind into service of the vessel in which he was embarked.

He loved the souls of men and sought out the individual man or woman to bring them to Christ and his church. He visited from house to house and pressed the claims of the Gospel with courage and fidelity. He was an able preacher because he spent

time in the study preparing beaten oil for the sanctuary. Like the early leaders of the Christian Church, he gave himself to prayer and to the ministry of the word. He brought in from without from time to time as conditions required the help of pastors and evangelists with a view to the quickening of believers and the conversion of the unbelieving. He looked after the several departments of the work of the congregation, to encourage and counsel and guide. He gave good heed to the exhortation of Peter—"Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint but willingly; not for filthy lucre but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock." He was ever planning and planning wisely for the development and the confirmation of the faith and the Christian virtues of those over whom the Lord made him overseer. He ministered to the sick and the dying and the sorrowing with a sympathetic heart and a mind enriched with the precious testimonies of God's word. He especially found delight in leading a sin-sick soul to the cross of Christ and bringing it into shelter and safe-keeping behind the atoning blood of the Son of God. I am sure that I may say with truth that no part of the work of the Lord suffered by reason of his neglect but that always whatever strength he possessed was fully at the service of the people of his love. Is it too much for us to anticipate the verdict of the Master and say, "Well done good and faithful servant?"

He did it with all his heart and prospered. The flourishing condition of this congregation in all the lines of its endeavor

is the best testimony to his fidelity and zeal. During the period of his ministry here the congregation has more than doubled its membership, in spite of a continual passing of many out from it into other fields. It is fully organized so as to train and use the young and the old, the men and the women in the service of the Lord. It has grown in liberality to the work of the church both at home and abroad. It has grown in equipment for service in the community to which it belongs. This church was built during his pastorate and during its erection and the period of struggle that succeeded he grew in the affection and esteem of his people. His prudence so tempered his energy that he lost nothing by what to many another has been the occasion of estrangement.

He has been a leader of the forces of this congregation, bringing out its capacity for work in all lines, making it a power in this community in behalf of righteousness, so that it is to-day compact and strong, instinct with life, having not only a mind to work but a plan and a momentum that will not soon be lost. Though the leader has been promoted the work here will go on. His heart was in the work of the Lord and it has prospered.

I am reminded by one who knows that our friend loved the praise of God more than the praise of men. Though not indifferent to the good opinion of others, he was more concerned about the honor of his Lord. If he were guiding these services about himself he would have whatever may be said of him to reflect glory upon his Master, himself only the pedestal to lift up and exalt the name of Jesus. And how easy it is to do this! For from first

to last this simple duty—loving, earnest, courageous, faithful life was the fruit of faith in Jesus. And whatever success he achieved in building up and energizing the congregation which he served, was due to the fact that he did not turn aside from the central work of his ministry but sought always and everywhere to magnify the name of the Lord Jesus.

If you admire this character, cling close to Him by whose grace it has been nurtured and inwrought and outwrought and you will grow into its likeness. Do you desire the success in doing good that he had? Go forth in Jesus name as he did day by day to do the service each day requires and when at the close you sum it all up or the Master sums it up for you it will be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

Whether we live let us live unto the Lord; and when we die let us die unto the Lord. For me to live is Christ and to die is Christ, is gain because to be with Christ which is far better—absent from the body and at home with the Lord.

I would like to speak of brother McKee as a friend. Men do not have equal capacities for friendship. By this I do not mean mere winsomeness of manner but the principles of the man within—the bedrock of character. Few men had such capacity for it as he—so true, so frank, so strong, so gentle. He was the very soul of honor and could be trusted without bonds. I say this after twenty-seven years of fellowship without a jar or a suspicion. He illustrates for me as few others have done the meaning of the proverb of Solomon—"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." But I

forbear to speak of things too personal for public speech.

Farewell, dear friend! The earth is richer for thy life and poorer now that thou art gone. Heaven grows upon us as we think of friends like thee who gather on the farther shore—not lost but gone before.

And again let us seek to honor Jesus. Let us cast this friendship at the feet of Jesus and make it but a shadow or a symbol of that perfect friendship we find in Jesus, who is the absolutely Immaculate One, who has neither beginning of days nor end of life, who is the same yesterday and to-

day and forever. It is not strange that in the consciousness and speech of the church the words of Solomon have no other interpretation except this—"Jesus is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

In this hour of grief and sense of irreparable loss, let us all nestle closer to the heart of Jesus. Let us abide in him and have him abide in us. Let us trust him and love him and be true to him and he will never leave us nor forsake us. "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."



Thoughts Stirred by Nature.

There is a power in nature,
To awaken in the man,
Thoughts concerning life and duty
That no other teacher can.

There is grandeur in a mountain,
As against it, beats the storm;
It resists the evil tempest,
Raising heavenward its form.

So should man amidst life's struggles,
When the storms against him beat,
Turn to God, his Heavenly Father,
Coming to the mercy seat.

There's a majesty in rivers,
Yes, a stateliness of mein,
As they onward flow for ages,
Moving toward the great unseen.

There's a calmness in their manner,
As they flow toward the sea,
Teaching clearly nature's lesson
That is meant for you and me.

That the life of every mortal
Should with calmness onward go,

Both in times of joy and sorrow,
It with majesty should flow.

Purity is in the snowflake,
Teaching man to do the right.
Patience in the growing flower
Struggling upward to the light.

Love is shown among God's creatures,
Yes, they teach us as they can,
This, the highest of our duties,
Love to God and fellowman.

There's a beauty in the sunset.
Typical of life's decline,
With a thought of the tomorrow,
When the human meets divine.

Truly nature is a teacher.
Surely truth within her dwells,
Daily doth she praise her maker,
As the love within her swells.

So should man in faith believing,
When through clouds he cannot see,
Take new courage and look upward
Learning, nature, trust, from thee.

1905.

EDITORIAL.

WITH this issue a new staff takes charge of the HOLCAD. It is perhaps not best to make many promises at the start, but we want to say that our purpose is to keep up to the best standards of the past, and to produce a paper as nearly representative of the college as possible. We ask that you will be lenient toward our mistakes and generous toward our shortcomings. At the same time we want to remind our readers, the students and alumni of Westminster, that while the direct responsibility for publishing the HOLCAD has been placed with the editorial staff, it is your paper and not theirs. Its success depends altogether on the interest you take in it. Some practical suggestions may not be out of place. If the HOLCAD is worth writing for at all, it is worth writing especially for. So don't allow the literary department to fall back for its matter too often on the Junior orations, etc., (with all due respect to the Junior orations.) Write a story now and then, and now that Spring is coming, when, if ever, the heart's music swells forth, you might try your hand at poetry. We won't guarantee the excellence of your poetic efforts, but don't be discouraged at first attempts. If you come across a good joke, write it out and hand it to the local department. Keep the "Alumni" editor informed in all news relating to Westminster's graduates. If you have not already done so, file your subscription with the business manager. Every extra subscription adds so much to the possibility for producing a better paper.

Hoping then that the drop-box on the door of the reading-room will be filled each month to overflowing with the best that Westminster can produce, we have already entered upon our duties.



DURING this term it has been decided by the members of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., to erect a much needed building. It is intended that it shall be a gathering place for students, and so we are the ones who should see that this plan is a success. Let each one of us see what he can do in this vacation in the way of procuring money. Many people will give when asked by one they know, who would pay no attention to a letter. Then you know people who are interested in such work, of whom the committee has no knowledge. Let each one of us go home with the intention of procuring some sum, the larger the better, for the carrying out of this work. It will be worth our while and it will help relieve those upon whom rests the responsibility of collecting the required amount.



IT was lately proposed by the students of Allegheny Theological Seminary that a missionary conference be held in Allegheny this spring, to which the various U. P. educational institutions should be invited. Arrangements for such a convention are well under way. The date set is April 16-17, it being the intention that the meetings begin Thursday evening and extend throughout the following day. No effort has been spared to secure the best

speakers and leaders possible for the meeting. Among those expected may be mentioned the secretaries of our church, Rev. C. R. Watson and J. Campbell White, the latter coming to us fresh from his labors in India and with his heart full of India's stirring cry for more workers, Messrs. Penfield, Rugh and Soper, all prominent and successful workers in missionary movements. The expenses of the conference are being met independently of the colleges and seminaries taking part, and entertainment will be furnished free for delegates.

The proposal to hold this conference originated in view of the unusual call from our foreign fields for more missionaries and in the realization of the fact that upon our seminaries and colleges rests the responsibility for furnishing the necessary workers. Its object is to increase missionary interest among the students and to turn the attention of many, if possible, to missions as their life work. A number of our U. P. student bodies expect to send delegates to the conference. Westminster should feel the great responsibility resting upon her in this matter, and should be willing to do her part to make it a success. There is no reason why she should not be represented by a large delegation. Let as many as possible arrange their plans for attending the conference.



A Building for the Christian Associations.

BY PRESIDENT R. G. FERGUSON.

THE Christian Associations of the College have shown unusual vigor during the last year. They have become more than ever before a valuable factor in the

life here. The membership of both Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. has greatly increased and the meetings have been full of interest and spirit. There has been a tactful, aggressive campaign in their behalf, a desire to bring good to others, a helpfulness to better living such as brings joy to the heart of the Christian observer.

Among the thoughts born of this new life in the Associations came the thought of a building as a centre for their activities. The thought was cherished and has taken form in an effort to raise money for such a building. It is the hope of the students that if a goodly sum is raised by them, the Board of Directors may lend a hand and provide them a site somewhere near the College, suitable for the purpose and give them further encouragement. Their effort will not wish in any way to interfere with the larger effort of the Endowment Commission, and some members of the latter have been consulted in regard to the matter.

Such a building would lay stress on the Christian features of the College life, would give standing to the Associations in the eyes of the student body in general and would promote their efficiency in Christian work. For their sake and through them for Christ's sake, the work should be encouraged. Let it be pushed forward till the dream is fully realized. Will the Alumni give it favor and help? Will Christian men and women find in it another opportunity of helping on the kingdom of Him whom they love?

The Faculty give the movement their hearty endorsement; and hope it will meet with the hearty encouragement and complete success which it deserves. Such a building is found in other institutions and has been not only a center of religious effort but of social life for young men—a thing much needed by students in the early stages of college life.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

The new staff now appears to public view.
And makes a very timid little bow.
Anxious to please, yet fearing somewhat too
Lest we should fail to please, not knowing
how.

Howe'er that be, it now is "up to us,"
To take this thing in hand and see it
through,
With small amount of noise, still less of fuss,
And do it just as well as we can do.

Although 'tis true that we're the Holcad staff
That doesn't mean we're here to lean upon.
We're anxious that you have a chance to
laugh;
We're just as loathe to give you all the fun.

So then to even up the odds a little,
And make things balance nicely for us all,
Bethink yourself, display your keenest
metal
And write us something, though it be a
scrawl.

The brightest man is not the brightest
writer;
This gives to you a chance with all the rest.
Thus then shall shine your glory all the
brighter:
You've shown yourself the equal of the
best.

With these few words of loving exhortation
We make our bow again and leave the floor
Lest we should by too lengthy dissertation
Bring to untimely end desire for more.

What is the O. M. S.?

College-Bred is often a four year's
loaf.

May Alexander—"I abominate candy
kisses."

Mr. Bailey protests that he never
blushes.

Ask "Miss Welsh if she has heard
about it.

Mr. Gittens has become quite a man of
Leasure.

Ask Getty if he wants a chance on the
bald eagle.

Does "Scotch" take his religion out
in praying?

Miss Welsh—"Oh I just had to How-
ell (howl)!"

Query: Why did Mr. Craig crawl un-
der the table?

Miss Hockenberry: "My mouth is
still my own."

Poor Miss Park says she gets all mixed
up in her dates.

Mary Park—"I have been having
heart trouble lately."

Ann—"Oh it is very easy to spoon if
you once get used to it."

Miss Broad will no doubt become note-
worthy as a letter-writer.

Miss Welsh: "I do wish I could be-
long to the Y. M. C. A."

Miss Welsh: "Tennyson wrote 'Cross-
ing the Bar' before he died."

Is "Lucy" acquainted with Miss
Knox? How about it, Minter?

Stranahan—translating Greek—"they
fed the cattle on snow for ten days."

Freetly—looking at telescope in ob-
servatory—"Oh, what a big spy-glass!"

Spring is here and McClelland has already made several Fishing expeditions.

McBride (speaking confidently)—“I never knew she was so beautiful until she smiled.”

Miss Leisure: “Yes, I had a bad case but it is all over now. Really girls I am sincere.”

Paul Yourd—quoting Scripture—“For where your heart is there will your treasure be also.”

Miss King, reading poetry—“This one strikes me forcibly: ‘Love and a cough cannot be hid’.”

Mary Park when asked for a subject for an oration gave “Tenderness of an Egyptian love.”

Who is the cute little fellow with the pink cheeks and the “infernally smile?” Ask Freely.

Mr. Fulton—speaking of Adelphic motto—“As far as I understand the matter was dropped.”

Miss Branson, (calling roll)—“Mr. Tennent” No response. Mr. Tennent had chapel that hour.

Atchy—“I think I’ll get a saddle for my pony.” “What kind?” “Why a side-saddle of course.”

Miss Grove when asked why she had hats piled on the rim of her hat said: “Oh it has Crooks in it.”

Mr. Baldinger has been enjoying a much needed rest at home necessitated by stringent social duties.

Mr. Gilfillan: “I can say to you what I cannot say to myself.” Miss King: “What is in will out.”

Mr. Reid’s favorite quotation is: “’Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.”

Cheer up, George, maybe some day you will learn that you can find zinc-sulphate crystals in a bottle labeled ZNSO₄.

Perhaps Mr. Fulton would be willing to give us a more complete dissertation on his belief on the transmigration of souls.

The center of the Youngstown basketball team says the next time he plays against “Bunny” he’ll bring a step-ladder.

Atchison (going out of college on bright sunshiny day:) “Oh I’ve got it!” Could he have meant only the spring fever?

Mr. Mawlinney—translating in Greek class—“He had been married but eight days, and he was out hunting hair (hare.)”

Mr. Patterson’s “sollicitudinations” in regard to the translation of Pliny find a response in the heart of everyone in the class.

Atch.—“Oh, really we are only friends now.” Then later he remarked: “A divine Providence watches over our friendships.”

Miss McLachlin—“He’s afraid of me all right.” “Are you sure?” “Why yes, if he hadn’t been he would have proposed long ago.”

Miss T.—“Don’t you think Dodger has the sweetest mouth?” Scotchly hearing this, said: “If a girl should say that to me I would apply it.”

When a friend of Miss Miller attempted to strike her with a stick, Mr. Donley jumped between them, crying out, “Kill me but spare my girl.”

Mary Park announces that it is generally understood that she belongs to the Student Volunteer Movement. She thinks Egypt a very desirable field.

Scotch—“Do you know Dodger, Miss W. says the way to reach a man's heart is by feeding him fudge. What do you suppose is the way to reach a girl's heart?”

Mr. Warnock—on impromptu—“If any of you fellows want to find out anything about the Lawrence County Poor Farm, go down yourselves. That's the way I did.”

Marie Allen—wandering around the Junior Lab with two cylinders and a dishpan—“I'm going to housekeeping.” Then she deposited her “housekeeping things” on Cupid's desk.

Literary remarks in Literature Class.

Prof. McL.: “Shelly first violated the laws by writing a pamphlet on atheism. How did he next break them?” Voice from back row: “He got married.”

Prof. McL.: “Answer to roll-call with the lines that most appeal to you.” Miss Gamble: “In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.” Prof. McL.: “Yes that's a line I'm sure you are all familiar with.”

They were discussing Ernest Thompson Seton. Miss Kerr—“Well I don't see what he wanted to change his name for.” Miss Duncan—“Wouldn't you want to change yours?” Miss Kerr—“Not if I were a man.”

She was walking down the street with an umbrella under her arm. Stopping suddenly the umbrella, with some force,

struck the young man who was close behind. She turned and made profuse apologies but the young man only said: “Oh it doesn't matter, it was my blind eye.”

The second faculty address to the Seniors was given by Prof. Shott on the evening of Feb. 17th on the subject “Choosing a Profession.” Prof. Shaffer spoke on the following Tuesday evening on “Practical Life.” The fourth address was made by Miss Branson upon the subject “Higher Education.”

McBride (debating on trusts.) There are iron trusts, steel trusts, oil trusts, wool trusts, hay trusts and stubble trusts. But I trust that you will place no dependence upon the arguments of the affirmative. We trust the truth and veracity of the gentleman, but we cannot trust his arguments on trusts.

Astronomical Observations.

“What calendar do we use and why?” Miss Dickey: “The Gregorian, so we won't get behind the times.” “Name the three kinds of months and which kind do we use?” Byam: “Synodic, Sidereal and one other kind. This is the one we use.” “What is a lunar eclipse?” McClelland: “It is an eclipse of the moon, isn't it?”

The first annual Intercollegiate debate between Geneva and Westminster was held at Beaver Falls, March 5th, and was won by Geneva by a close decision. Westminster for the affirmative was represented by H. C. Hildebran and H. S. Bailey and Geneva for the negative by A. W. Leech and W. R. Taylor. The discussion was most interesting and the decision of the judges in favor of Geneva was made only after much deliberation.

Mrs. Lawrence Johnson entertained her Sabbath School class Monday, March 2d. The class which is composed of 16 student ladies was given the freedom of Mrs. Johnson's home for the day. As early as 9 o'clock the house was merry with the sound of voices and the jingle of

cooking utensils. These young ladies believe in Paul's injunction "if any would not work, neither should he eat." The tempting viands which caused the table to groan were proof that the young ladies had not been without some previous training in the art of cooking.



ALUMNI NOTES.

E. V. Weller, '97, of Allegheny, was the guest of relatives here.

Miss Ethel Frampton, '99 was the recent guest of friends in the village.

Mrs. George Weddell, '97, nee Frampton, visited friends in town recently.

A. H. Baldinger, '00, of Allegheny visited friends in the village Saturday.

A. R. Hunt, '02, Mt. Jackson, was the guest of town and college friends.

Rev. J. A. Bailey, '59, Mt. Jackson, visited relatives in the village recently.

Rev. Joseph McKelvey, '63, conducted services in the First Church on March 1.

Rev. D. Dodds, Ph. D., '75 late of Hepburn, Ia., is conducting a sanitarium in California.

Rev. Geo. R. Murray, '71, Thomas, Pa., has resumed his accustomed work after a short illness.

E. L. Eagleson '99 now at the seminary conducted the morning service in the 1st (U. P.) church March 8.

Rev. D. W. Irons '75, New Brighton, will conduct the services in the First (U. P.) church on Sabbath.

Rev. W. S. Owens, D. D., '66, editor of the Midland, is enjoying a few weeks rest on the Pacific coast.

Rev. W. B. Smiley, D. D., '79, pastor of Chartiers church, Canonsburg, is enjoying a much needed rest in the South.

Rev. R. A. Jamison '74 and Mrs. Jamison '73 celebrated their 25th anniversary of their marriage, last Thursday.

Rev. Geo. Sowash '93 has been appointed to Khartoum at the recent meeting of the Missionary Association in Egypt.

Rev. T. C. Anderson '91 pastor of the (U. P.) church, Tarentum, Pa., was recently elected Burgess of that place by a large majority.

Miss Sue E. Williams, '97 who has been spending the winter in Ashaud, Oregon, is about to return to her home in South Argyle, New York.

Rev. W. S. McClure, '77 pastor of the Third (U. P.) church Xenia, O., has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Second church of that place.

The resignation of Dr. Samuel A. Martin as president of Wilson College for Women, has been accepted by the Board of Trustees and will take effect April 1, 1903.

Rev. Leslie E. Hawk, '77, lately delivered his lecture on "Character and Characters," in the United Presbyterian church, Houston, Pa.

Rev. J. H. W. Cooper, '96, pastor of Presbyterian church of Lansing, Iowa, has accepted a call to the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church of Bellaire, O.

Miss Clara Nesbit '96 Utica was the guest of her sister Miss Ethel Nesbit '04 at the hall; also Miss Mary Neely '01 Pittsburg the guest of Miss Susan Miller '06.

Miss Elizabeth Duncan, '98 whose health seemed for a time to be so much improved by her change of climate from Pennsylvania to Colorado is reported as being quite ill.

The United Presbyterian for February contains a valuable and highly interesting article on "Egypt, Manner of Life, Customs, etc," by Rev. K. W. McFarland, '88, of New Sheffield, Pa.

A. H. Fulton, '02, is spending the winter in Portland, Oregon, and becoming acquainted with mining interests in the West. He expects to enter a School of Engineering in the fall.

Dr. J. D. Sands, '72, has returned from a trip extending as far through the South as New Orleans. Enroute the Doctor stopped at Knoxville and delivered

an address to the students of the college.

The faculty and students of the college take this opportunity of expressing their sympathy with Mrs. Sophia Templeton McKee '70 and Miss Jeannie McKee '02 in their late bereavement by the loss of a husband and father.

Among the graduate visitors of the past few weeks are the following: W. L. McKay, '02, Greenville; B. A. Allison, '02, Mercer; H. C. Drake, '00, New Castle; Miss Bertha Houston, '94, New Castle; Miss Martha Reed, '99, Pulaski, (R. F. D.)

Mr. Henry Hall, the Washington correspondent of the Pittsburg Times made extended mention a short time ago of the Honorable James Kennedy '76, of Youngstown, who was elected a member of the House of Representatives last Fall and is now in Washington.

John P. Vance, '85, lost his life by being frozen in British Columbia, Feb. 26, while engaged in a civil engineering expedition for the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was returning to the camp, but lost his way in a blinding snow storm and was not found until the following day. Mr. Vance was a charter member of the editorial staff of the HOLCAD. The sincere sympathies of HOLCAD friends is extended to his sister, Miss Jennie D. Vance, '87, and to other friends in their bereavement.



WHAT killed Julius Caesar?
Too many Roman punches.—Exchange.

COLLEGE WORLD.

The Yale-Princeton debate will be held this year at New Haven, on May 4.

An analysis of the triennial catalogue shows that about 20,500 persons have graduated from Yale.

Barnard College has lately received a gift of a million dollars to be used for the enlargement of the campus.

The trustees of Thiel have decided to remove the institution from Greenville, Pa., to Greensburg, on condition that \$8000 be raised before the end of the week.

A new ore-dressing laboratory has been installed in the School of Mines of Columbia University. The laboratory, which is the only one of its kind in existence is intended to aid students in learning the art of adjusting and handling full-sized classifiers.

At a recent banquet of the Chicago Alumni of Michigan University, President Angell predicted that within a few years there will be an invasion of American Universities by students from Europe. He based his belief on the fact that none of the sciences are taught in Oxford and in many of the European schools.

The classes of 1892 to 1897 of Princeton University have recently started a movement to give their alma mater a new dormitory. It is the custom for the classes that graduate from Princeton to make a gift of some sort to the college and it is the intention that each class which wishes to do so can give a part of this dormitory, the entry to which will be named for the class giving the same.

MUSIC AND ART.

Miss Hodgens has finished two beautiful pieces in burnt wood.

The last division of Senior Orations was given Friday night, March 13.

Miss Elliott has finished a pansy study and a crayon sketch and is about to start a miniature.

Miss Ferguson has completed a lovely study in pink roses, and an interesting sketch of chickens.

Miss Robertson and Miss Warner have each completed a shore scene and Miss Mary Park, a woodland scene in water colors.

The class in sight reading met for the last time Thursday afternoon. The Chorus Class had the most satisfactory practice of the term, on the Holy City, Thursday night.

Mrs Katherine Oliver McCoy, delighted a New Wilmington audience, at a recital, the evening of March 7, by her rendition of selections from "The Sky Pilot" and "The Little Minister." Mrs. McCoy's Scotch is perfect and she is an impersonator of rare ability.

Mr. James Brown Martin, violinist, of New Castle, who is a graduate of Buchnell University and later spent two years in study in Philadelphia and Leipsic played two very acceptable selections at Senior Orations Friday night. His audience was very appreciative and he was heartily encored. He expects to give instructions in violin and mandolin here next term.

ATHLETICS.

H. LAMBIE '06 has been re-elected captain of the Basket Ball Team for next season.

Candidates for the track-team are being given tri-weekly cross-country runs of from three to four miles. At the inter-collegiate meet held last year at Philadelphia, our team won the mile relay race. This was the only honor won by any of the Western Pennsylvania colleges. In this event our team had as competitors Johns Hopkins and other colleges of similar standing. We hope our "boys" will get a chance to repeat the performance this year.

On Feb 16, Geneva met our 'Varsity team in a hard and close game of basketball and at the close of the game the score stood 26-20 in favor of Geneva. Westminster secured eight field goals to her opponents seven. Geneva won on points from fouls. The Westminster five defeated the Beaver college team Feb. 17, by the score of 20-16. Particulars are as follows:

Westminster 20.	Beaver 16.
Deevers.....f.....	Gardner
Elliott.....f.....	Mecklem
Lambie.....c.....	Orr
Stewart.....g.....	Beaver
Aiken.....g.....	Barr, Donaldson
Field goals.--Beaver 2, Elliott 3, Lambie, Aiken, Gardner 2, Mecklem 2, Orr. Foul goals --Beaver 5. Umpire and referee, Motler and Stevenson.	

Westminster easily defeated Grove City on Feb. 21 in a clean satisfactory con-

test by the score of 34-18. Westminster caged the first goal and led the play throughout. Both teams played hard and with true college spirit. Deevers threw four goals off Brown and Moore succeeded in caging three off Campbell. Elliott and DeFrance were well matched, but the Westminster centre managed to score twice as many field goals as his Grove City opponent. Lambie and Stewart guarded their positions well and the forwards, with their able assistance, kept the ball in Grove City territory for the most part of the game. Grove City scored the last field goal with but four Westminster men on the floor. Details follow:

Westminster 34.	Grove City 18.
Deevers.....f.....	Hickman
Moore.....f.....	Locke
Elliott.....c.....	DeFrance
Lambie, Capt.....g.....	Campbell, Capt
Stewart.....g.....	Brown
Fouls from field.--Deevers 4, Elliott 4, Moore 3, Lambie, Hickman 2, DeFrance 2, Brown. From foul --Moore 10, Campbell 8.	
Referee and Umpire.--Mr. McClelland, Grove City. Mr Stevenson, Westminster.	

The second basket-ball team won an interesting game from New Castle in the college gymnasium on February 26, immediately after the Preparatory game. The first half ended in Westminster's favor 17-9, and in the second, New Castle made 12 points while Westminster doubled her former score.

Westminster 2d, 34.	New Castle 21,
Christy.....f.....	Fulton
Zuver.....f.....	Andrews
Freetly.....c.....	Crouch
Aiken.....g.....	Nessle
Russel.....g.....	Hart

Goals from field.—Freetly 7, Christy 5, Zuvver 2, Russel, Nettle 2, Fulton, Andrews, Crouch 4, Fulton 3, Andrews 2.

The Third Preparatory five defeated the Second Preparatory team March 2, by the score of 14-4.

Third 14.	Second 4.
McLean.....f.....	Sharp
J. Moore.f.....	Kuhn
Davison.....c.....	Kelly
Ramsey.....g.....	Scott
A. Perkins.....g.....	F. Stewart

Goals from field.—Moore 3 Davidson 2, Kelly, Kuhn. From fouls.—McLean 4. Umpire, Moore, Referee, Lambie.

The college five defeated Youngstown Y. M. C. A. Feb. 23, by a score of 90-13. The game was a burlesque from start to finish, Westminster scoring at will. Smith was the only man on the visiting team that came anywhere near being in the same class as Westminster. To his individual play Youngstown's thirteen points are due. Russell and Aiken were substituted for Captain Lambie and Stewart.

Field goals, Moore 16, Deevers 15, Elliott 12, Aiken, Russell, Smith 6.

Foul goals, Smith. Referee, Stevenson.

The Allegheny series of contests Mar. 6 and 7 were the most interesting games of the season. Both were closely and cleanly contested. Owing to the unusual conditions prevailing—size of gymnasium position of cages etc—our team was handicapped in the first game, the score being 39-19 in Allegheny's favor. The second game, however, was played under more favorable circumstances and resulted in a decisive victory for Westminster. Details of the game follow:

Westminster 21.	Allegheny 15.
Moore.....f.....	Turner
Deeversf.....	Comfort
Elliottc.....	Lampe
Lambie.....g.....	Jackson
Stewart.g.....	Mellon

Aiken sub. for Deevers part of second half. Allegheny subs. Hewitt, Harper and Hastings. Referee—Mr. Jones. Score, first half—Westminster 9, Allegheny 9. Score, second half—Westminster 12, Allegheny 6. Full score—Westminster 21, Allegheny 15, Field goals—Deevers 2, Elliott 4, Lambie, Aiken, Comfort, Lampe 3, Mellon. Foul goals—Lambie 5, out of 9 chances. Lampe 5, out of 12 chances.

Stewart guarded his man well, Turner not being able to score.

Moore had Jackson the strongest player on the Allegheny team as his opponent. Referee Jones gave complete satisfaction to everyone in any way concerned in the game.

After the game the Allegheny team gave a banquet in honor of the victorious Westminster five and extended every consideration and courtesy to their guests.

This third and final game was played at the urgent request of the Allegheny authorities who disputed the official figures 31-29 in favor of Westminster in the game played Feb. 9. Westminster generously yielded the point and then went on the floor and won the game, thus scoring the first victory ever won in the Allegheny gymnasium by a visiting college team. Westminster is justly proud of her five and each member of the team merits individual commendation.

The Freshman-Sophomore basket-ball game between the girls' teams was won by the freshmen by the score of 9-3. The 1906 team shut out 1905 in the first half.

In the second 1905 rallied bravely and scored one field goal and one from foul, but the four goals from field and one from foul gained by 1906 in the second half won the game for the Freshman class. From what can be gleaned of the contest this game was spiritedly conducted. The following are the reported particulars.

1906-9.	1905 3
Miss Kerr.....f....	Miss Henderson
Miss McAuley.....f.....	Miss Cochran
Miss Miller.....c.....	Miss McElree
Miss Wright.....g.....	Miss Gilkey
Miss Robinson.....g.....	Miss Davidson

Goals from field—Miss Kerr 2, Miss McAuley, Miss Miller, Miss McElree.
From fouls—Miss Cochran, Miss McAuley
Referee, Miss Oliver. Umpire, Mr. Lambie.
Time of halves, 10 and 12 minutes.

The game of basket-ball between the girl's teams of 1903 and 1904 resulted in a tied score of 11 points. In the first half '03 scored six points and five points were credited to '04. In the second half of the game this result was exactly reversed.

The following are the reported particulars.

1903.	1904.
Miss Getty.....f.....	Miss Elliott
Miss Grove.....f.....	Miss Allen, Capt.
Miss Anderson, Capt..c.....	Miss Cleland
Miss Stewart.....g.....	Miss Sloss
Miss Welsh.....g.....	Miss Gamble

Substitutions, Miss Dickey for Miss Grove.
Goals from field Miss Getty 4, Miss Allen
3 Miss Gamble, Miss Elliott. From fouls, Miss
Getty 2, Miss Grove, Miss Allen.
Referee, Mr. Lambie. Umpire, Miss Oliver
Time of game, two twelve minute halves

The 'Varsity Basket Ball Team has just closed a creditable and satisfactory season. Manager Christy and players are to be congratulated on their good work.

Visions of baseball arise once more and the diamond will soon be the scene of

hairbreadth and hairraising escapes. We hope our "boys" will knock the cover completely off the ball, at least enough to make sure that if there is any weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, the other fellow will be given unlimited opportunity to display his ability in that line.

Manager Yourd has arranged a fine series of games and has about completed arrangements with Don McKim (Capt '01) to coach the team. Candidates for the nine have begun indoor practice under the direction of C. A. Porter '01, and what is needed now is the enthusiastic support, financially and otherwise, of the entire student body.

All the members of last season's nine with the exception of Breaden, Degelman and Miller, who have graduated will be with us next term, including Cleland and Sewall.

The number of candidates for the nine is large and the material promising. The battery candidates are; pitchers, E. N. McBride '04, C. F. Clutter '06 and F. J. Sewall '05; catcher, P. Crawford '05. McBride pitched last year on the Muskingum college nine, Clutter has had some experience and Sewall was one of last year's Westminster nine. Crawford caught last year on the Lafayette 'varsity nine which was beaten by Yale by the close score of 7-6, and he has had wide baseball experience. The other candidates for the team in addition to Capt. A. D. Stewart '04, are M. G. Moore '04, E. A. Tennent '05, J. A. Stranahan '05 of last year's nine, S. B. Elliott '06, W. R. Davis '06, F. W. Stevenson '06, G. A. Lewis '06, C. C. Adams '05, J. W. Nevlin '05, W. C. Witherspoon '03, R. Freetly and G. H. McClelland '03.

The following is the Base-ball schedule for the coming season:

Games at Home,	Games Abroad.
April 25, Mercer.	May 6, W. & J.
April 27, Allegheny,	May 7, Waynesburg
May 1, W. & J.	May 8, California Norm.
May 16, Geneva.	May 9, Geneva.
May 22, Waynesburg.	May 23, open for Grove
June 6, open for Grove	City.
City.	May 28, Altoona.
June 15, Slippery Rock.	May 29, Indiana.
June 16, W. U. P.	May 30, Rochester, 2.
June 17, open.	June 13, Mercer.
	May 18, Allegheny.



LITERARY SOCIETIES.

PHILOMATH.

The Philo contestants for the Preliminary Orations are Howell Getty, Wm. Mercer, and Paul H. Yourd.

Those who represent Philo at the Adelpic-Philo contest are: Debate, Mr. Bennett; Oration, Mr. Gillfillian; Essay, Mr. McCalmont; Declamation, Mr. Stranahan. We expect these men to put up a good fight and feel sure that last year's story will be repeated. We feel encouraged by the way the new members are taking hold of the work and expect to hear from some of them in the future.

ADELPHIC.

The society as a whole is in a prosperous condition. The members are doing faithful work, and nearly all seem to realize that the benefit gained from a literary society depends on the amount of work put into it.

The membership now is about forty, and though it makes the literary part of the program rather long, the two division rule is still in force, i. e., each member is put on for performance every two weeks.

A change may possibly be made soon so that the members will perform once in three week instead of two.

The number of debaters has been changed from two to four, as formerly, in order to give the members greater exercise in debate. The debaters are limited to five minutes each in their speeches, but the leaders are to be allowed three minutes each in addition, in which to rebut arguments.

The officers now in charge of affairs are: President, Hildebran, '03; Vice President, Rose, '06; Recording Secretary, Vincent, '04; Corresponding Secretary, Fulton, '05; Treasurer, McBride, '04; Marshal, Craig, '03; Sergeant-at-arms, Shaw, '06.



CHRESTOMATH.

The society adjourned March 2nd on account of the Youngstown-Westminster game.

The programs lately have been very interesting as well as instructive. The following one was carried out March 9:

Subject--Scotland.

Response to roll call with quotations from Scotch authors.

Scotland—The country its climate etc., Clara Elliott.

Scotch Characteristics--Ethel Nesbit. Declamations from Scotch Writers, Martha Clawson and Mae Duncan.

Scotch Writers and their books, Florence Beatty.

Oration--Scotch Pluck, Loa Mitchell. Modern Tourists in Scotland, Anne McLaughlin.

Debate—Aff., Bess Breaden, Neg., Edna Ramsey.

Question—Resolved that Scotch poets have done more for Scotch Literature than her novelists.

Impromptu—Ethel Nesbit, Mae Duncan, Mary Sloss, Harriet Culbert and Helen Byers.

There were a number of visitors present, and we hope they will come again for we are always glad to welcome all.

LEAGOREAN

Recent issues of the Pittsburg Gazette and Philadelphia North American contained brief accounts of "The Ladies of Cranford" as given by the girls of our society, with pictures of the actors.

The group pictures of The Ladies of Cranford have arrived and are very satisfactory.

Our Society has revived its interest, and the programs given since the play have been very good.

We were glad to welcome Miss McKelvey and Miss Sharp, alumnae of our society, and quite a number of other visitors last Monday evening.



Y. M. C. A.

The new officers chosen for the coming year are President, Willard Reid '04, Vice President, Lorian Bennet '05, Treasurer, Emmett McBride '04, Recording Secretary, Howard Hazlett '04, Corresponding Secretary, William Mercer '05.

Pennsylvania State Day, set apart by the Y. M. C. A. State Committee for spec-

ial services, was observed on Sabbath evening, Mar. 15. In place of the usual chapel exercises Mr. H. C. Hildebran '03, gave an interesting account of Y. M. C. A. state work as carried on in the factories, mining and lumber camps, state militia, etc. Mr. Chamlers Fulton '05, then gave a report of the State Convention, at which he represented us as a delegate. The report was characterized by the special emphasis laid on prayer and personal work. College men are needed to extend and strengthen the state work.

The funds for the Association Building are coming in almost every day. No special canvass, except Sharon, has been made. Replies are coming in from the letters sent to the Alumni that are helpful. The students themselves have not been slow in seeing the need of a building and have subscribed liberally. Some have not pledged their amounts yet but we quote the following amounts from different classes:

Preparatory	\$112.50
Freshmen	97.00
Sophomores	110.00
Juniors	140.00
Seniors	260.00
Total	719.50

Y. W. C. A.

A delightful meeting was held on State Day, Feb. 22, at the Ladies' Hall. A glimpse of the State showed, among women and girls, 431,537 wage-earners, 160,727 in factories, and 175,050 in domestic service and an illiterate white population of 68,605, 6 cities of over 25,000 inhabitants

and hundreds of towns where no Association work is carried on, also, 14 City Ass'ns and Branches and 31 Student Ass'ns with 789 in educational classes and a membership of 7912, the largest city ass'ns. in America. Pittsburg, with 2200 members, and Westminster with an enrollment of 72 of the 90 young women in college.

The college missionary meeting on March 1 was made intensely interesting by letters from Westminster students in other lands. Miss McDowell, of Alexandria, Egypt, writes of the efforts of a few workers with poor school buildings to reach that great wicked city of 350,000 people. Rev. Robt. Maxwell tells of his work near Sangla Hill, Punjab, India, Rev. Gardner

Robertson, '95 of Cairo speaks of great good done by educational work, of cholera raging among people with only one physician for 40 to 60 villages, of a young man who wishes to confess Christ but fears persecution perhaps death; Rev. John Brandon '96, writes of his work in Pasrur, India.

Rev. J. Howard Martin for one third of whose support we are responsible as a college, writes from Bhera, India, and tells of the sense of helplessness which at times gets the better of the missionaries when they view the vastness of the field and the fewness of the workers. Lack of space forbids any further reproduction of these most interesting letters.



EXCHANGES.

Some of those sensible exchange editors, whose columns are so prosaically written, surely must be able to prepare a code of laws for Sunday School by and by. —High School World.

They were talking about trees, "My favorite," she said, "is the oak. It is so noble, so magnificent in its strength. But what is your favorite? "Yew" he replied. —Exchange.

The "Normal Oracle" speaking of a certain paper says, "We notice that over three-fourths of the exchange column is jokes, and not one criticism appears." More than three-fourths of the "Oracles" exchange column is criticism and only one

joke appears. There must be a difference of opinion.

Several of our exchanges have been informing us lately that "The editor of the first college paper in the United States was Daniel Webster." Did it have an exchange column.

In one of our schools of Missouri an hour a week is given to newspaper study, the teacher holding that "no text book equals the newspaper as a means of attaining a knowledge of the actual, practical, up-to-date world." —Exchange.

A lie travels by Marconi route, while truth goes by slow freight and is often ditched at the first water tank. —Philistine.

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THE WANING OF THE STAR AND THE CRESCENT.

BY B. L. ALEXANDER, 04.

Evening is falling along the shores of Arabia. Above, all is peace and calm serenity. The stars gleam forth one by one from the darkening azure depths, and the moon adds her pale radiance to theirs. Below, on the plain before Medina, is a scene of blood and battle. Two armies are trying to blot each other out of existence, one fighting against heavy odds. The almost human shrieks of the maddened war-horses mingle horribly with the groans of the dying, and the crash and clang of heavy armor. Gradually the smaller company is driven back; defeat seems imminent, when their leader, raising his eyes toward heaven as if to invoke its aid, sees a single glowing star shining exactly between the horns of the crescent moon. "The sign of God!" he shouts, behold the standard of the Most High! On ye faithful! There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" They rally with renewed enthusiasm, and defeat is turned to victory.

Thus according to tradition, did Islam triumph over its foes, and from that time to this its standard has been the star and the crescent.

With amazing rapidity, Mohammedanism swept over a large portion of the Old World, so that soon the followers of the False Prophet held sovereign sway from the Atlantic almost to the Pacific. In the 11th century the Seljuk Turks embraced Islam, then began the career of Turkish conquest. Constantinople and the Byzantine empire

fell before them. Their fierce enthusiasm increased; their religious zeal became largely an unbounded thirst for conquest; on they went with brutal arrogance, Islam in one hand and the sword in the other, threatening even Austria and Bavaria, and for fifty years bringing terror to European hearts; so that with us the terms "Mohammedan" and "Turk" have become almost synonymous. Islam originated from a confused and hazy blending in the mind of Mohammed of heathenism, Judaism, and Christianity, he however drawing on his imagination and selfish desires when knowledge failed him. The Koran, though it is the greatest rival of the Book of books, yet falls infinitely below it. Gibon says "It is sometimes lost in the clouds; and yet again it crawls in the very dust." Carlyle calls it "a wearisome, confused jumble, the ferment of a rude human soul, unable even to read, and yet earnestly struggling to utter its great thoughts." "Great"—, for Mohammed was great. Any impostor could say he was inspired, but it required an impostor of no mean genius to make the Koran, and create Islam.

Perhaps the best thing in Mohammedanism is that it teaches a belief in one God,—our God, for the only true knowledge Mohammed had of the Divinity was gained through Christians; his God is at least nominally one with ours, though he has often wilfully misrepresented, blackened, and disgraced His Holy name almost beyond recog-

dition, and has imputed attributes so base that it is painful even to hear them mentioned.

Islam forbade the use of intoxicating liquors. Have Christian nations even taken the pains to forbid this bane of humanity? Truly the debt of Christianity to Islam is great, for in the middle ages when the church had become corrupt and formal when the clergy had abandoned themselves to quibbling dissensions, riotous living, and licentiousness, then Mohammedanism swept round the Mediterranean as a cleansing power, restoring to a certain degree faith in the one true God, and compelling the nations to a life, which though not the highest, was at least higher at that time than the existing degraded semblance of Christianity. The factions of Europe were united against a common enemy. Their religion was threatened, so they banded together to defend it; and in upholding it they came nearer to the Foundation on which it was based. Mohammedanism was the scourge which the Creator used to bring His erring people back unto Himself.

On the other hand, Mohammed denied the divinity of Christ, making Him second to himself; he allowed polygamy and almost unlimited divorce, and promised to the faithful a paradise of sensual pleasures. He called upon his followers to put to the sword all that opposed them, especially Jews and Christians, unless they consented to accept Islam. And this was the secret of Islam's wonderful success. It was based on human ignorance, superstition, selfishness and brute force. Mohammed professed to be inspired, to have supernatural power, and the people believed in him because, being ignorant and superstitious, they were

looking for supernatural manifestations. Mohammed's success lay largely in his power to delude, but where delusion failed compulsion forced its way. Nature and her God could brook no such transgression of their laws. Sensuality, deception, and hatred of one's fellowman invariably compass the downfall of those that suffer themselves to be guided thereby. Islam is doomed, and it is our purpose to show how clearly this 'waning of the star and the crescent' has been foretold.

On the island of Patmos a prophecy was made concerning the "seven trumpets." Trumpets, in Oriental nations, were often used to mark divisions of time, so the symbolic trumpets of Revelation are blown to mark certain prophetic eras in the Christian dispensation and the events which occurred in them. Under the fifth and sixth trumpets a remarkable prediction is recorded. Remember that the field of prophecy is the known world of that day,—the Roman Empire. The prophet sees in his vision countless "horsemen" with new and curious weapons of war. Their invasion is called a "woe" or "plague," and is sent against an idolatrous people, who worshipped "idols of gold and silver, and brass." The four angels who lead the host are "loosed from the river Euphrates." This river shows the direction from which the horde of cavalry was to come, and the "four angels" must therefore refer to the Tartars, the Turks, the Arabs, and the Saracens, who together formed the Turkish nation, and it is the Turk, the upholder of Islam, who has fulfilled this prophecy.

These "horsemen" were under the leadership of a false religious teacher, and he evokes them from the "smoke" of a "pit"

or abyss. We see in this Mohammed and his false religious system which has darkened almost all Asia and part of Europe.

These "horsemen" were like locusts, they had the destructive characteristics of locusts; but this also points to their origin, for Eastern locusts came from Arabia. So did the Turks.

These "horsemen" had on their heads "as it were crowns of gold." The Turks wore turbans ornamented with gold.

The faces of these "horsemen" were "as the faces of men," but "they had hair as the hair of women." The Turkish cavalry wore a full beard and long hair.

The horses seemed to emit "fire and brimstone from their mouths," and it was this peculiar weapon which was so effective. There was nothing like "fire and smoke and brimstone" used in ancient warfare, but at the fall of Constantinople the Turks were greatly aided by the use of the new invention—gunpowder.

This vision, then, describes a great conflict in which cavalry and artillery play the most important part. This is a very perfect description of the Turk and his war upon the Eastern empire,—the empire of the Catholics, who were given up to the "worship of idols of gold and silver and brass" in their images of the Virgin and the saints, which the Mohammedans abhorred and everywhere destroyed.

The supremacy of the Turk is measured, for to this horde of cavalry was given "power to hurt men five months," and they were "prepared for an hour, a day, a month, and a year, to slay the third part of men." By a system of computation these periods have been found to close on Aug. 11, 1840. To appreciate this date as

a fulfilment of the prophecy, notice the events which occurred a short time before it, and which found in it their culmination.

In 1839 Mohammed Ali, the Turkish tributary ruler of Egypt, rebelled.

His power rapidly increased, and the sultan, after repeated efforts, was unable to subdue him. Therefore, in 1840, he appealed to the Powers of Europe, England, Russia, Austria, and Germany, for help to conquer his enemy. Their forces conquered Mohammed Ali, but the day on which the Turkish sultan appealed for aid was Aug. 11, 1840. By that act he reduced himself to the rank of a puppet, and from that time the star and crescent has steadily waned. The Turkish empire still exists, but by the sufferance of the Powers, and is rightly named "Sick Man of Europe."

But why should Turkey's power wane? Why is the Turk so universally hated? The good he has done was overruled by divine Providence, but he himself is an abomination in the eyes of all Christian people for he has committed a threefold sin. He has sinned against himself, for he has degraded and polluted his body formed in the image of its Maker; against his fellowmen in his cruelty and bloodthirsty greed; and greatest of all, he has sinned against that sense of Liberty and Justice born in every human being as an inheritance, an emanation from the Spirit of Freedom and Right. All men are created equal, and just government is of the people, by the people and for the people, but the Turk wherever he has gone has been a tyrant, and a blight. In every case he has aroused the most bitter hatred, grinding his subjects to the dust by criminal taxation. Let the horrible massacres of Damascus, Bulgaria, Armenia,

portray the Turk in his true colors; men and women torn to pieces in frightful torture, simply for defending their faith; children murdered before the eyes of their agonized parents; torments innumerable and too dreadful even for thought inflicted on the innocent and law-abiding citizens,—and is not the lowest place in Hell too good for the dastardly Turk? His time will surely come, for “the mills of the Gods grind slow, but they grind exceedingly fine.” The Turk; red with innocent blood reeking with the crimes of centuries, stand before the bar of history to answer for his deeds, and when Mohammed, that travesty of Christ, shall stand at the bar of Justice, he shall not be found guiltless. Great has been the Moslem power, greater still its

guilt. Its doom is sure, and when Islam shall be dead and buried there will be no mourners at its grave.

Superstition and Ignorance drag man to the level of the beast; Reason and truth elevate him to a height but little lower than the angels.” yet too often man in his obstinacy will not choose his own salvation. But let us not despair, for “Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,” and superstition however high exalted, shall in the end be brought low.

Yea, though Truth indeed seem

“forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.”



China's Millions.

BY GEORGE H. SEVILLE, '98.

The phrase is almost worn to bits
Because so often used,
Yet, once, some tried to think them real
And not a mass confused.

But now the Morgan millions are
The object of our gaze;
The yellow gold far more attracts
Than yellow skins these days.

What matters it though millions there
Crowd into hellward graves;
What though from them we selfishly
With-hold the Life that saves?

'Tis better far to know the facts
That bolster up our pride
Than con the figures dire of those
That know not Christ once died.

When He says “Go,” we stay at home,
When He says “Give” we keep,
When He say “Pray the harvest Lord,”
We spend the time in sleep.
Ngankin, China.

And yet we name the Christ on us
While doing not His will;
And claim to be a kin to Him
Whose heart the lost ones thrill.

The God-man does not thus forget
The ones that roused His love;
Though dying millions stir us not
Their names are kept above.

Is not their blood upon our souls
Who warn them not of sin?
The loss is their's, but what our guilt
Who try not them to win?

Oh! may there come on self-chilled hearts
The Spirit's quickening breath;
And may they fill with Christ's own love
That pressed Him to death.

So shall there go from out our midst
A throng, with hearts aglow,
To make these sin-stained Chinese souls
God's cleansing power to know.

TRINITY CHURCH.

W. C. PRESS, '04.

On a day when the rain was falling steadily from a sombre sky and when the wind was coming in fitful blasts from New York harbor across the strong sea-wall of the Battery, I turned aside from the crowded and slippery sidewalks of lower Broadway to rest for a few moments beneath the sheltering roof of far famed Trinity Church.

There is a melancholy pleasure in withdrawing from the busy scenes of life to meditate amid the profound tranquillity of the peaceful dead. Within the shadow of the church that sheltered me men fought feverishly in one of the greatest financial centres of the world for that which perisheth. The discordant cries of Wall Street sounded faintly in my ears and yet, thought I, "Here is rest."

The silence of the stately structure was suddenly disturbed by the sound of a book that had fallen. Aroused by the echoes that reverberated throughout the lofty dome I discerned in the dim shadows the stooping form of the ancient sexton. Near me stood a fellow-visitor silently contemplating the mellow lights that streamed in checkered beauty across the darkened aisles. A card that hung upon a nearby pillar attracted my attention. It bore these words:

.... This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.—Gen. XXVIII, 17. Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord.—Lev. XIX, 30. But the Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.—Hab. II, 20.

—o—
Whosoever thou art that enterest this church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who minister, and those who worship here.

Admonished by these solemn words, I breathed a prayer to that Spirit of Love under the shadow of whose wings all nature finds a refuge, ere I sought the outer walks that lay beyond the opening of the nearest door. Upon arriving once more in the open air a striking tablet met my gaze. Its granite front had this inscription.

The Heroick Commander of the frigate Chesapeake whose remains are here deposited expressed with his expiring breath his devotion to his country. Neither the fury of battle, the anguish of a mortal wound nor the horrors of approaching death could subdue his gallant spirit. His dying words were:

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

Erected to the memory of Captain James Lawrence, who fell fight-

ing the Shannon, June 1, 1813 aet. 32. His greatest achievement was accomplished when in command of the HORNER he captured and sunk His Brittannick Majesty's sloop of war PEACOCK, in a desperate action of fourteen minutes.

—

His widow lies interred with the remains of her illustrious husband.

Some distance beyond the abode of humbler dead a simple tablet upraised its face beneath the scroll of heaven and marked the resting place of one whose deeds were simple and whose life was pure. Her husband's record, carved upon marble blocks that time and the elements had aged and stained, was set forth as follows:

To the memory of Alexander Hamilton. The Corporation of Trinity church has erected this monument as a testimony of respect. The Patriot of incorruptible integrity. The Soldier of approved valour. The Statesman of consummate wisdom, whose talents and virtues will be admired by a grateful posterity long after this marble shall have mouldered into dust. Died July 12, 1804. aet 47.

With a heartfelt appreciation of the truth of this inscription I turned aside to another part of Trinity church-yard. Here, surrounded by the departed, "each in his narrow cell forever laid" I gazed around me. An iron railing on three sides excluded the living from the dead. Huge office buildings marked the remaining boundary. On my left the elevated cars of the Manhattan Railroad rattled

noisily by. On my right stood Trinity church. Beyond the borders of the ancient church-yard, Broadway cable cars went humming on their way ever and anon shutting out Wall street from my view. Before me lay the dust of Officers of His Brittannick Majesty, Colonists, Patriots and natives of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Above the sacred dust were crumbling records "with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked." The dignified tone of the language used to recount the merits of Mr. William Bradford, printer to the government for 50 years, drew my attention. The worthy government printer had died in 1752, aged 92 years. The following was inscribed upon the stone:

Reader reflect how soon you'll
quit this stage.
You'll find that few attain to
Such an age.
Life's full of pain. Lo
here's a place of Rest
Prepare to meet your God
Then you are blest.

Of quite an opposite character was this:

Sidney Breese. Died June 9, 1767.
Made by himself.
Ha Sidney, Sidney,
Lyeest thou here,
I Here Hye.
Till time is flown
To its Extremity.

In quick succession I came across the following curiously worded epitaphs. It was with difficulty I could decipher their meaning.

To a boy aged 10 months, Died 1764.

How loved. How valued
 Of what avail the Note
 By whom related All
 By whom begot
 A Heap of dust alone remains
 of thee
 Its all THOW art And all
 the proud shall be.

To a girl aged 22. Died 1816

My parents dear who mourn
 and weep
 Behold the grave wherein
 I sleep
 Prepare for death for you
 must die
 And be entombed as well as I.

The third epitaph was that of a girl of
 24 who had died in 1796

Vain world farewell to you
 Heaven is my native air
 I bid my friends a short adieu
 Impatient to be there.

After a brief glance at the monument erected to the memory of the unknown dead of New York City who fell resisting British tyranny, I bade farewell to the most famous church in New York City.



A Slaughter of the Innocents.

"The Cut" was flooded with the radiant light of the rising sun. The day was beautiful. The earth lay content in the loving embrace of Spring, whose warm soft breath caused life to abound everywhere. The birds were greeting His Majesty the Sun with bursts of ecstatic music, A fluttering breeze just stirred the budding tree tops and rustled in the grass. Could anything but peace and happiness be here?

Instead consternation reigned in the beautiful "Cut."

All the flowers were talking at once, some in fright, some in anger, and some shedding great dew-drop tears of sorrow. All were swaying and waving back and forth in their very evident distress and alarm. What dreadful calamity had befallen them?

A Trumpet vine was trying in vain to command silence but it was only when he had blown a huge blast on all his trumpets that he could make himself heard. "Will some one please explain the cause of this disturbance," he demanded? "Never has our flower community been in such an uproar. I consider it most unseemly," and he swung back and forth in disdain.

"I think we are justified in making an uproar," cried an indignant Bluebell. "If you knew what had happened, you'd be talking too, instead of swinging there in such scorn. Do you remember the man who was here the other day, and who brutally murdered some of our friends?" A chorus of groans interrupted the Bluebell and when silence was restored the Adder's Tongue took up the tale.

"I'll tell the rest, because I heard it first. A Butterfly told me, that a Bird had told her, that that dreadful man had told a lot of boys and girls to come down here this afternoon and gather us—kill us rather," and she stopped for breath.

The wailing broke out afresh, even the superior Trumpet vine joining in the universal mourning. A Buttercup stooped to dry the tears of a tiny Violet but could not keep back a sob herself. "Our lives have been so pleasant," she moaned, "must they be cut short in this way?" Nothing

was heard save the breeze sighing in sympathy and the sobs of the frightened flowers. All morning they wept, and bemoaned their fate and the afternoon slowly drew on.

Then came the hated visitors, and calmly and cruelly they pulled and plucked this shrinking beauty and then that. Not even the sight of the Bloodroot, bleeding out its heart's blood, made them give up their sinful pleasure. Not content with taking only the flower they must needs dig up the roots. In a rage the Adder's Tongue thrust her root deep in the ground and had the satisfaction of knowing that if she lost her head she kept her understanding.

In vain the thorn trees scratched and tore the people as they passed. In vain the angry brooks flung itself across their way, and barb wire fences stretched themselves across the path, nothing could stop the rush of the murderers. The cries of the slaughtered flowers were drowned in the shouts of the destroyers.

The afternoon wore on and the students turned homeward, leaving behind them what desolation! Here and there stood a few scattered flowers where before had been dozens. Bunches of quivering flowers in the last throes of death lay on the ground where they had been carelessly dropped. The birds had stopped singing through sympathy for their friends, and the surviving flowers rocked back and forth in grief too deep for tears. What a change from the beginning of that beautiful day!

Twilight deepened. The Violets sobbed themselves to sleep and gradually the

others, too, found rest from their sorrow. Only the ripple of the brook and the murmur of the breeze broke the stillness.

A great tree raised his head and gazed out over the dell. He had watched the slaughter of these innocents and his great heart was torn with pity for his little, hurt friends. Now he said. "Poor little things! They have been sorely tried this day. But if they only knew it, that's what they are here for. We are all here simply to serve the interests of those called men. "The Great God who made us all," made us just for that. But surely some of this murder was unnecessary. It s too bad, too bad," and his voice died away with a sigh.

The frogs croaked: "Too bad, bad," and the breeze murmured softly "too bad, bad" and then night spread her dark cloak over all, and all was still.

"I,"



AN editorial in the "Grove City Collegian" addressed to the students contains some sound advice. It is written in a kindly manner, and appeals to all that is best and noblest in a boy or girl.



STUDENTS of music, and others may find pleasure in reading an article in "The Beaver" on The Power of Music. A compilation and criticism by Appleton Bash.



A DAY dream is the knocking of some great ambition on the door of your heart. It is seeking a home. Open and let it in.—The United Presbyterian.

EDITORIAL.

WESTMINSTER has always taken a leading place in college athletics. But her achievements in intellectual contests have been none the less glorious. Again has she asserted her superiority by her victory in the recent Inter-collegiate Oratorical contest held in New Wilmington May 12. Howell T. Getty her representative, was awarded first place, the subject of his oration being "Democracy; Its Ideality and Ultimate Triumph." It speaks well for the training Westminster gives her students that she has won so many firsts and seconds of late years in these contests. We all unite on the occasion of this, her latest victory in doing honor to our Alma Mater and her worthy representative. Mr. Getty's oration will appear in the June number of the HOLCAD.



A great number of the students have not been attending the meetings of the Athletic Association and that it may arouse more interest the Association, has recently adopted a new constitution.

There will be no admission fee nor term dues, but each member is liable to assessment. A regular meeting will be held near the first of each month and any member absenting himself from three of these meetings during the year will have his name dropped from the roll. No one except a member will be allowed to compete in any athletic contest.

The value of the "W" was increased

and various distinguishing markings for the different teams were decided upon.

The Association deserves the cooperation of every student and it is upon this assistance that the Athletics of the college depend. Shall we have Athletics or not? The students must decide.



WESTMINSTER'S victories have been not unaccompanied by defeats this term. But while our teams have not always come home with banners flying and bells ringing, there is no reason for discouragement. If they did their best, as we all believe they did, why not take it philosophically and "make the best" of it? Are we not apt as Americans to take athletics too seriously anyhow? That quality which gives our country her superiority among the nations, of thoroughness in everything, may be carried to an extreme. Among other things we need to learn "to play when we play" as well as "to work when we work." It is always natural and commendable for students to be enthusiastic in the support of their teams. But let not the enthusiasm die out when adversity comes. It has been said to the honor of certain institutions that their students cheered on a losing team as heartily as a winning one. It takes some courage perhaps to do so, but that should not be hard to find in a community of strong and loyal young people. Victories however are not altogether unknown among us and we shall hope confidently for more in the future.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

I WANT to be a knocker
And with the knockers stand
A scowl upon my forehead
A hammer in my hand.
One of the mighty army
So insensible to joys
Who vie with all creation
To make the loudest noise,

I want to be a knocker
Not counted with the few
Who stand by, acquiescing
To things that people do.
And with a strong conviction
That nothing e'er was good
Join with the "Knockers Union"
In its band of brotherhood.

I want to be a knocker
'Tis pleasant to the mind
To trot beside the fashion
Instead of far behind
Then do your best at roaring
Like thunder in the night
You'll only help the "Knockers"
To make the world go right.
N. B.

Ask Bobbie to describe his birds-eye view
of the monument.

Crooks (on receiving fingerbowl at hotel)—"Is that soup?"

Mr. McCalmont says that Plato was
of high birth because he was of Attic descent.

Mr. Jamison has wonderful powers of
description. His latest is "golden, dark
red hair."

Audley—seeing two girls in a summer
house—"Say, fellows, let's go in here.
Here is mine."

It's your knock!

Russ has left his heart in Phila.

Ask Bobbie what became of his spoon.

Notice Leigh Alexander's "fairy
laugh."

Prof. McL.—"Oh Mr. Hildebran, let
us be serious about this."

Miss McLachlin says she is always in
a good humor when she has a man.

Miss Culbert—"I'm going to begin
carrying a spoon with me all the time."

Leigh Alexander thinks that of all
the cities in America, Allegheny has the
most beautiful Park.

Miss Dickey says that when she looks
at the moon for a while she can see in it a
girl with a senior cap on.

When Mr. Thompson goes driving
with a young lady we would advise him to
untie the horse before he starts.

Dr. F.—"Mr. Anderson, suppose a
neighbor's dog kills a man's sheep."

Mr. A.—"The sheep would demand
redress."

Mr. McCalmont, when asked if a man
should compel his wife by force to do what
he wishes, said, "Ralston's Breakfast
Food is better than Force."

Anyone desiring choice fresh fish
should apply at once to Misses Welsh and
Clawson. By giving them a few days notice
they are able to procure fish fully three in-
ches long while minnows may be had on
demand.

Miss Royer—"Oh I like sons."

"Rasmus"—"Here's the three cent house."

Ask Linas if he is ever going back to Philadelphia.

Miss Leasure—"Silence is the language of love."

Audley—"Oh blushing is just a sign of deep feeling."

Miss Byers—"We are going to build a house next year."

Bobby—standing in Hall—"Is third Prep Greek out yet?"

Ann (sitting on the board-walk with Baldy)—"Yes, for better or for worse."

Miss Turner—holding Miss B's hand—"This is the way we are doing it now."

Bailey thinks it is impossible to keep from grinning when one has a bag of kisses.

Query.—Is rice thrown only on wedding trips. For definite information see Miss Nesbit?

Miss Duncan—after having spent the afternoon with Mr. M—"I have almost lost my head."

Dr. F.—"Suppose Mr. Barr, that a man dams a stream and floods another's farm." Mr. B—"He is sued for damages."

In Rhetoric—"Mr. Gillfillan, what is common sense?"

Mr. G—"Well, I guess it's just common ordinary, every day common sense."

Miss Brown has been obliged to give up her classes for the remainder of the year. Miss Bessie Henderson '05, has been given charge of one class in German and C. S.

Acheson '03 of one in French while the remaining classes are under the supervision of Prof. Barnes.

Mary Warner—"Well Myrta, you can't symyathize with me, Dodger is not on the ball team."

The next time Lambie goes to Philadelphia he's coming home in a smoker. We think he must have meant a "sleeper."

McCalmont—translating Dutch—"I held Mary's hand too small for me." Do you suppose that is why he prefers Anna's.

Rev. Giffen of Princeton who is spending a few days as the guest of Leigh Alexander '04, preached in the Second Church on Sabbath.

Mr. V. (anxiously)—"What did you say you did?"

Miss N.—"I ran after Scott Thompson to get taffy."

Prof. McL—"Mr. Vincent what did Browning mean by that next line?"

Mr. V—"I don't know."

Prof.—"Mr. Alexander what do you think about it?"

Mr. A—"I think Mr. V's answer was correct."

This from McCalmont—"The object of Philo impeaching some of their brethern was not that they should take offence (a fence) for it is not their desire to bar any one from becoming posted along along a literary line. Should anyone think he has grounds for railing, please bear in mind that it is our desire to open a gateway which hinges on their future welfare and on which they should be willing to stake everything."

Vesta says a Paully is a tame bird.

Bard says she likes the girls who have brothers.

Myrta says her cases are always on both sides.

Myrta—"It's a funny sensation any way to have a case."

Miss Nesbit—"Why this seems to be the time for embracing."

Miss B—looking in Jaxtheimer's window—"I want to spoon."

Why is it that Miss Bard positively refuses to join the O. M. S?

Miss Broad says that her wedding presents will soon be on exhibition.

Bess B—"If it rains it will be still nicer for we will have to go in a covered buggy."

Mary Warner—"Yes, I'm taking Scotch this year and find it exceedingly interesting."

Prof. McL—"What kinds of motives are there?"

Mr. McCalmont in a stage whisper—"Locomotives."

"Well, who is Mr. Barr, I don't think I know him."

Miss Thompson—"Oh you miss half your life when you don't know him."

Jamison—looking for some place in which he might satisfy the cravings of appetite—"Here's that calf(cafe)."

In a certain class the other day, a certain young lady was seen to be quite absorbed in watching a certain young man in the front row. After class a slip of paper was found on the floor by her chair, on which was written the following:

10:15—He enters the room. How handsome he is!

10:20—He sits like an image.

10:25—Gazes at wall in deep meditation.

10:33—A faint suspicion of a smile creeps over his countenance.

10:40—He has turned around and is looking out of the window, I wonder what he sees.

10:45—Now he is looking at those girls on the other side of the room. Oh dear, why didn't I sit there?

10:55—He looked at *me*.

11:00—There goes the bell. How can I ever exist until tomorrow.

"Tek" says Wallace Ferguson showed him a good time at Princeton.

(With Apologies to Kipling and "Danny Deevers.")

"A DIRGE."

I

"What is that sighing, sobbing sound?" asked a youthful Freshman lad,

"That is the moaning of our boys," a learned sophomore said.

"And why should they be moaning so?" asked the youthful Freshman lad;

"Because they're sad, because they're sad," the learned Sophomore said.

"For they've beaten both our ball teams

Yes beaten our boys bad,

The balls are gone, the bats are broke

And that is why we're sad:

And Allegheny now can boast and Mercer too be glad

For they've beaten old Westminster on the ball field."

II

"Who are those boys so solemnly a walking up the street?"

"Those are our boys returning home, they've met with sad defeat;

They made a tour of four days time did not win a game.

Behold, they walk with heads bent low, their hearts are filled with shame

So chant a dirge for our ball team,

Chant solemn, sad and slow

And let the bell toll long and well

That every one may know;

For Waynesburg, Beaver, Geneva all join in merry glee

'Cause they've beaten old Westminster on the ball field.

"FLO."

Ask Russell how the stone threw the track off the train.

Nevin (in German class)—“In summer and autumn we take long walks.”

Prof. and Mrs. Shaffer entertained the Senior class at their home, Tuesday evening May 5th.

The Young people of the First U. P. Church gave an enjoyable social in the church Tuesday evening Apr. 21, '03.

Gittens (on board U. S. S. Dolphine)—“Is this really a battleship?”

Sailor—(with broad grin)—“No only a dispatch boat.”

A class in Histology was organized under Professor Shott at the opening of the present term. The students have the use of a new Bausch and Lomb microtome in the preparation of microscopic sections.

When the Hall girls announced their intention of embracing Mr. Getty if he won the Intercollegiate Contest, Miss Welsh proclaimed in a loud and excited tone of voice that she would not allow Mr. Getty to come near the Hall hereafter.



ALUMNI NOTES.

J. H. Moore, '02, of Hickory, has been in town for several weeks.

Dr. R. D. Nichols '95, of Blythedale, was the guest of college friends.

Miss Nettie Sharp has just returned from her years work as a teacher in Thomasville, Ga.

Miss Edith Mercer '02 New Wilmington, has been teaching for several weeks as a supply in Hookstown.

Rev. T. C. Anderson, '91, Tarentum, Pa., will deliver the annual sermon to the Christian Association of the college June 14.

Miss Frances Barr, '93, of Bloomington, Ind., is spending a few weeks in Denver, Col., the guest of her brother J. L. Barr.

Rev. J. S. Garvin, Ph. D. '79, delivered the Baccalaureate sermon to the grad-

uates of the West Newton, Pa., High school, April 26.

Don E. Aiken '85, of Bellfontaine, is the Republican nominee for the legislature from his district. He is a prominent Bellfontaine attorney.

Rev. T. D. Stewart, '73 pastor of the Unity Presbyterian church, Greenfield, will attend the meeting of the General Assembly at Los Angeles, Cal.

The photograph of Dr. John Giffin '71 of Asyut, Egypt was received some time ago and has been placed among those of other Westminster missionaries.

Miss Maude Slemmons, '98, who has been teaching during the past year at Mt. Pleasant was in the village a few days ago on her way to her home in Youngstown.

Dr. J. C. Taggart, '66, last Sabbath

celebrated the 34th anniversary of his pastorate of the 1st U. P. church of East Liverpool, O., also his 34th year in the ministry.

The members of the East End, Pittsburg church, have decided to tender a call to Dr. S. H. Moore '75 now pastor of the Central Presbyterian church, New Castle.

The name of Rev. S. W. Gilkey D. D. '77 Mercer has been proposed for the principal clerkship of the Assembly, to succeed the late W. J. Reed D. D. Pittsburg.

Miss Elma Chamberlain, '01, of East Palestine, O., sailed Friday, May 8 for Germany. She goes on an all summer's visit to her uncle, the Hon. J. J. Brittain, United States consul in Kehl.

Among visitors the inter-collegiate oratorical contest were Rev. William Brown '95 Mundale, N. Y; Rev. W. M. Barr '88, Wheeler, J. A. Chambers '00 New Castle; J. P. Lockhart, '99 New Castle.

Rev. J. D. Barr, '88, of Bloomington, Ind., former pastor of the First (U. P.) church, made a brief call on New Wilmington friends while returning from the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Dora Brown.

H. C. Chambers, '99, and R. W. Walker, '98, who are soon to be graduated from the Allegheny Seminary have applied for mission posts either in India or

Egypt, and hope to begin their ministerial career in the fall.

Dr. John McNaugher, '80, Professor in Allegheny Theological Seminary, and Mrs. McNaugher gave a most delightful reception at their home Thursday evening, April 30. The occasion was the 15th anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. Eldora Linn Dickey, 74, of Greenville, Pa., died suddenly in the Hospital at Mercer, Wednesday, April 22, after having passed through a seemingly successful operation. Her daughter, Miss Matilda Dickey, '03, we as students wish to extend our kindest sympathy.

Miss Margaret McLaen, '94, who is teaching in the Carnegie High School is organizing a party to travel during the summer in Europe under the management of Prof. J. B. Niles of Allegheny. Their itinerary will include France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, England and Scotland.

Among the graduate visitors of the past few weeks are the following: M. M. Edmundson '01, Indiana; T. C. Cochran '01, Mercer; Miss Frances Mehard '02 Mercer; S. H. Johnson, Jr. '02 Pittsburg; J. M. Price, ex '04 Allegheny; J. A. McCrory ex '04 Pittsburg; H. V. Kuhn, Monaca; E. W. Saxton '01, Princeton; Ira F. Leeper, Xenia.



IN the battle of life, those succeed best who can form definite ideas of what they are going to do, before they start to do it.—Reuben Post Halleck.

MUSIC AND ART.

Junior contest, May 1 was won by Mr. George Vincent, Miss Earla Mitchell second.

Miss Ferguson who is in the china department this term is working on a tankard in grapes.

Miss Mary Newmyer has returned to school to take up china painting for the rest of the term.

The preliminary contest was held in the chapel Apr. 18. It was won by H. T. Getty '03, F. S. Thompson '03 second.

Miss Hodgens has completed a very handsome screen in burnt wood, and has at present some smaller pieces under way.

Miss Acheson, instructor in elocution, gave some readings at a reception given by the Alumni Association of the Kindergarten College in Pittsburg Apr. 28.

Miss Kate Elliott has completed a sketch of pansies from life, and several water color sketches have been finished by Misses Robertson, Anderson and Park.

All Westminster's friends are very much gratified by her having won the Inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest Tuesday evening May 12. There was a large au-

dience present and much enthusiasm was displayed both before the contest began and after the decision of the judges.

The program follows:

MUSIC.

1. "Democracy; its Ideality and Ultimate Triumph."

H. T. Getty, Westminster.

2. "The Crisis."

F. P. Martin, Waynesburg.

MUSIC.

3. "The Duty of the Young American."

R. A. McGonagha, Muskingum.

4. "The Basis of our Government"

W. T. Pierce, Bethany.

5. "The Storm cloud in the East "

H. L. Smith, Allegheny.

MUSIC.

6. "American Expansion."

F. E. Stough, Thiel.

7. "The Manifest Destiny of the Anglo-Saxon."

J. H. Thompson, Geneva.

MUSIC.

The places awarded by the judges are: 1st Westminster; 2d Allegheny; 3d Waynesburg; 4th Muskingum; 5th Bethany; 6th Geneva; 7th Thiel.



I LOVE my new alarm clock: It is a pleasure great
To set the thing for half-past 6, and sleep till half-past 8.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

ADELPHIC.

In spite of the beautiful Spring evenings, our programs have been up to the average standard of excellence. The debates especially have been more interesting than usual, under the new rule of four speakers, a limit of five minuets per speech and a three minute rebuttal by the leaders on each side.

The officers now in charge, installed May 4, are: Pres., Morrow; Vice Pres., Reid; Recording Sec., Wright; Critics, E. McBride and D. L. McBride; Marshal, Hilderbran; Serjeant-at-Arms, Vincent; Treasurer, Stewart; Cor., Sec., Gibson.

We were pleased to have with us on the evening of May 18, an alumnus of our society E. W. Saxton, '01.

PHILO.

There having been no meeting on April 20, the meeting of April 27 was taken up with new interest. Among the visitors present on that evening were Mr. John Moore, '02, and Mr. Clyde Gibson, '02.

The following officers were installed on May 4: President, Clyde Gilfillan, '03; Vice President, Walter Scott, '05; Recording Secretary, John Lytle, '04; Corresponding Secretary, D. A. Russell, '03; Treasurer, Gordon Nevin, '05; Marshal, H. S. Bailey, '03;

Another star was added to Philo's crown of rejoicing when H. T. Getty won first place in the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest of May 12. This is the second time a Philo has won this contest.



ATHLETIC.

BASEBALL.

The first game of the season was played at Mercer, April 25. Owing to poor fielding on the part of our players, the Mercer team won by the score of 8-6.

The opening game of the college series was played in Meadville on April 27, and was won by Allegheny, score 20-6.

Wash. and Jeff. played here May 1. For eight innings the Westminster nine's chance of winning the game was as good

as W. and J's. but in that inning our team went to pieces. W. and J. made eight runs on errors and won the game by the score of 16-5.

On May 6 the 'Varsity nine started on its southern trip. The first game was with Wash. and Jeff. at Washington. The game was called at 4 p. m. The Westminster battery was E. N. McBride and David McBride. The game started off with a rush, our team scoring two runs in

the first inning. W. J. then steadied down and the contest began in earnest. The Washington nine managed to get one run during the next two innings. Our nine increased its score to five runs and W. and J. being hit pretty freely changed pitchers. In the seventh inning the score stood 5-3 in our favor. Then the storm broke in all its fury. W. and J. supporters crowded the line and yelled like fiends. This increased the vim of the W. and J. players and in the next two innings they added six runs to their credit. The game ended 9-5 in favor of W. and J. and is a good example of how over-enthusiastic support will help a team to win a victory. We would not commend these tactics to our students, but a friendly word of encouragement when it is deserved means much to a player when he is striving to uphold the honor of his Alma Mater. A hearty cheer at critical times will put new life into a team. Legitimate support such as this is in order at all times, and should be encouraged by all those who have the best interests of our college at heart.

The second game of the southern trip was at Waynesburg, and was decidedly unsatisfactory to our team, not because we lost the game but because of the unfair decisions of the Waynesburg college baseball officials. Our boys earned every one of their runs. The Waynesburg team owed its victory to unfair decisions by officials and to the wild throws and fielding errors of our own players.

The score was 5-3 in favor of Waynesburg.

At 7:30 p. m. May 7, the 'Varsity nine began its journey to meet the California

Normal nine. The team left Waynesburg in a band wagon bound for Rice's Landing. On the way the "boys" stopped at a neighboring farm house to pay a visit to "the old oaken bucket that hung in the well." But better things were in store for them. The farm-folks received them with open-hearted hospitality, and the best the house could afford was placed before them. After doing justice to the good things, a little present was made up by the "boys" and placed in the hands of the old folks with many expressions of goodwill and appreciation. At 11:30 the nine reached Rice's Landing, tired but contented, there to sleep soundly until 5 a. m. the following morning. At that early hour the team turned out and boarded the Monongahela river boat bound for California twenty miles away.

California was reached at 8 a. m. and at 4 p. m. that day our nine met the Normal team. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood 5-5. In the eleventh California added three runs and Westminster did the same. In the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth innings no runs were made by either side. In the fifteenth inning California got the winning run, and the game ended 9-8 in their favor.

After playing this fifteen inning game the men began to feel the effects of their trip, and to add to their troubles the Pittsburg boat was missed by a few moments, late the same evening. This compelled the team to make an early start the following morning. At 4 a. m. every man was up and hustling for the 5 a. m. train for Beaver Falls, where in a loosely played game with Geneva, the team met defeat by a score of 22-17.

This ended the college series of the Southern trip and late the same evening the nine arrived home thoroughly worn out through hard work, travel and loss of sleep.

The 'Varsity nine met Geneva on college field May 16, and in a closely contested game defeated the Beaver Falls nine by a score of 5-3. The Westminster battery was E. McBride and his brother Dave. E. McBride pitched good ball throughout the nine innings and struck out eleven men. Moore's playing for Westminster was of a high order. He had two 3 base hits to his credit, made a clever stop between first and second, and once landed on third base amid a cloud of dust, after a terrific slide of several yards. East of Geneva played a good game.

SECOND TEAM GAMES.

Greenville vs. Westminster 2nd at Greenville, April 25. Batteries, Greenville, Peifer and Moulds Westminster 2nd, Sewall and McClelland, (Capt) Score: 10-4 in favor of Greenville.

At New Wilmington, May 9. Greenville vs. Westminster. Batteries, Greenville, Grove, Peifer and McCullough. Westminster 2nd Sewall and McClelland, (Capt.) Score: 9-0 in favor of Westminster. This game was forfeited by Greenville by leaving the field before the end of the ninth inning.

To the second team belongs the credit of scoring the first victory of the season. New Castle High School was the victim. It happened at New Castle May 15. Batteries, N. C. H. S., Baughman and Harlan.

Westminster 2nd, Sewall, Campbell and Stevenson. Score: 14-13 in our favor.

The result of the college relay race on

Franklin Field, Philadelphia April 25 was: Bucknell, first; Johns Hopkins second; Dickinson, third; Westminster, fourth; State, fifth. Time 3.37 1-5.

The Tennis Tournament begins Wed., May 20. There are seventeen entries for the singles. These are the opening events. The doubles are not arranged for as yet. It is expected they will begin in a few days.

The annual dual meet between Geneva and Westminster was held on the athletic field, Westminster repeating her victory of last year, but with the remarkable score of 88 to 11, Geneva won but one first place, and two men—Martin and May—won all her points. Gold and silver medals were awarded to the winners of the first and second places, respectively in each event. The winners and records were as follows:

100 yard dash—Won by Stewart; Lambie, second; Martin, Geneva, third. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

Shot put—Won by Tennant; Martin, Geneva, second; Morrow, third. Distance, 32 feet 10 inches.

220 yard dash—Won by Stewart; Lambie, second; Martin, Geneva, third. Time 23 3-5 seconds.

Hammer throw—Won by Morrow; Long, second; Martin, Geneva, third. Distance 83 feet 2 inches.

440 yard dash—Won by Stewart; R. Yourd, second; Clark, third. Time 53 3-5 seconds.

High jump—Won by Lambie; Reno second; Witherspoon, third. Distance 5ft. 3 1-2 inches.

120 yard hurdle—Won by P. H. Yourd; Lambie, second; Reno, third. Time 17 3-5 seconds.

Broad jump—Won by May, Geneva, Lambie, second; Moore third. Distance 20 feet 1 inch.

880 yard run—Won by Lambie; Crooks second; Adams third. Time 2 minutes, 8 seconds.

Pole vault—Won by Lambie; Deevers, second; R. Yourd, third. Distance 9 feet 6 inches.

One mile run—Won by Scott; Knox, second; Clark, third. Time 5 minutes, 3 seconds.

The field and track events preliminary to above meet were held on college field May 4. Summaries:

100 yard novice—Won by F. S. Thompson; S. E. Calhoun, second; C. R. Davison, third. Time 11 1-5.

One mile run—Won by W. Scott. C. W. Knox, second; McLean third. Time 5.03 1-3.

Half mile run—Won by Lambie; Crooks, second; Adams third. Time 2.09-3-4.

220 yard dash open—Won by Lambie; Stewart second; Davidson third. Time 23 2-5

440 yard dash—Won by Stewart; Thompson, second; Davidson, third. Time 48 3-5.

Sixteen pound shot put—Won by Lambie; Tennant, second; Long, third. Distance, 32 feet, 9 inches.

Sixteen pound hammer throw—Won by Morrow; Lambie, second; Long, third. Distance, 67 feet 11 inches.

Discus throw—Won by Moore; Lambie, second; Morrow, third. Distance 92 feet 9 inches.

Running high jump—Won by Witherpoon; Lambie, second; Reno, third. Height; 5 feet 2 inches.

Running broad jump—Won by Moore, Lambie, second; Stewart, third. Distance, 18 feet 8 inches.

Pole vault—Won by Lambie; Deevers, second; Yourd, third. Height, 8 feet 4 inches.

The inter-class two-mile relay race for the 1902 cup was held on May 4 in connection with the preliminary field meet. The class of 1905 won the race. Time 3.42 2-5.

Runners—Clark, Yourd, Byam and Stewart.



Y. M. C. A.

On Thursday April 30, Mr. Foster, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Ohio S. U. was here in the interests of the conference to be held at Lakeside next June. P. H. Yourd, '03, has appointed to work up the Westminster delegation. The association expects to send four men and it is hoped that several others will go. It is a splendid opportunity for a pleasant outing; and a chance to get inspiration for Christian work that will last for years.

Some old graduates have been back visiting our Y. M. C. A., and they congratulate us on our standing. We must not let our zeal flag now when we are just beginning to get so much interest awakened. President Reid is back from the "President's Conference" which met at Bucknell late in April. He is full of enthusiasm and plans for the year's work.

J. Campbell White, who has been engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in India for several years, will be here on June 9th. We hope for much good from his visit.

Y. W. C. A.

Rev. T. C. Anderson of Tarentum will preach the annual sermon to the Christian Associations on June 14th.

Miss McLaughrey attended the Biennial Convention of the Y. W. C. A's. of America which was held in Wilkesbarre last month. A very interesting report of the meetings was given to the Y. W. C. A. on the evening of Apr. 28th. The purpose of the convention was to review the work of the past two years and consider the outlook for the future. There were present, one General Secretary, two College Secretaries and two City Secretaries; also a representative of the World's Committee, Hon. Emily Kinnaird of London, whose mother in that city established the first Y. W. C. A. in the world. Schools are being established for the training of Christian Association Secretaries and it is to be noted that a great many colleges desire new Association buildings. Westminster is not alone. \$30,000 was asked for to carry on the world's work next year.

The following extract from a letter written by Rev. John Giffen from Cairo, Egypt shows that Westminster's past labor has not been fruitless. He says, "I am glad to know that Westminster students have so much of the spirit of mission enterprise. It is no small thing to have over fifty of its alumni on the field. Are there not fifty more now students ready to enter the field so that within a few years—ten at the most—the college will send out as many workers to the foreign field as she has done in the past fifty? May Westminster be used of the Master to raise up and equip laborers to enter into His fields so ripe already to the harvest."

EXCHANGES.

THINK THIS OVER.

"For the gladdest words from
Student's pen
Are these: "Dear Dad—
I've passed again."—Ex.

Bound volumes of our exchanges will be found upon the Reading room tables.

The Washington Jeffersonian for April contains three short stories by Wash. & Jeff., freshmen.

We hope some of our own students will lay aside their modesty long enough to gratify us with literary work of a similar description.

The April number of the Chicago Univ. "Monthly Maroon" is the best we have seen thus far. A short story "Eloa la fille aux Cheveux Roux," may be found of interest to our students of French.

KEEP A-GOIN'.

If you strike a thorn or rose
Keep a-goin'

If it hails or if it snows
Keep a-goin'

'Taint no use ter sit and whine
When the fish aint on yer line,
Bait yer hook and keep on tryin'
Keep a-goin,

When the weather kills the crop,
Keep a-goin'

When yer tumble from the top
Keep a-goin'

S'pose yer out of ev'ry dime,
Gettin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world yer feelin' fine!
Keep a-going'

When it looks like all is up,
 Keep a-goin'
 Drain the sweetness from the cup,
 Keep a-goin'
 See the wild birds on the wing!
 Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
 When you feel like singin'—sing!
 Keep a-goin'

The following exchanges have been
 received for the month.

The Intercollegian(Y. M. C. A.)
 The Dynamo, Mt. Union College.
 The Geneva Cabinet.

The Collegian, Waynesburg College.
 The Beaver, Beaver College.
 Hiram College Advance.
 The Delaware College Review.
 The Lombard Review.
 Steel and Garnet, Girard College.
 Blairsville College Journal.
 The Normal Oracle, Valley City N. D.
 The Aurora, Knoxville College.
 The College Bulletin, Norfolk Mission
 College.
 The Kendall Collegian.
 The Globe, New Wilmington.



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HOWELL T. GETTY, '03.

Winner of the Tri-State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, May 12, 1903.

Democracy: Its Ideality and Ultimate Triumph.

HOWELL T. GETTY, '03.



GOVERNMENT is the transcript of society. Every social change produces an idea and that idea expresses itself in political institutions. As far as society recognizes the fact that government is the concentrated power of single lives, just so far does it conform to the spirit of democracy; for democracy emphasizes the worth of the individual.

The idea of democracy is an evolution. It is the natural result of the changed conditions and relations of life; it is the passing from the simple to the complex. In a society of simplicities the governing power must be external. In a society of complexities it must be internal. As soon as the individual passes from that state in which he is his own priest and his own law-giver, to that state in which his life becomes interwoven with the life of every other, then does government change from the arbitrary will of the few, to the formulated idea of the many.

In the past, when simple relations alone prevailed, absolutism became a political necessity, because then no other bond of union linked together the classes. But such a tyrannical system could never combine the elements of the State into a symmetrical and harmonious whole. Royalty's excesses ever spurned the cry of the oppressed; the jewels that shone with such dazzling brilliance in its crown were the price of life; aye, in its cruel wine-press millions of human hearts were crushed and their foaming blood crimsoned the lips of its golden chalices.

The Master of the ages has conferred upon humanity a title. It is humanity's mission to vindicate that title and thus assert the will of God in the government of the nations. Therefore, when human relations became more complex, humanity broke the shackles of absolutism and demanded a power that would make internal government possible. That power was found in the great middle class. It was the resultant of two mighty forces; the one, the determination of the individ-

ual to assert his dignity; the other, the effort of the soul to prove its worth. That power asserted itself by taking the scattered elements of society from feudalism's greedy grasp, and moulding them into great commonwealths.

The rise of this class, now as then, becomes the first step toward democracy. It sets the prince and the peasant on a plane of equality; the power of the prince decreases, the power of the peasant increases, and in the effulgent rays of light generated by this new doctrine of equality, humanity soars heavenward, human destiny becomes higher, nobler, grander. Men begin to think, and when mind touches mind an influence is started before which every institution based on injustice must eventually fall. What power can withstand the awakening energies of a human soul? When the individual comprehends his new environment, he perceives his own personality as something distinct from the great unit. The thought that the ruler is the impersonation of the State, is followed at once by the conclusion that the individual *is* the State. This principle is the very essence of democracy. It is the uplifting force that has transformed the individual from a mere passive tool into a living, thinking, acting personality; aye, into a royal man charged with the divine prerogative—power of mind to conceive character's purest relations and life's highest ideals. Thus there springs up a public opinion which demands that government supported by imagination shall be supplanted by government supported by reflection. Monarchy must yield to democracy.

The revolution which the middle class has effected in the aspect of the object of life, proves conclusively that democracy must be the prevailing idea. Absolutism, by forcing the classes into union, produced feudalism. The middle class, in uniting the classes by an ethical law, establishes industrialism. Under the old system, warfare exhausted the vital energies of the State; under the new, they are directed toward the maintenance of a universal peace. Do not the applications of electricity, do not the industrial exhibitions and the peace conferences produce grander and loftier emotions than did the battle of Waterloo? Indeed, so decided has been the revolution, both in theory and in practice, that he who would advocate an offensive warfare any longer would justly be condemned as a plotter against the spirit of the age. In the halls where once great minds expended their energies in formulating schemes of destruction—in those self same halls the greatest minds of the age are now employed in perfecting a system of democracy that shall proclaim peace --

"Peace in the whirling marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of peace, peace in all our homes
And all our hearts."

Read this in the annals of the dead: Within the last century, absolutism's greatest champion breathed his last on St. Helena's lonely isle. Later there came another, from the unknown forest of the west, who dared to voice the sentiments that burned in the hearts of an oppressed people—democracy's champion. Napoleon's tomb rises, tonight, cold marble where men admire the genius that could lead, but, finding nothing more, in forgetfulness they turn away; and if, perchance, in after years the memory of that scene rises up before them, they see in letters of fire only the words: "he made his way to empire over broken oaths and thru a sea of blood." Do you seek the monument of Lincoln? Go not, then, where he sleeps "with the stars for his windows, the sky for his roof," but come rather where patriotism's fires are burning, where every breath that ascends heavenward breathes his praise. Come to the heart of every lover of freedom and there bow at his shrine. Learn there the great lesson that democracy humanizes humanity and teaches it the ideals of individual and national utility.

The many forms of government that exist today may be summed up in two systems; the concentration and the distribution of power. The former is possible only where the social power is concentrated, the latter is possible only where the social power is distributed. As thus industrialism and commercialism, the two greatest factors in modern times, are diffusing the social power, a government based on this principle must eventually prevail.

European governments owe their strength to the spirit of democracy. The old forms characteristic of a primitive civilization are fast yielding to the new conditions that another order of society is imposing. In England, we see the triumph of democracy in the substitution of a new Commons for the old house of Lords, and in Germany by the increasing power of the Reichstag. Every effort on behalf of the race is likewise hastening the day of democracy's triumph. Art is placing its refinement, and science its learning, on the altar of human advancement. Scholars, artists and sculptors—those noble spirits that hold communion with the infinite and recognize the divinity within us—these all are consecrating their genius to the uplifting of the individual to a higher and nobler conception of his existence. The growth of public

opinion, the distribution of the social power, the change from feudalism to industrialism, from a destructive society to a constructive, are but combining forces paving the way for the wheels of democracy's conquering car. These were the causes that produced the American Constitution in which was realized the very culmination of democratic philosophy. That constitution found the individual on his knees before the shrine of an artificial aristocracy. It took him up, taught him the true principles of democracy, endowed him with the free exercise of his God-given faculties, crowned him with the spirit of patriotism and industry and bade him go, strong and free, to rule the world. By this constitution America has become the guide of the nations, "their cloud by day, their pillar of fire by night." Her institutions are standing ever living monuments to the worth, the wisdom and the excellency of democracy.

Although democracy has triumphed inasmuch as it has succeeded in crowning the individual, still the real day of its triumph has not yet dawned in all its glory. Corrupt forces there are on every side seeking to rob it of those principles for which it stands. Catholicism would remove freedom of thought, corrupt legislation would substitute the dross of selfishness for the spirit of altruism, European socialism would replace true equality by literal equality, failing to remember that if there is a single lesson to be gleaned from the long list of insolvent Utopias, it is this "human nature will never submit to have thrust upon it the externals of a literal equality." These opposing forces, however, are but contrary winds on the boundless, fathomless ocean of society seeking in vain to overwhelm that bark whose Helmsman had guided it safely thru a thousand storms. If there is one who doubts the ability of democracy to overcome these obstacles, let him remember that back of democracy stands the individual, and behind the individual stands God.

Archimedes once said, "had I a place on which to stand I would move the world by the mechanical power of the lever." How truly will this be realized in the case of democracy! When the Hand that has guided it thru all the ages shall place it where it rightly belongs—in the hands of the individual, not the political demagogue—then shall it have the power not only to move the world but even to link it with chains of gold to that great white throne on high. When that day comes kings shall descend from their thrones, and, bowing before the will of the individual, shall exclaim, "O democracy, purified democracy, thou shalt rule in our stead forever!"

THE REIGN OF LAW.

BY WILLARD REID, '04.

It is largely upon the wisdom and justice of the laws that the happiness or unhappiness of millions of people depends. Thus it follows that as nations have grown and governments have become more involved, many of the men of greatest intellect have spent their lives in making, interpreting, and executing the laws.

As men of different opinions, reared under different conditions, have come to this work, their ideas of good law and good government have naturally been opposed to each other. Thus different political parties have arisen, and various schemes for social reform have been agitated. The end desired by the several parties and by their leaders—apart from the mere political schemers—is the same, to secure such a government as will bring about better conditions. This might seem at first sight easy of accomplishment, since it is a result so much desired by all, but there are many things which stand in the way of reaching the desired end. Long established customs are hard to change; different classes attending solely to their own interests oppose each other; the leaders of the reforms cannot agree.

Some endeavor, with little change of the present government, to enact such laws as will relieve the existing troubles of society, stop the separation of families among laboring classes, shorten the working hours in some cases, prohibit child labor, bring better conditions of life among

the poor, and, in short, institute such changes as will place all mankind on a more even footing and promote the happiness of all classes. Those who are trying in this way to accomplish a reform regard the state, as it exists at present, as the proper mode of government, and only desire to make within it such changes as the times seem to demand.

But there are others who look upon the present government with disfavor. They would practically abolish it and found a government that would take charge of industrial production, and by a right control of it create better conditions among those who provide the supplies necessary to modern life. Men in general sympathize with the desire of the socialist in that he aims to secure better conditions, especially for the laboring classes, but many doubt the wisdom of such a reconstruction of the state as the socialist advocates. He would so control the production and regulate the distribution and consumption of wealth that the expense and waste of the present competitive system would disappear, that strikes would cease, that the poor laborer would no longer need to seek for work, and, yet, that the right to hold private property would not be abolished, and that the present liberty of the people would not be curtailed to any great extent. The socialist endeavors to accomplish his reforms by legitimate means, and even those who do not agree with him acknowledge that the socialistic movement

has been beneficial in pointing out to society at large some of the evils of the present.

Thus we see that the modern reformer hopes to attain his purpose by means of the state and the laws. The anarchist, alone, declaims against law. He would abolish government and trust society to reconstruct itself. He desires better things, but tries to obtain them by criminal methods, and he fails to see that he is trying to seize the pillars of state, and bring down the government in a ruin that will crush himself.

But after all, are the highest results to be obtained through law? Will law change a man in any respect? Is it more important to legislate in order that better economic conditions may result than to relieve distress where we see it, and to endeavor to instill the principles of a higher life? Must we wait until law makers agree before we try to help our fellow-men? No! Far from it! Important as are the laws pertaining to economic production, far more important is the application of the principles of brotherhood which so many profess to hold. "We do not need more new laws: what we need is a new spirit * * * a more real love of our fellow-man, more honesty * * * more unselfishness."

Must we say that this spirit of love, this generous devotion to the claims of God and man is but a vague and visionary idea? One who has made a careful study of economic problems says: "If one person out of every ten who call themselves Christians should actually guide his conduct by the precepts of Christianity, all reforms of a social nature which can now

be suggested would be speedily accomplished." Or must we conclude that all individual efforts for the relief of suffering humanity amount to no more than pouring water into a sieve? Mr. Brace, who devoted himself to the children of New York City, during his lifetime, was able to touch and improve three hundred thousand lives. Other men have been able to do almost as much.

The fulfillment of the law of love would then solve the economic problems which puzzle the statesmen of the land. But the difficulty lies in securing the fulfillment of this law. If those who think the good they might do in the world too little to be of any account would spend their lives doing the best they know how, it would be impossible to conceive the changes that would follow.

But important as the economic problems are, there are questions more important. The matter of right or wrong living precedes the problems of supply and demand. It has been said that, "Whether alone or one of a multitude, man fails not for lack of anything else than virtue." The promulgation of virtue, the putting into practice the law of love, the making real the brotherhood of man—these are the duties of those who desire better things for our land and for the world.

Nineteen hundred years ago on the hills of Galilee, a little company of rough men listened to the teachings of One before whom millions have since bowed in reverence. Then was begun a conquest of the world. There was no clash of arms, no din of battle. The kingdom He founded was a kingdom in the hearts of men—a kingdom of love. A new sense of the duty

of man to man was instilled in the human heart. At times the old nature of man has crowded it out and seemingly stifled it, but mid the harsh roar of competition and the din and crash of machinery, the feeling of brotherhood still exists and is growing stronger and spreading to those who have known it not.

This is the principle which would transform nations, elevate the poor, reform criminals, and separate men from the destructive lust for gold. Ruskin classed the man who makes money the chief end of life among the uneducated. If true education will overcome the sordid impulses of man and drive out that lust for gold which is responsible for the most of the evils of our time, let us not pause until we reach this. But true education is something more than information about many subjects; it is the development of character. As morality is more essential to character than learning, true education is not so much the imparting of knowledge,

as the instilling of the principles of virtue and love.

In spite of the cry of the socialist and social reformer, in spite of the ceaseless groan which goes up from the oppressed and downtrodden in all parts of our fair land, the present time is not one for discouragement or despair. The world is not growing worse. On the contrary, there has never been a time when so many people enjoyed so great a degree of prosperity and happiness, as at the present. Conditions *are* improving. The need of today is that all who love justice and truth shall join in the effort to secure better economic and moral conditions. Then the term, brotherhood of man, will cease to be a vain mockery, and the spirit of love and unselfishness will grow in all hearts. Then law, seated on her throne, will rule with truth and equity all people, for over law, and higher in authority than law, will be a power to guide and control her, a power to whom she will bow in submission and reverence—the power of love.



ONE OF MANY.

He was one of many who were spending their Saturday half-holiday on the ice. There had been splendid skating for over a week; the ice was smooth and thick, the air crisp,—an ideal day. Among so many young people you would scarcely have noticed Harry McPherson; for although he skated well, with strong sure strokes, there were many who attracted far more attention. You would have called him homely, unless you saw how his face lighted up

when he smiled; if you are fastidious, you would have found many things to criticise about him; yet you could not but admire his splendid physique and the air of independence and straightforwardness that characterized him.

I said the ice was good, and so it was, except that half a mile upstream a channel had been cut for the old ferry boat. It had not been cleared very well for the ferry was not much used since the First street

bridge had been completed; and there was a good deal of ice floating about in it—enough so that a sure footed man might possibly have crossed with care.

The afternoon wore along, and after a long skate down stream, McPherson turned over toward the landing opposite the place where the largest crowd was skating. He stood there a minute irresolute, trying to make up his mind whether to go home or to rejoin the skaters. As he gazed out over the ice, his eyes wandered to the ferry channel half full of floating ice. Suddenly a strange look came into his eyes, and a startled exclamation half burst from his lips. Up in the channel, among the cakes of ice, a boy's head could be seen, his face showing deathly white against the black water. Now and then he threw up an arm in a wild desperate way, dashing spray over his head. Evidently he had been in the water some time, and had been making a game fight for his life, but he was almost exhausted now.

McPherson cast a swift look at the merry skaters who seemingly, were unconscious of the boy struggling for his life a short half-mile away. But no, they were not all ignorant of the accident. He saw a group of wild young fellows from the mill laughing together and now and then casting significant glances toward the channel. Was it possible that the boy's own companions were letting him fight it

out for himself, and actually laughing at his mishap?

McPherson wasn't the kind that turns sick at sight or thought of such a thing. It was rather a feeling of rage that came over him. With a bound he shot off up the river with those same strong sure strokes that he always used; but they came quickly and sharply now, and his face wore the same look of determination that he used to have in a foot-ball game.

It didn't take long for Mac to get over that half-mile of ice. When he came to the edge of the channel he didn't stop, but just gave a queer jerk and landed on a cake of ice. Then he sprang to another, and so on—he slipped once or twice; but Mac always had his nerve when he needed it and pretty soon he was close beside the boy. The youngster was about ready to give up. His face was turned up white and ghastly, and his arms moved feebly. McPherson pulled him out in a hurry and started back. I don't know how they ever got back over the floating ice. It seems almost a miracle, but Harry never hesitated and he did it—somehow. By the time they got back on good ice, the crowd was beginning to gather, and they took care of the boy; they rubbed him, and soon had him alright again. McPherson? Oh he just mixed up with the crowd, like one of the many who were watching—one of the many did I say? Well, maybe I was right—he was a Westminster man.

'04.



MAY.—“He’s just crazy to marry me”
 Anna.—“He must be.”—Exchange,

EDITORIAL.

THE school year again draws to a close and we hail the approach of the Commencement season. It is a time which is constantly recurring but still is ever new, for it always brings a new class to the end of its college career and leaves new duties and responsibilities upon those who remain. It is a time which is rightly celebrated with festivities and rejoicing, for it marks another step forward in the march of progress. But there is sadness, as well, in the hearts of those to whom Commencement means the most, a feeling of regret at the thought of leaving behind them the college life with its tasks, its pleasures and its friendships. Fond visions will afterwards arise in their minds of the time when they were students together in Westminster; of the little village among the hills of Western Pennsylvania, beautiful in its summer foliage or its garb of winter whiteness and quiet and peaceful always, of the recitation rooms where they so often recited and indeed sometimes flunked; of chapel during vacant periods; of skating parties at the "Dam" or even of those good old times at "rough house" when the land-lady thought the house would surely collapse. Such a charm does distance cast about the pictures memory presents to view.

But let us look forward not back. There is a world waiting which is always in need of educated men and women; the strife between right and wrong, the only battle worth entering heart and

soul, is at its height; and everything points us forward to action admonishing us to "work for the night is coming." So let us take courage for the tasks which remain before us. To the class of 1903, which has now completed its course and passes out from among us we would extend our congratulations and bid it God speed. You are now enrolled upon the list of Westminster's Alumni. May the banner of your Alma Mater never be permitted to trail in the dust of unrighteousness or dishonour.



DURING the present year quite a number of improvements have been made upon and about the college, but the Gymnasium remains the same. It is a rather small building, as any one who has had occasion to use it knows, and modern equipment and conveniences are sadly lacking. The football eleven complain, and perfect right, of the equipment of the bath room; basket ball team, play fast ball on a floor of about half the regular size; and the baseball team patiently wait for Spring although they desire a cage. Westminster has held her own in Athletics but would certainly do better if she had a place in which the athletes might train. We have an Alumni who say they are interested in us and a Board which handles the money; with such backing, why can we not have a new up to date Gymnasium?

HOLCADES MIKRAL.

THERE'S a wail of disappointment in the air,
We can hear it whispered round most any-
where;
One and all who chance to meet you,
Will with these sad tidings greet you—
"Nothin' doin'!"

You can see them on the corners here and there,
With a look of resignation truly rare,
Standing in dissatisfaction,
With this utter lack of action—
"Nothin' doin'!"

There's a dearth of entertainment in the town,
There is not enough of work to keep us down;
So we hang round the corners,
Sitting in the seat of scorners—
Nothin' doin'!

So we hope and look and long for some diversion,
Which shall bring to us a cause for some exertion,
Something which will keep us busy,
Which will make us almost dizzy—
Somethin' doin'.

—o—

Miss Cochran believes in being Frank.

Miss G. says she Reids day and night.

Myrta—"Yes, I love him as much as
ever."

Mary Park says she is going to pro-
pose soon.

Miss Duncan—"I just adore jet
black hair."

May Alexander—"I've changed my
name already."

Miss Cochran—"I thought all birds
had red hair."

Why couldn't Mr. Bailey blush during
Senior vacation?

Prof. McL.—calling roll—"Miss Bard"
Miss B—"Come."

Mabel W—"Oh well, father has a
bank full of money."

Does Mr. Alexander usually tip his
hat to the fence posts?

Ask Reid Veazey if he ever saw an
onion skin around the corner.

Why should Prof. Achison know who
is Miss Culbert's "Dear One?"

Better take a life preserver the next
time you go to a picnic, Bailey.

Mary Park—"I like to go there, they
have such a lovely cozy corner."

Miss Culbert—"Oh, look at the mob
of boys. Goodness, we will be taken!

Ann McL—"I don't need to tell you
that I like Baldy, you all know that."

Miss Nesbit—"Nonsense, he will
know me no matter what hat I wear."

Miss C—"Well I'm sure I would
much rather be courted than married."

Mr. Bailey says he didn't come back
this term with the intention of studying.

What is that about Mr. Vincent's
having C_2H_5OH , (ethyl alcohol) on the
brain?

Miss Nesbit—"All the Latin I con-
strue is, amo, I love; rego, I conquer, scribo,
I write."

Miss Nesbit—"The only thing I know
about the whole thing is how to make
matches."

Anna P—standing before the mirror—
"Yes girls, I'm practicing smiles for Sen-
ior party."

We have been requested to ask if Mr. Getty always drives with the lines around the whip stock.

Mabel Welsh—"Well, I like my father and my brother and I'm not telling what other men."

Miss Culbert—"Now if you put that in the Holcad, I'll quit telling you the funny things I say."

Baldinger says he intends to get preacher's rates from Allegheny to Mercer by way of New Wilmington.

Miss Alexander—"It was so dark I could not tell whether Mr. Atchison was in the buggy or not."

Agnes B. thinks it is the most natural thing in the world that a girl should want to get married.

Miss—"Prof. Barnes, I came to get a Lucydides book." Prof B—looked blank and then handed her a Thucydides.

Mary Park—"I'm not going to work in the studio all morning for I want some vacant hours to sit on the campus."

Miss Culbert—"I'm going to have a golden wedding myself still I believe I would rather have a real wedding."

May wishes people to distinctly understand that at the tennis tournament she shouts for Audley and for him alone.

Miss Nesbit—describing her return from Grove City—"It was dark and it rained and that's all I know about it."

For the benefit of one of our brilliant Senior boys, we will state that as a general thing butter is not made from buttermilk.

Dutch McC—appearing with an evaporating dish at the stock room window,

"Veazey, I want this dish full of hydrogen sulphide."

Miss G—after having taken a walk with Mr. Reid—"Well we don't have to tag along after you. It is a trifle more pleasant—."

Mr. B. taking pictures—I wonder why it is that I can see Pete but can't see Agnes

Agnes—"Oh well it doesn't matter; we are one you know."

Just a word, a smile
A shake and then
Another word, a smile—
And gone again.

Miss Nesbit—"When you pass carbon dioxide into this solution, do you just blow into it or do you treat marble with hydrochloric acid?"

Robert thinks he would be saved a vast amount of labor if they would allow him to put a telephone between the front door and Miss Lytle's room.

This is Reid Veazey's latest pun. He says he went into a restaurant not long ago and saw a sign "No Loafing," and he decided it meant they had no bread.

Mr. Reid says he used to be afraid of girls who play basket ball, for he heard that when they get angry they are terrible fighters. However, recently he has changed his mind.

A youngster was coming up street with a roll of wire netting drawn over his head and the end resting on his shoulders, and was whistling merrily. In a fatherly way Jack Cameron addressed him: "Don't whistle sonny, you'll strain your voice."

It was at the tennis tournament and they had just called the score "Love one."

When Miss Wright remarked with a knowing air: "As if you could love two."

But Mr. Deevers was not so sure about that. We would like to inquire if he speaks from experience.

Echoes from the Senior picnic—"It is so much nicer with just two in the boat."

"What a lovely seat and it is just large enough for two."

"Oh my hands!"

"Heavens Hervey, get me out of this!"

"I haven't been in the water for two years."

"Pick the mud out of my eye."

"It is a very pleasant sensation indeed it are."

"Throw a plank to me, can't you fellows."

The recently elected members of the Lecture committee to take the places of R. M. Jamison '03, and J. M. McCalmont '03, are F. C. Davidson '05, from Adelphic and J. C. Stranahan '05, from Philo. The

course for next year has been arranged and includes lectures by George R. Wendling, W. M. Chandler, H. G. Turbay, G. A. Gearhart, a demonstration of the properties of liquid air, and concerts by the Chicago Ladies and the Fadette orchestra. The officers of the committee are President F. J. Warnock '04, Secretary and Treasurer, A. D. Stewart '04.

The honor list and awards of commencement parts were announced this week Justus Clyde Gilfillan of Eastbrook, receives highest honors in the classical course and will deliver the valedictory on commencementday. Mr. Gilfillan's average grade for four years is 98.84. Miss Ada Christine King of Galt, Ont., stands highest in the Scientific course and will give the salutatory. Miss Eleanor Vincent of Youngstown is second in the classical course, and Miss Florence Thompson of Wheeler second in the scientific. The graduating class numbers thirty nine, thirty of whom complete the classical course, four the scientific and five the literary. There will be one graduate each in Music and Elocution.



ALUMNI NOTES.

Rev. G. W. Bovard, '90, has entered upon his new duties and been installed pastor of the Brown avenue church, Erie.

Rev. J. C. Roe, '71 of Kenton, O., expects to leave next month for an extended tour through Europe, Egypt, and Palestine, requiring a year or more to make the journey.

Miss Ina M. Hanna, '94, formerly a member of the college faculty, is reported as having completed a successful years work as Professor in Physical Geography in the High Schools of Seattle Wash. Her aunt, Mrs. S. R. Thompson, of New Wilmington, will spend the summer with her.

Miss Letitia Elliott, '99, has returned from McKeesport having completed her work in the public schools there.

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Vincent, '69, of Youngstown, visited his son, G. C. Vincent '04, and his daughter, Miss Eleanor Vincent '03, recently.

Rev. D. R. McDonald, D. D., '81 delivered the Memorial Day address before the Jefferson county, Ohio, Soldier's Monumental Association.

J. Vance McKelvey, '02, who has for the past year been a member of the faculty of Norfolk College, Norfolk, Va., has returned to his home in New Wilmington where he will spend his vacation.

Miss Edith Taylor, '95, a student of Bryn Mawr college, will be a candidate for A. M. at our coming commencement. Her thesis will be published in the July number of the American Chemical Journal. Mrs. Zerelda McCoy, '61, is also a candidate.

Miss Elizabeth Duncan, '98, concerning whom mention has previously been made in Alumnae columns, died in Greely, Col., May 29, where she has been for some months endeavoring to regain her health. During her course here Miss Duncan was a very popular young lady, and was the first lady editor-in-chief of the Holcad.

It seems proper that we should make mention also of the death of Mr. Hugh J. Murdock; President of Murdock, Kerr & Co., Inc., publishers of the United Presbyterian. Mr. Murdock was for some time a student of Westminster, during which time he assisted in the publishing of the Westminster Herald, and when the paper was merged into The United Presbyterian in 1858, he formed a relationship with this journal which continued until his death.

Walter Adams, '02, a student in the Medical Department of the Western University at Pittsburg, has returned to his home in Mercer, where he will spend his summer vacation.

Frederick J. Taylor, '96, a member of the Mercer Academy faculty, has handed in his resignation to the board of trustees. He intends to enter business with his brother in Homestead.

The Rev. R. C. Allen '75, has recently published a booklet on "Rights Human and Divine." that is meeting with very general approval. We wish the author success in his new work.

During the past few weeks the following marriages among the alumni have been recorded:

May 29, 1903, Miss Madge Conway '02 of West Sunbury and Rev. W. H. McPeak '99.

Miss Mae Balfe, Butler, and Rev. C. H. Williamson '00, Cochranston.

Miss Margaret Stunkard, Eastbrook, and Mr. James G. Smith, New Castle.

Miss May Carson, West Middlesex and Rev. S. A. McCollam, '00.

June 10, Miss Alice Fairfield '00, New Wilmington and R. C. Thompson '01.

May 12, Miss Theodosia E. Byers '00 of Cooperstown and Chas. Webb King of Wilmington, Del.

Invitations have also been sent out for the wedding of Miss Ethel Frampton '99, West Middlesex and Rev. H. C. Chambers '99.

Miss Estelle Spencer '00 New Wilmington and Rev. A. H. Baldinger '00.

We should be glad to publish a similar column for our alumni each month.

Breaden McElree '96, will be in town this summer and will tutor any students wishing to make up back work.

Services in connection with the dedication of the U. P. church of Freeport Pa. W. E. Purvis '88, pastor, are announced for June 14.

Among graduate visitors during the past few weeks are: M. C. Wright, '02, Cleveland; W. T. McCandless '01, A. B. Reid '01, A. H. Baldinger '00 of Allegheny; W. S. Montgomery '02, of Sharon; J. M. Cameron '01, Pittsburg; Miss Mary Snodgrass '00 and H. G. Snodgrass '02 West Middlesex; E. C. McFate ex '05 Oil City; T. A. Sampson '01, Fay.

At the Presbyterial Young People's Convention held in the 2d U. P. church on Tuesday, Dr. J. Q. A. McDowell '78 of New Castle was the principal speaker for the afternoon session. Among other al-

umni at the convention were: Miss Emma Campbell '93; Rev. H. C. Chambers '00, O. W. Raney '98, Sharon, Miss Sara Gealey ex '04 and Clarence Pollock ex '04, both of Plain Grove, Miss Hannah Peebles '92 Harlansburg.

Scarcely has any event of suffering during the year awakened a more general feeling of sympathy than that which recently occurred in Allegheny. On Saturday, May 23, W. R. Irons, '87, died at his home in Allegheny, after three days illness from pneumonia. The mother took her bed Sabbath and Miss Flora J. Irons, '87, the following day and died Wednesday. The mother joined her children in death Thursday. All their lives the three had lived together, Mrs. Irons living in New Wilmington when her children were in college, and even now they are not separated.



MUSIC AND ART.

The art exhibit will be held Tuesday, afternoon and Wednesday morning in the parlor of the Ladies Hall.

The first of the performances of Commencement week was Thursday afternoon at 2:30 when Miss Warner's pupils gave a piano recital in the chapel.

The art department closes a very successful term this week. The studio has been full of interested students and the work done has been of high order.

Among the pieces lately finished are studies of violets and iris in still life by Miss Kate Elliott; beautiful sketches of pansies by Misses Criswell and Park; and water scenes by Misses Mitchell, Warner and Robertson.

Tuesday afternoon the recital of J. McConnell Weddell graduate in piano will be given.

Monday night the term concert by the Chorus class will be given in the Presbyterian church. In the first half the chorus class will give the song of the Vikings by Faning, and the ladies' chorus, Kuecken's Barcarolle, Prof. Peterson and Miss Gertrude Clark will sing solos, Mr. Whitney Hubner will render some violin solos. In the second half, Concones, Mass in F will be given by the full chorus.

Saturday evening, the graduating recital of our first graduate in elocution was given by Miss Martha Warner assisted by

Mr. M. Luther Peterson, Miss Ethel Wright
and Mr. T. A. Craig.

The program is as follows:

Andante a min.	(a) - -	<i>F. Schubert</i>
Waltz,	(b) - -	
	MARY SHAFFER.	
Album Leaf,	- - - -	<i>Kirchner</i>
	MARY SHARPE.	
Donce Langueur	- - - -	<i>W. Aletter</i>
	ESTER PORTER.	
Simple Confession,	- - - -	<i>Thome</i>
	ERMA GRAHAM.	
A Merry Song,	- - - -	<i>MacDowell</i>
	MARY MCCALMONT.	
Song Without Words,	- - - -	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
	HAZEL HINES.	
Valse D Flat,	- - - -	<i>Chopin</i>
	EDNA RAMSEY.	

The direct relation of music is not to ideas, but to emotions—in the works of its greatest masters, it is more marvelous, more mysterious than poetry.—H. Giles.

The Butterfly,	- - - -	<i>Grieg</i>
	MAY MCKELVEY.	
Scene de Ballet,	- - - -	<i>Chaminade</i>
	HOMER METZ.	
Murmuring Zephyrs,	- - - -	<i>R. Niemann</i>
	ELIZABETH LEASURE.	
Spinning Song,	- - - -	<i>Von Wilm</i>
Serenade,	- - - -	<i>Widor.</i>
	HELEN FERGUSON.	
Impromptu,	- - - -	<i>Reinhold</i>
	MAY MCKELVEY.	



LITERARY SOCIETIES.

CHRESTOMATH

The society has closed a very successful year. Quite a number of new members were taken in through-out the year and the society is in a very prosperous condition. The programs have not only been entertaining but instructive as well.

One of the most interesting, was a musicale,

It was composed entirely of solos, duets, essays on music and biographical sketches of different noted musicians.

The members answer to roll call, every evening with a quotation from an author chosen for the evening.

One of the most notable improvements has been in the impromptu class.

We have been glad to see so many visitors and hope that we may have more next year.

LEAGOREAN.

Leagorean Society closed a very successful year June 1. Much interest and a high standard of excellence have been maintained. Hour and a half meetings have been held and good programs rendered each week. In the winter term the society represented "The Ladies of Cranford" very successfully. Many of our best workers leave us in this year's class. May their future careers be as successful as have their past.

ADELPHIC.

The record of the Adelphic Society for the past year has been very encouraging. The attendance throughout the year has been quite regular, even in the Spring term, and the members have done very faithful work. At the last meeting of the society short farewell addresses were given by two members of this year's Senior class. We regret that more of the Senior members were not present, for we are sorry to see them leave.

PHILOMATH.

At the beginning of this college year the membership of Philo was small owing to the large number that went out in the class of 1902. But the ranks have been filled up with new members and during the past year the work done by Philo rivals that of any former year.

The contest work this far through the

year has proved to be a source of pleasant recollections to the members of Philo and we are hopeful that last year's story will be repeated concerning the Adelphic—Philomath contest at Commencement.

The last meeting of the year was held June 8. In place of the regular program, each of the senior members present was given an opportunity to make a farewell address. The following officers were elected to enter upon their duties the first of next year: President, John Lytle, '04; Vice President, Joseph Mawhinney '06; Recording Secretary, Wm. Mercer '05; Assistant Rec. Sec., Walter Scott '05; Corresponding Secretary, Ralph McKelvey '07; Marshal, Homer Metz '05.



Y. W. C. A.

A joint campus meeting of the Christian Associations was held on Tuesday evening June 2. The meeting was in the hands of the Seniors and those who will carry on the work in the future should take encouragement from the testimony of these tried workers. In addition to the addresses of the Seniors short talks were given by A. B. Reid and W. T. McCandless both of the class of '01 now in Allegany seminary. May our Associations ever stand for what is highest in college life so that those who go out from us in the future may say as these have said that it was well for them to have been here

The convention of the Y. P. C. U. of Mercer Presbytery and the Christian Associations of the college was a great success and of mutual benefit to both societies. In the afternoon session, addresses were given by Rev. S. W. McKelvey of Mercer, and Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell of New Cas-

tle. In the conference, short talks were given by Revs. Green of Sharon, Thompson of New Wilmington, Mackey of Sharon Ritchie of Plain Grove, Prof. Margaret McLaughrey, Mr. F. S. Thompson, Mr. Hilderbran, and Miss Loretta Mitchell. The evening address was given by J. Campbell White.

—o—

Y. M. C. A.

On Tuesday evening June 2, the last meeting of the year was held. It was a joint meeting with the Y. W. C. A., and was given into the charge of the seniors. Of course it was good—all the Y. M. C. A. meetings are,—but this one seemed especially impressive. We lose many loyal workers when this class graduates, but their words of encouragement at that last meeting will linger with us for a long time. On the evening of June 9th in connection with the Y. P. C. U. convention of Mercer presbytery J. Campbell White gave us a splendid missionary address. He says Westminster must furnish one hundred workers for our mission fields within the next six or seven years. That means that we must have more interest in missions and especially in mission study than ever before.

In connection with about one hundred and fifty other colleges Westminster has agreed to endeavor to double the enrollment in Bible classes during the coming year. There have been about sixty in our classes this year; and the same courses will be conducted next year. C. C. Adams '05, is chairman of the Bible study committee.

During the past few weeks some very encouraging subscriptions have come in for our building. Among others there is one of \$500 another of \$200. Altogether, about \$5000 has been subscribed by the college and community. We hope to receive many more good subscriptions during commencement week.

WESTMINSTER'S BASKET BALL TEAM, 1903.



First Row: Aiken, Manager Christy, Russell.

Second Row: Elliott, Captain Lambie, Freetly, Stewart.

Third Row: Deevers, Moore.

ATHLETICS.

ALLEGHENY DEFEATED.

WESTMINSTER

WINS FIELD AND TRACK MEET.

The dual field and track games at Meadville May 19 under the auspices of Allegheny college were won by Westminster 58-28. Allegheny winning first place in only three events. Particulars follow:

100-yard dash—First, Clark, Allegheny; second, Stewart, Westminster; third, Ransom, Allegheny. Time 10 1-5 seconds.

High jump—First, Witherspoon, Westminster, second, Reno, Westminster; third, Harris, Allegheny. Height, 5 ft.

Half mile run—First, Lambie, Westminster; second, Thompson, Westminster; third, Harris, Allegheny. Time, 2 min., 25 2-5 seconds.

16 pound shot put—First, Morrow, Westminster; second, Tennant, Westminster; third, Lewis, Allegheny. Distance, 30 feet, 7 1-2 inches.

220-yard dash—First, Clark, Allegheny; and Stewart, Westminster, tie; third, Lambie. Time, 22 3-4 seconds.

16 pound hammer throw—First, Morrow, Westminster; second, Long, Westminster; third Lampe, Allegheny. Distance, 78 feet, 3 inches.

Broad jump—First, Clark, Allegheny; second, Tennent, Westminster; third, Mitchell, Allegheny. Distance 19 ft. 7 in.

One mile relay—Won by Westminster in 3 minutes 36 seconds.

Pole Vault—First Jackson, Allegheny; second, Lambie, Westminster; third, Yourd Westminster. Height, 8 ft. 6 in.

One mile run—First, Scott, Westminster; second, Mansell, Allegheny; third, Knox, Westminster. Time 5 min., 26 1-2 seconds.

H. Lambie '06, has been again elected Captain of the Track Team.

BASE BALL.

The Westminster nine the Allegheny team on college field met May 18. Allegheny won 16-12. The batting of Comfort for the Meadville nine deserves mention. Moore and Stranahan had three double plays to their credit. D. McBride made a two-base hit and Ramsey had a home run. Umpire, Mr. Breaden McElree.

G. Nevin '05, and Willard Reid '04, have been elected Track Manager and Base ball Manager respectively.

The Waynesburg nine met a severe defeat on college field May 22. Westminsters leading by a score of 8-2. The visitors narrowly escaped a shut-out. Clutter was hit freely by our players, and after five innings was obliged to give place to Welch. McBride pitched a remarkably clever game not allowing the visitors a hit or a base until the sixth inning. Stranahan had a double play unassisted. The score follows.

Westminster	R	H	P	A	E
E. Tennens, r.....	1	1	1	0	0
Moore, 2.....	2	1	1	3	1
Roberts, 3.....	1	1	0	3	1
D. McBride, c.....	1	1	8	0	0
Ramsey, s.....	1	1	1	1	3
E. McBride, p.....	1	0	2	2	0
Stranahan, l.....	1	2	10	1	0
Stewart, 1.....	1	1	3	0	0
D. Tennent, m.....	0	1	1	0	0
Totals	9	9	27	9	5

Waynesburg	R	H	P	A	E
Inghram, s.....	1	1	1	1	2
Flanigan, 2.....	0	0	3	1	0
Flowers, 1.....	0	0	10	1	0
Fleniken, m.....	0	0	0	1	0
Cowen, 3.....	0	1	2	2	2
Call, c.....	0	1	6	0	0
Murdoch, r.....	0	1	0	0	4
Miller, l.....	1	0	4	0	0
Clutter, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Total	2	4	21	6	4

Summary--Two-base hits, Roberts, Cowen; three-base hits, D. McBride, Stewart. Struck-out, by Clutter, 3, by McBride 8; Double play, Stranahan. Batteries, Clutter, Welsh and Call, E. McBride and D. McBride. Umpire, Mr. B. McElree.

Grove City nine and Westminster nine met at Grove City May 23 for the first time since 1898, and in a most interesting game our nine lost to Grove City 8-4. McBride in spite of the severe test of two hard games in succession pitched a steady consistent game and with the exception of two disastrous innings was given creditable support. It was the errors made in these two innings that cost us the game.

The teams were well supported. The blue and white of old Westminster being very much in evidence.

Westminster defeated Sharon, May 30 on the latter's ground by the score of 12-4. McBride pitched a good game allowing the Sharon team only six hits. Our nine with a single exception hit Howell freely. Moore leading with three hits. The "boys" report most gentlemanly treatment on the part of the Sharon team. Aside from winning, the game was most satisfactory in many respects.

Our nine in a good practice game, June 2, defeated Sandy Lake 21-1. The Hoffman battery for Sandy Lake was ineffective our players batting Hoffman at will. McBride allowed the visitors but

three scattered hits. An error in the first inning was the only thing that saved Sandy Lake from a shut-out

Summary. R. H. E.

Westminster 6 2 1 0 2 1 4 2 3 21, 19, 1

Sandy Lake 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1, 3, 2

Home run. Roberts 2. Stewart.

3 base hit. Moore, Stranahan, D. McBride Sub. Deever.

Battery, Westminster, E. McBride, D. McBride.

Sandy Lake, Hoffman and Hoffman.

The Tennis Tournament is attracting considerable attention. Thus far the results are as follows:

In the first round Alexander won from Russell, Bailey from D. J. Moore, Reid from Yourd, Porter from Campbell, Deever from Mercer, Porter from Deever, Tennent from Vincent, Long from Getty, Cochran from Mathiot and Smith forfeited to Sampson. In the second round Alexander won from Bailey, 6-2, 6-1; Porter from Reid, 6-0, 6-0; Tennent from Long, 4-6, 6-2, 6-1; and Cochran from Sampson, 7-5, 5-6, 6-0; In the semi-finals, Porter won from Alexander, 6-2, 6-3; and Tennent from Cochran, 6-0, 6-0.

In the doubles, Alexander and Deever won from Russell and Moore, 6-2, 6-2; Long and Freeman won from Campbell and Yourd, 6-2, 6-8; Stewart and Tennent won from Newmyer and Porter, 6-4, 6-3; Bailey and Getty won from Vincent and Reid, 6-3, 6-2. In the semi-finals Stewart and Tennent won from Bailey and Getty, 6-3, 4-6, 6-0.

In the finals, Tennent won from Porter. Tennent then met Stewart and

defeated him in a contest for the championship.

The finals for doubles have not been played off at present writing. The contestants are; Freeman, Long, Stewart and Tennent.

SECOND TEAM GAMES.

Westminster 2d played Mercer May 21 on the latter's ground and lost by the close margin of 8-7.

Our second team nine met West Middlesex, May 23 and defeated them by a score of 14-2.

The New Castle High School met our second team on college field May. 29, and in an exciting twelve inning game defeated our players 10-5.

Westminster 2d gave Slippery Rock team a decided defeat June 5, on the Slippery Rock ground. The game ended 9-1 in our favor.



EXCHANGES.

A sure way to turn peoples' heads—go late to church. Ex.

"What was the baby crying about just now?" "Freddie was trying to make him smile with the glove stretcher." Ex.

The editorials in the Blairsville college Journal for June are well worth reading.

There is a well written article in the Grove City collegian on the "New Elocution."

Allegheny College is making extensive improvements in its gymnasium.

"Its all up with me," said the umbrella.

"How sew?" asked the needle.

"It was this weigh." began the scale.

"Oh, come off." said the button.

"Hit him." said the hammer.

"I'll stand by you," said the easel.

"You can count on me," said the slate.

"Take that," said the pill.

"Its all over now." said the ceiling.

"I'll keep shut hereafter," added the umbrella sadly.—Ex.

Teacher: "How dare you swear before me?"

Pupil: "How did I know you wanted to swear first?"—Ex.

All words, if deeds be lacking, are vain and unprofitable.—Demosthenese.

THE WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG.

Over all mountain tops is rest

In all the tree-tops

You perceive scarcely a breath;

The little birds silent

in forest:

Wait a little: soon you

shall rest also.

GOETHE.

The Hiram College Advance, special Inter-State Contest number, is of especial interest. It contains eleven orations by college students from eleven different states. Distinguished Eastern and Western educators acted as judges of the contest. The criticism on the winner, a student of Beloit college Wis. is worthy of note. "His delivery was marked by simplicity, distinctness and clearness of thought, with a steady march towards the climax."

The Intercollegian (Y. M. C. A.) for May contains a list of "Sailed Volunteers." Among the names are: Miss Zella Mitchell '01, Rev. George H. Seville '98 and R. G. Deevers '02.

THE HOLCAD.

THOMAS ASHMORE



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THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XXIV.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., ^{SEPTEMBER} OCTOBER, 1903.

No. 1.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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PILATISM.

FRED. J. WARNOCK, '04.

(Winning Oration Inter-Society Contest, June 19, 1903.)

A DARK and troubled night had lifted from Jerusalem; black clouds still hung threateningly over the city; but beneath them the rising sun sent forth its beams in all their Syrian splendor, bathing the oriental city in a golden light and glistening and dancing on the marble pillars and walls of a luxurious palace. Within the portal of this palace—in the hall of justice was a man on whose haggard face were depicted traces of a great struggle. Pilate, too much agitated to sit upon the judgment seat, stood looking irresolutely out over the vast and lawless mob gathered below him. He knew that the man arraigned before him was innocent. Three times had he leaned out over the parapet and tried to still the fury of the frenzied throng, saying: "I find no fault in him;" but each time their cries became wilder until the palace trembled with the tumult. For a time the ruler stood pale and motionless—undecided—justice battled with injustice; Pilate battled with Self, but in his hesitation Self gained the mastery and Pilate sank overthrown, for his weakness to be pitied and scorned by all succeeding generations.

Ever has this principle of indecision in the individual proved his downfall; ever has it caused him to lay aside his oars and drift toward the maelstrom in the seething tide of which all human effort is vain; in

the potentate ever has it caused the innocent to suffer, the inferior to be oppressed, the weak to be trampled on and bruised. Lack of decision has lost many a great cause, has changed the fate of nations, has failed in everything, has accomplished nothing. To be undecided is to allow the the powers of evil to concentrate, to creep in and choke out the good. To wait is to fall.

Man sits upon the judgment seat of his own life. Right comes up beside him and lifts its immaculate face to him in earnest appeal. He knows that he should take his stand by the side of right; but round-about him a thousand evil voices set up a wild wierd clamor in his ears, crying: "Away with him!" He turns from right and in that turning changes perhaps his own and others' destiny. Would he decide now those thousand hideous voices that grate so harshly upon his senses would be hushed in silence—those demon forms that loom up before him would shrink, subdued, from his sight. But when he stands irresolute, they are encouraged, their numbers increase, wilder and louder rises their clamor, until his eye is dimmed and his ear deafened to Justice.

Pausing before the door of the gilded saloon; halting to hear the strains of sweet music and to inhale the fragrance of the flowers blooming at the doorway of vice; failure to decide against the voices that call and the spirits that beckon to evil indul-

gences causes many a flower of manhood to waste in its early budding.

Failure to decide on a definite purpose, idly drifting without a course to pursue or guiding star to follow, has shattered a thousand proud fleets on life's great main. Out of the past rise their hulks, spectre-like, to greet us; every billow rolling shoreward bears one on its crest; and everywhere on the sands of time the bones of these sad wrecks lie bleaching. They have listened to the admonitions to choose or avoid this channel or that, without choosing any; they have gazed into the entrances to the different ways, but overwhelmed by the dangers, they there see, have glided on into greater dangers ahead. Perhaps they have started upon some course with flying streamers and brilliant banners, yet when the first storm has broken over them; when the opposing current has begun to impede their progress, or many voices cry out against them, they have fallen back, and ceasing all effort have let themselves be buffeted hither and thither and finally wrecked.

Passing on from the individual into that which effects the masses, we yet find Pilateism and its ever disastrous results in the leaders and rulers of today. Chiefs who crouch and cower before great issues afraid to decide justly; themselves ruled by demons about them; permitting atrocious crimes to pass, unpunished, before their eyes; washing their hands and saying: "I am innocent," forgetful that the stains upon their souls they can never wash away; sacrificing great and just principles because they lack the courage and the character to stand up and say: "I decree it thus."

In the book of our nations' deeds their is the one dark stain of slavery, for which this principle is in a measure responsible. To be sure slavery was born with the nation. The slave-ship spread its black sails to catch the same breeze that wafted the Pilgrim bark into harbor. Yet think ye not that those who afterward came into authority saw this monster that had crept in, now reaching out farther and farther, coiling its clammy folds, octopus-like, about the root and fibre of our nation? Aye, scanning the horizon of the future, they saw its awful results, or looking out over the nation—all along through its dread reign they saw it as it existed: millions groaning in fetters and carrying upon their upturned faces the same pitiful appeal that Pilate read upon the face of the accused Messiah. They beheld the crimson flow drawn not by sword or cuirass but by the lash. They heard the shriek of the slave-woman bending beneath its cruel stroke; the outburst of anguish from lips parched with thirst; from hearts torn asunder when babe was snatched from its mother's breast; husband dragged from home and all its endearment; mothers taken from their children and sold away to away to toil and suffer and die; family ties forever sundered. Aye, they saw all this. These vivid pictures of slavery and its horrors plead with men, yet they hesitated—they listened to the voices that urged on the crime; they failed to decide for justice, saying whenever a storm seemed impending: "We will compromise." Thus by indecision, slavery's chains were allowed to be forged so strong that in their breaking the smoke rolling up from the battlefield obscured the form of Liberty

through four long, doubtful, anxious years, in which the nation's blood was drawn forth to flow in rivers, and valley and hillside of the Southland were dotted with graves of the fallen.

Indecision proves today as it has ever proved—disastrous. O, why will men not profit by the experience of the past? It is cowardice that urges to delay in deciding for justice.

"They are slaves who dare not speak
For the fallen and the weak:

* * * * *

They are slaves who dare not be
In the rights with two or three."

And yet there is an other element in this, the same that dwelt in Pilate of old, when he feared to act lest he lose his throne. The same that has prompted many a potentate since that day to turn from the cries and groans and tear stained faces of the suffering, and listen to the fiendish demands of those who call for innocent blood; the same which at the so-called bar of justice frees the monied murderer while it consigns to the dungeon's gloom, the poor unfortunate who has stolen a loaf of bread or a lump of coal, to feed or warm a sick wife or a starving child; the same that actuates the politician of today to regard not that which will make country and fellowmen purer and better, to look not upon the number of souls chained down to languish and die, but to rest his eyes upon the glittering lucre. It is self—cruel self. Self plays an important part in Pilatism. Away with this from our nation. Let us have pure men in authority. Let us have more of that principle for which one hanged on Calvary's dread cross—the principle that loves home more than self, country more than home, fellowmen more than country.

Then over against Pilatism, weak and cringing, let us have decision which stands grand, colossal, overtowering. Not that contumacious obstinacy that will hold even to a wrong thing for the sake of holding; not that decision which lacks principle; but that decision that will sacrifice self for the general good; that will face the dagger's point for truth and justice; that, with its eagle eye sweeps out over an appalling situation, listens to the pleading of justice, and stands by its side, in spite of dangers that threaten, and bribes that tempt.

True decision does not stand alone, for back of it must be moral character and back of moral character is the home. In the home are laid the principles of the power that moves the world.

O, Home, thou sacred institution of training, within thy bounds are lodged the influences that, breathed abroad, sift out the chaff, and leave the golden grain; upon thy altars burns the incense whose fragrance reaches heaven; out from thy fires radiate the beams which penetrate and illuminate the darkest realms of ignorance and sin and by thy heart throbs the life tide is sent coursing out through the state, the nation, yea throughout humanity, carrying away that which is waste and dead, putting in its stead life, new and quick and pure.

Yes, the source and secrets of proper decision which men must know in order to cultivate it, are found in the home and in its blessed teachings.

And what has decision done that it should be so extolled? While Pilatism has been the arch enemy of man, decision has been his friend. The one, creeping into Eden's garden, brought sin and all its griefs

the other has overcome sin and redeemed the world.

How have the strongholds of tyranny and oppression ever been battered down but by decision? What victory has ever been won, or what great struggle in humanity's caused gained without its aid?

It was this decision in Martin Luther that caused him to rebel against the customs of the church, it was this decision in the American colonists that gained them their freedom.

Decision started the movements that obliterated slavery, it brought forth from the dust and ashes of the Old South the magnificent New; it crushed the tyrant hand that tortured bleeding Cuba. Decision took its stand with the patriots at Concord and Lexington, and waved the flag of triumph over Yorktown. It turned defeat into victory at Winchester, fought with our soldiers above the clouds at Look-out Mountain and rode upon our proud eagles at Appomattox.

Decision led our conquering fleet

through the perils of Manilla Harbor rushed our troops up the bullet-swept slopes of San Juan Hill and guarded the graves of our ancestors from the foeman's tread. Decision drafted the Declaration of Independence, guided the hand that wrote the Emancipation Proclamation, kept our union preserved, unbroken, unsullied. Aye, it has given our soldiers muscles of iron and our statesman hearts of truest steel.

Preserved and cultivated, this decision will keep our government from perishing; will lead our nation up above the deserted citadels of purpose once occupied by empires that have fallen, until we have conquered the world, not by swords and bayonets, but by intellects and ideas. To this end let men decide and in their decision, putting away self, be guided by conscience commonwealth and God. Let righteous decision prevail in subject sovereign and all, until upon the ruined battlements of wrong shall be raised the white walls of justice, holy justice; justice supreme and everlasting.



ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

IN Minnesota, about fifty miles from Minneapolis, toward the interior of the state, Frank Brent, the son of a prosperous wheat raiser was born. He had no brother and only one sister, Dorothy, who was younger than himself. He lived the free, happy life of the typical, country boy. He helped his father on the great wheat farm, and mounted on his pony Black Prince did numberless errands for

his mother, attended the public school and later a preparatory school in town twenty miles away. After he had graduated from the preparatory school he entered an eastern college. He was always of a reserved disposition and did not care for what other boys usually enjoyed. In the home frolics such as parties, picnics, sleigh rides (of which there are abundance in the free and healthy West) he usually took no part, or

if he did was usually a looker on. He preferred to stay at home and read or study. When he entered college at the age of twenty he was almost the handsomest man in the college and without doubt the manliest. He was tall and commanding looking with curling brown hair and his mother's dark eyes. His mother was a delicate, refined lady, now an invalid, who had taught her boy to be pure, noble, manly and sincere. After he entered college most of his time was devoted to his college work and he became a leader in all that was good and pure. The college temptations had no temptation for him. He knew that his father, mother and sister were making sacrifices for him at home and he would not waste his time. His room-mate, George Trundell, was a careless, fun-loving boy and was always coaxing Frank to join him in some fun or go with him in some of the swell college affairs. One evening he rushed into the room and said excitedly: "Say, Frank you're going to the Kappa Beta. Phi affair aren't you; it is going to be simply out of sight. You know you had a special invite." Frank looked up from his work and said, "No, I don't think I shall go." "Well you're the coolest fellow I ever saw. I wouldn't miss that for a ten. Why don't you make up your mind to go and invite Madge Crisswell to go with you? She is a mighty nice girl, all right and I don't think any of the other boys have asked her yet. I'd ask her myself if I weren't so badly gone on Nellie Criss. That sweetheart of yours at home will never know anything about it. Please do go, old fellow" "George you know I don't care anything about those fashionable

affairs and I don't know what you mean about my sweetheart at home, for I don't have any." "Well Frank I'm sure it isn't the girl's fault, for they make more fuss over you than any other fellow in college and invite you to everything they get up." Frank merely laughed and said: "Now George you're trying flattery, you know I have gone to a few of the social events and I really do not enjoy them. I suppose I'm not built that way." But we must not get the impression from this that Frank Brent was a mere book worm for he was not. He loved athletic sports as well as any of the boys and joined in them vigorously, and indeed was so good an athlete that he was on nearly all the college teams.

After he had been in college nearly three years he received word that his father had met with serious losses and that the great wheat ranch would have to be sold to meet all the obligations. This was a severe blow to Frank for it meant that he would be unable to finish his college course and follow his chosen career, that of medicine. However he hastened home to comfort his parents and sister and do what he could to retrieve his father's losses.

A rich brother of his father's in New York, hearing of their trouble, offered to advance as much money as was needed in order that the farm might not be sold and if Frank would come to wall street, New York this uncle promised him a position as his private clerk, thus giving him a chance to help his father repay the money they owed. He very thankfully accepted the position and the high salary and immediately went to New York City,

where he soon proved himself adapted to the career of a successful business man. It was not long until all the business men with whom he came in contact knew him to be perfectly honest, a man of his word, and one who could be trusted in every way. At the end of five years he and his father had paid back to his uncle all that they owed him. For ten years he remained in New York. During all this time he had lived at his Uncle's palatial residence on Fifth Avenue, and as his uncle grew old and feeble, at his request, assumed the responsibility of his business. His uncle's family consisted of a wife and one daughter, Gertrude, a beautiful society girl, wordly and selfish.

She loved Frank Brent with all the love of which her selfish heart was capable but he cared no more for her than he had ever cared for any woman which was not at all. Mr. Brent, his uncle died and on his death-bed left all his business in Frank's care and because he knew that Gertrude loved Frank he asked him as a last request that he marry Gertrude and since his uncle had done so much for him and he liked Gertrude as well as any woman he knew, he consented.

A short time after this he was called home by the sudden death of his father. He was obliged to remain at home and manage the farm and take care of his mother for his sister had long since married and gone to a home of her own.

On an adjoining farm lived the Widow Crosby a life-long friend of his mother's but now she was old and feeble and almost blind and a niece had come from Philadelphia to care for her in her last days. One

day some time after Frank had come home his mother said to him, "Frank have you been over to see Auntie Crosby (for so he had always called her) since you have come home? Jessie Crosby, her niece is with her. She gave up her work as a trained nurse in Philadelphia and came to make her aunt's last days brighter, you remember she used to live with her uncle and aunt when she was a child, for her father and mother died when she was a mere baby. She is the sweetest girl I have seen for many a day." "Yes mother I remember her, she was a little tot in public school the last year I went." A few days later he went over to see Auntie Crosby and while there met Jessica Crosby and was charmed by her fresh young beauty, her modesty, her intellectuality, and refinement. She had graduated from Bryn Mawr College with high honors and afterward from a training school for nurses. Frank Brent found in her his ideal of a woman and many were the evenings he spent at Widow Crosby's, many were the horseback rides they enjoyed over the smooth autumn roads he on his black thoroughbred "Grenadier" and she on a brown pony called "Topsy." Finally he awakened to the fact that he loved Jessica Crosby with all the passion of a noble nature that loves only once and that forever.

No day was complete unless he had seen and talked with Jessica. But when he awoke to the knowledge that he loved Jessica Crosby while he was engaged to his cousin Gertrude Brent, it could only bring him the most intense suffering. He was a gentleman and his engagement with Gertrude must be kept, although he knew if it were kept he should never be happy while

he lived. He knew it was not right that he should see Jessica again so he denied himself even a glimpse of her. He vowed that he should be the only one to suffer, that he would not make her care for him when it could only bring her pain, not happiness. After a year of suffering and silence he one day received a letter from Mrs. Brent, Gertrude's mother, informing him that Gertrude had freed him from

their engagement, for she was about to marry an Italian count, being ambitious to be called a countess. Frank threw down the letter with a fervent, "God bless the Italian Count," put on his hat, saddled "Grenadier" and rode over to Auntie Crosby's. A happy life was his although he had not dared to hope that he would ever be happy again.



EDITORIAL.

THE beginning of a new college year always affords theme for speculation in various directions, but the present occasion seems especially suggestive. The course of study has been somewhat changed and undoubtedly much improved by the addition of the new department of History and Sociology. It is with feelings of regret that we bid farewell to those of our teachers who will not be with us again this year, but we turn to those who come to take their places and extend to them our heartiest greetings. We would welcome also the incoming Freshman class and all the new students, greater in number than ever before in the history of Westminster. We welcome you to all of the various activities of the college: first to our classroom where the secret of success lies only in hard work; to the Literary Societies with which you may, if you will, connect the most pleasant memories of your college career; to the athletic and social life, for play must ever be mingled with work "to

insure the best results"; and to the Christian Associations, for with these is connected largely the religious and moral influence of the college. Identify yourself with the college life in all these ways and you will not only be helped yourself but you will help others.



We take the occasion to appeal again to our fellow-students for their support, both literary and monetary toward the "Holcad." A college paper, for which but a small proportion of the student body subscribes, can hardly be called a success. It cannot represent the college, as it is supposed to do, when so few of the real life of the college take an interest in it; nor can it reasonably be expected to pay for itself financially, with such a slim constituency. Now, it is taken for granted that all the old students know something of their college paper. It is intended to place a copy of the September number in the hands of every new student.

If the "Holcad" does not come up to your ideal, consider it your privilege, and duty as well, to lend a hand and make it better. At some time in the near future a personal canvass will be made for securing subscriptions and we hope that all will see fit to subscribe and afterwards to contribute, from time to time, of their best to the Literary, Local and other departments.



We all rejoice in Westminster's fair outlook for the future, and hope that she may soon be established upon the firm foundation of an ample endowment. But we cannot but look back with admiration upon the struggles of her supporters in the past, who toiled amid great obstacles to make her what she is; and it is with an irresistible feeling of the guidance of a divine providence that we see how she has always been a "small college" of very modest pretensions.



HOLCADES MIKRAI.

The "Just Out's" Lament.

If I only could go back,
 I don't care how, walk, ride in a hack,
 Or perhaps take the dusty Sharpsville
 All the way from Wilmington Junction,
 I'm sure I'd pay up my whole board bill;
 To study would be my chief function.
 I'm thinking—"To study" did I say?
 But there's got to be some time for play.
 An hour or two I suppose I'd be
 Up there "watchin'" on the foot ball
 ground
 Where they gave it so to old G. C.
 Just inside the track Tex runs around.
 And in the evening an hour or two
 We'd walk about with "nuthin to do"
 And then a happy crowd of us boys
 With fruits and cakes and things galore
 Would have a feast, and O! the joys
 Stopped by a tapping on the door.
 Then to our rooms and to our books.
 But tired, weary and sleepy looks

Would our Alma Mater be of any more lasting good, or would her friends love her any the more, if she were a Princeton, in the midst of a large and thriving populace, surrounded by all the modern improvements and also by all the modern institutions for evil which are always found to accompany these "facilities" in our cities, than as our own little Westminster, in little backwoods New Wilmington, where nevertheless so many of "the world's real aristocracy" live? "Greatness" is not always "bigness" or "richness;" and it is not the king's son, cradled in luxury and brought up amid temptations to indolence, who is so likely to become the strong man of the world, as is the rail splitter Lincoln, borrowing books he was too poor to buy, and reading them after his day's work by the light of the smoking pine knot.

Warn us it is time to put away
 All our heavy? troubles from our breast
 And sleep until past the break of day;
 But we've got to have some time to rest.

And if there is one thing on which I knock
 It is the bell at seven o'clock
 Another thing I can hardly see
 Is why they call on us every day,
 Or pass the question in chemistry
 If one can't answer just right away.

But all of the things that aren't fair
 "Haint anything" to not being there.
 "Nuthin" is altogether a snap
 As the older ones always tell us.
 They don't pour greatness into our lap.
 So what's the use of making such a fuss
 About the exams we've got to take
 And claiming they are all just a fake.

But O! it gives me such awful pain
 To think, I won't be back there again.

WANDERING WILLIE '03.

Miss Bard—"Oh I'm strong for the men."

Bess H.—"Well I can't remember my first blush."

Wanted—By a certain Hall girl, some one to pet her.

Reid Veazey says he can't spell because he is spell-bound.

Miss Grier—"Oh, these college cases! I'm going to get me one."

Mr. Reid—"Spoons seem to be necessary articles at receptions."

Dr. F. in Psychology, "Now can any one tell me what I know?"

One of the Freshman girls has decided that she could live on love.

Miss Culbert looking over the senior class—"Oh there's lots of us."

Miss Grier—I always take a spoon with me when I go to receptions.

McNary—"I am going to the Pulaski Fair, penniless or ante-penniless."

Earle wishes the new cases in the library would hurry up and begin.

Miss Little's definition of "Alliance"—"A joining together to work as one."

Florence B—"No you never can be sure of these men until you get them."

Miss Bard—"I would be much obliged if some one would walk down with me."

Wanted—By Dr. Campbell, either a footstool or a lower chair on the platform.

Why did Mae giggle when asked if Joe's name was "Mawhinney" or "Ma Honney?"

Miss Culbert looking at schedule—"Where is that stuff we are taking to that man?"

Reid Veazey thinks he will have to follow the example of his friends and get married.

Mr. Cochran has been anxiously inquiring the price of a five pound box of Reymer's.

Mr. McBride has been inquiring the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover.

Miss C.—"There a whole string of girls went up street and not one of them got a man."

For the benefit of new students we wish to say that as a general thing, ice cream is not served in a meat market.

Miss Duncan when asked the difference between an accepted and rejected lover said, "Oh I got mine long ago."

Mr. Bennett's favorite quotation from Longfellow—"Talk about affection being wasted, affection never was wasted."

Hereafter when Misa Greenawalt sends an important letter, she should be careful as to the position of the postage stamp.

Miss—"Oh Audley, your moustache tickles me half to death."

Audley—"Well, the fact is it tickles all the girls."

Miss Gealey—"I wish I had a Gibson man."

Miss Turner—"Well, I would take any kind."

Miss—"Yes, you pay your tuition to Veazey."

Miss M—"Who is this Beazey you've been talking about?"

We would like to inquire if Prof. McGill referred to the Missionary Home or

the Ladies Hall when he asked: "Is the Children's Home down across the hollow?"

At the second church social, Ruth and Bobbie carefully perused the sign "Any young lady who steps over this mop handle will never be married." They stood for a moment in silence, then smiled at each other and quietly turned away.

We have the honor of printing below, the latest production of Westminster's most illustrious poet, Mr. Audley Durand Stewart.

"A little spooning now and then
Delights the hearts of the best of men."

Any one wishing information either upon the meter or theme of the poem should consult the author.

Who would ever have suspected Mr. Adams to descend to such depths as these? The subject of prisons arose at the dinner table and some one remarked, "There is a

bridge of sighs in Pittsburg." Mr. A. then volunteered, "There is a bridge of greater size in New York."

That Westminster has many friends interested, in her welfare was plainly shown recently by the well filled tables at the gymnasium, where luncheon was served upon the arrival of the business men's excursion from Pittsburg. Faculty, students and townspeople helped to make the occasion one of pleasure. The college buildings and Dormitory were thrown open to the visitors. Thence they proceeded to the Athletic Field, where Football and Track Practice were going on. Toward the close of the afternoon all adjourned to the Chapel, where several of the visitors made short and pithy speeches. All our friends seemed to enjoy themselves and we sincerely hope the occasion was not one of pleasure alone, but that some of our needs may speedily be met.



ALUMNI NOTES.

MRS. MINA McELWEE GORDON, '87, died July 22 at the Sharon Hospital.

S. E. Phillips, '97 of Steubenville, O., is spending his vacation at the home of his father, Mr. A. M. Phillips in New Wilmington.

Rev. J. H. W. Cooper, '96 of Bellaire, O., and wife, Elizabeth Barnes '95 with their infant son spent the summer in New Wilmington.

Miss Mary Ferguson, '00, has accepted a position as instructor in music in Talladego, Alabama.

Miss Maude Chapin a student for some years in our Art Department has gone to New York to continue her studies.

Misses Olive and Jean Dick, of Greensburg, formerly students of Westminster are taking a vacation in New Wilmington.

Miss Helen Barnes, '99 is filling a position in the law office of her brother-in-law, John N. Dunn in Pittsburg.

The Rev. H. C. Chambers and wife nee Ethel Frampton, both of '99 will sail on the third of October for India where

they expect to make their home and do mission work.

J. A. McLaughry, '84, of Sharon, with his wife and children, Dr. Elizabeth McLaughry '87 of New Castle, and Rev. R. W. Veach, Rochester, N. Y., with his wife nee Hattie McLaughry, '89 spent the month of August at their old home on Furnace Hill.

Dr. C. E. Trainer, '97 has bought the medical practice of Dr. Lindley in New Wilmington.

The Rev. J. R. Millen, '87 has resigned his pastorate in Lawrence, Kansas, to take up his work in Pittsburg as the financial secretary of the National Reform Association.

Roy Neville, '02 of Sharon expects to return to Harvard to take up the study of law.

Dr. J. G. D. Findley, '59; pastor of the U. P. church in Newburg, N. Y., and Mr. Luther Findley, '63 a lawyer in New York visited their mother and sister in New Wilmington during the month of September.

Mrs. Sarah Cowden Kimmins, '66 with her grandson, has returned to Denver, Colo., after spending the summer months with her sisters in New Wilmington.

Miss Nannie Spencer, '90 after a much needed rest, has returned to her work in the mission field in India.

Dr. G. T. Scott, '82 is being attended with success as a physician in Davenport, New York.

Rev. D. M. Thorne, '64 and family have removed from Pittsburg to New Wilmington.

One of the saddest tragedies of the outing season was the drowning in Muskoka Lake, Canada, July 26, of three promising young men, Walter Mehard '01, Joseph Hosack, a student of Princeton and C. E. McCoughan of Carnegie. Shortly after 6 o'clock they had started in a light canoe to cover a distance of 15 miles. Before 8 the storm broke in which they are supposed to have been wrecked. Since graduation Mr. Mehard had been a student in the medical department in Johns Hopkins University.

Miss Anna Mitchell, '02, has accepted a position as an instructor in Thyne Institute, Chase City, Va.

A. R. Hunt '02 has been re-elected principal of the Mt. Jackson High School with J. H. Edgar, '00 his assistant.

T. A. Sampson, '01 has accepted the chair as professor of Greek and Latin in the Mercer Academy recently vacated by the resignation of Fred J. Taylor, '96.

Miss Margaret McLaughry, '74, formerly of the English Department is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Hattie M. Veach, in Rochester, N. Y. Later she will return to New Castle where she will spend the winter.

John Moore, '02 is taking a special course at Leland Stanford University.

MARRIAGES.

On the seventeenth of September, Miss Ella M. Richmond, Pittsburg and James E. Murray '00, Washington.

In the U. P. Church, Albany, Oregon on September first, Rev. Floyd Eugene Dorris recently connected with English

Department and Barbara E. Pfeiffer, Albany.

At the home of the bride in Beaver Pa. August Thirty-first, Grace E. McClelland '00, and Harry A. Smith.

On August twenty-ninth, Horace G. Byers, '95 and Miss Harriette L. Beeman, Chicago.

Miss Agnes Newmyer, Wilkinsburg and Carl A. Porter '01, Pullman, Wash., at the home of the bride, on September twenty ninth.

In attending to the duties of their several vocations, the members of the class of '03 have been widely separated.

Miss Anderson is teaching at Avomere Pa., Atchison and Veazey are at Johns Hopkins, Bailey, a student of Engineering, Cornell, Craig, teaching Science in High School, Rushville, Ind., Baldinger, Assistant Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Washington,

D. C., Thompson, Secretary Y. M. C. A., Corry, O., Yourd, Hildebran, Witherspoon and McCalmont are in the seminary at Allegheny.

Miss Mitchell, teaching in Scottdale Pa., Miss Broad, in Business College, Buffalo, Shaw, draftsman for American Bridge Co. Pittsburg, Miss Grove is teaching at Riddlesburg, Pa., Misses Mary and Anna Park, teaching in and near Greensburg, respectively.

Jamison is teaching in Elderridge Academy, Miss Vincent teacher in Hubbard High School, Russel, teaches in Mission School, Norfolk, Va. McClelland, student in school of life Insurance, New York City. Miss Hanna, teacher Jamestown Pa., Gillfillan, student of law, New Castle, Getty, assistant teller, New Castle Savings & Trust Co.



MUSIC AND ART.

NEW students in music this term are: Misses Florence Beatty, Ethel Finney, Divida Finney, Irene Greenewald, Jean McNeil Dunn, Francis Means, Nellie Means, Lettie Metz, Mable Porter, Gula Smith, Elizabeth Stewart, Francis Williams, Messrs. Charles Clutter, and Robert Timms.

New faces in the studio are:—Misses Ethel Nesbit, Marie Allen, Irene Greenewald and Laura Turner.

The chorus class is starting out this

term with Schubert's Serenade, and Sodermaun's "Peasants' Wedding March."

There will be a comedy given in the chapel within a few weeks, under Miss Acheson's direction, for the benefit of the football team.

Miss Acheson gave us a little talk after chapel the morning of Sept. 27 on the benefits of elocutionsuy training. In the course of her talk, she read several selections of different kinds which were much appreciated.

Classes in oratory, bible reading and general reading were organized under Miss Acheson Oct. 1.

The Tetrolectic Club, at their meeting Sept. 26 elected the following as members: Miss Cochran, Miss McLochlan, Mr. W. D. Mercer, and Mr. Minter.

The Art Reception.

The art reception at the Ladies' Hall Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning of Commencement week was highly enjoyed by all who attended. The work exhibited was of a high order and varied in subject, although there was no china display.

A screen in burnt wood, designed and executed by Miss Hodgins, deserves special mention. On the panel two lions were represented, and on the border, spray of oak leaves. Another piece that should be mentioned was a plaque representing a head and having a border of butterflies set with jewels.

A number of water colors from still life were much admired. A sketch by Miss Kate Elliott, of old books, the binding broken, and the leaves falling out, with a few violets scattered over and a candle stick standing by, was pronounced by an authority as one of the best pieces ever done by a student in our studio.

Sketches of vegetables, fruits and flowers, by Miss Elliott, were also cleverly done.

Miss Hodgins' fifteen-minute sunset sketches, her luscious grapes, peaches and apples, her picture of a negro servant, an Indian squaw, and an old sailor and her scenes along the Neshannock, in their color schemes and life-likeness are seldom excelled.

Only mention can be made of the roses by Misses Park, Ferguson, and Warner, Miss Brownlee's woodland scene in Sepia water color, and her copy of iris, white clover blossoms, and mono-chromes in blue, by Misses Robinson and Orr.



ATHLETICS.

At a special meeting of the Athletic Association Hugh Lambie '07 was elected to serve for two years as member of the Advisory Board on Athletics.

Milton Scott '07 has been elected Captain of the Westminster Reserve Football Team.

Westminster's baseball season of the past year brought to the front some promising material, which will be used to good advantage next spring. It is true the record of the season did not rank as high as in former years; but that is to be expected.

The average in age and experience of last season's team was considerably below that of any previous season in the history of the college and it would be unjust to demand from these likely youngsters results similar to what has been obtained by the veterans of the past. Westminster's complete baseball record is one that every student of the college should take pride in. It is a record worthy of emulation and we look to the men of the past season to profit by their experience and thus raise our Alma Mater once more to the proud position she held for so many years on the diamond.

The football season is now well under way, and the sifting process has gone on with daily practice on the field. The many candidates for the 'Varsity football team early in the season made the selection of a team a difficult matter. A series of unfortunate accidents on the field somewhat simplified matters however, and a team was at last made up.

The 'Varsity will be lighter than had been expected this fall. Two good men have unfortunately been disabled. Minter and Cleland are both temporarily out of the game owing to serious accidents, the former with a disabled shoulder and the latter with a sprained ankle. Both these men have done excellent work for Westminster on the gridiron in the past and it is hoped they will soon be in a condition to do so again.

Mr. Edmundson '01 will coach the team this season. He made an enviable record last year with the material at hand and we are to be congratulated in being able to secure so able a man to coach the team.



Y. M. C. A. Notes.

IF a good beginning has any bearing on success, this should be a great year in the Y. M. C. A. On the first Friday night of the term we showed the new students one way to have a good time in college—by getting in with good people. The social was a success from every standpoint. The success of the first prayer-meeting was not a whit behind. It was a meeting that will be long remembered.

The new men realize already that the Y. M. C. A. at Westminster stands for all

that is best in college life. 25 new names have been added to the roll at the two business meetings held. Bible classes and groups for mission study are being organized with large membership.

Last June we had three men at the Lakeside conference. All are back with new interest in Y. M. C. A. work in all its branches. Incidentally, Alexander got into the championship round of the tennis tournament and only lost by default.

We are still looking forward to the time when we shall have a building of our own. Last spring, we set ourselves to raise \$5000; but as yet barely half of that amount has been secured. However, many indefinite promises have been made which we hope will soon result in substantial aid. Dr. Ferguson has shown his confidence in the movement by a cash subscription of \$200. One member of last years' faculty has subscribed \$500. Other liberal subscriptions are confidently expected.



Y. W. C. A. Notes.

Although a great many able members went from us with the class of 1903, the work of the Y. W. C. A. was taken up at beginning of the new year with all the former earnestness and enthusiasm. Already sixteen new members have been added to the roll and still more are expected.

The Association girls have arranged for two Bible study classes and the number of those who wish to take up the work is unusually large. One class will study the Life of Christ and the other the Sabbath school lessons.

Exchanges.

GOOD BYE—GOD BLESS YOU.

I love the words—perhaps because
 When I was leaving Mother,
 Standing at last in solemn pause
 We looked at one another
 And I—I saw in mother's eyes
 The love she couldn't tell me;
 A love eternal as the skies
 Whatever fate befel me;
 She put her arms about my neck
 And soothed the pain of leaving,
 And tho her heart was like to break,
 She spoke no word of grieving;
 She let no tear bedim her eye
 For fear that might distress me
 But, kissing me, she said good-bye, .
 And asked our God to bless me.

By Eugene Field.

Our exchanges are somewhat limited in number at present writing, however, a few old friends have drifted in. Among the new ones we greet with pleasure "The Iris," a handsome publication issued by the Philadelphia High School for Girls.

Johnny—"Say, Pa, what is classical music?"

His Father—"Classical music, my son is music that you can't whistle, and wouldn't if you could."—Ex.

As heretofore, our exchanges will be found on the reading room tables for the benefit of those interested in other college publications. New students and for that matter old students also, will do well to read the article by Rev. J. B. Work, D. D. in "The Black and Magenta," under the heading "From the Aurora."

We have often admired the unremitting toil evidenced in our Mission school exchanges, but after a perusal of these papers covering a period of almost a year we are inclined to believe that "a little nonsense now and then is helpful to the wisest men," if we may be permitted to alter slightly a well known quotation.

Father—Young man, were you out after ten last night?

Son—No sir, I was only after one.—Ex.



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THE HOLCAD.

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NEW WILMINGTON, PA., NOVEMBER, 1903.

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE SEA.

BY W. CARSON PRESS, O4.

THE influence of the sea upon the nations of the earth forms one of the most remarkable chapters in the annals of the world. Ever since the time when the Phoenicians—the Yankees of the primitive world—checked the triumphal progress of Alexander the Great down to the present day maritime nations have been resourceful nations and the mastery of the sea has been synonymous with the mastery of the world.

Pericles, that most eminent of Grecian statesmen endorsed and amplified the maritime policy of Themistocles and his successors, and fostered the naval power of Athens until she became the acknowledged Mistress of the Seas. This was the most brilliant period in Grecian history; the golden age of Pericles. Carthage, a maritime state, was Rome's most dreaded foe. The Carthaginians and the Romans battled for the supremacy of the universe for over a hundred years and Rome triumphed. She began the war with Carthage as a great land power and when she finished it she had become not only a great land power but also a great sea power. Her fleets scoured the eastern and the western seas. She swept all before her. Carthage became a memory and Rome the haughty Mistress of the World.

The two foremost nations of modern times are the British Empire and the United States of America. Both maritime powers, both sprung from the same race, both foremost in all that pertains to human progress.

They are the descendants of those Northern seamen that left behind them the storm-swept shores of Europe and with dauntless hearts boldly faced the perils of an unknown and dangerous sea. For whether we trace our ancestry back to the far-off hills of Scotland or to the pleasant lanes of Old England our heritage is the same, and the New England Puritan, the Western Pioneer and the Cavalier of the Southland alike share in the legacy of the Vikings of the Sea.

And what is this legacy? It is the red blood of a race of conquerors. It is the Anglo-Saxon love of the sea. It is the legacy of a soul that like the eagle soars aloft to giddy heights and views from afar the beauties of a world that meaner spirits never knew. We have not sprung from a race of Northern pirates. We have sprung from a race whose companions were the glittering frost, the floating snowflake, the stinging hail; from a race that left behind it the winter twilight, the leaden skies and the Northern storms; from a race that feeling the world had promised it much and given it little, sought solace for its wounds upon the bosom of the mighty deep. And such a solace! The joy of breaking into an unknown sea, of discovering and contemplating things on which the human gaze had never before rested; of speculating upon the possibilities that lay "beyond the baths of all the western stars." These indeed were compensations that far out-

weighed the loss of home and native land, and filled with the beauty of the deep, the Norseman of old "was lured to dream large and daring dreams."

His empire was the sea, his ship his throne. The combat, the peril, the solitude the waste of waters, the contemplation of the infinite ennobled, elevated and strengthened his soul; inspired it with fresh sentiments and ideas and preserved it from lethargy and despair. Amid peril and danger he ploughed through rough seas disdainful of the turbulent waters. The deep harsh growl of the breakers on the headlands had no terrors for him. O'er fretful waves, whipped by the vicious sweep of the gray winds he sailed, unmindful of the threatening clouds or the boisterous sea dashing furiously upon "the far resounding shore." In the quiet of the morning hours he gazed upon the waters that looked like molten lead soon to become a mass of golden ripples. The roll of the swelling billow, the lapping of the waters, the swish of the sea against the sides of the ship, all—all were music to his soul and "At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time, when you set your fancies free," he dreamt of empire. Not an empire of slaves, but an empire of freemen. It mattered but little where this empire was to be. It chanced that a small bleak island in the Atlantic was to be the scene of his triumphs. It was there he wrested from the reluctant hands of a despot that great bulwark of human liberties, the Magna Charta, beneath whose fostering care, England's possessions today are so vast that "her morning drum beat following the Sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with

one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

Almost six hundred years had passed away when the same people in the distant lands of the new continent, America, flung defiance in the face of an insolent tyrant, and declared the great truth that all men are and of right ought to be free and equal. Since that time the United States of America has been marching with giant strides along the highway of mental progress and material success until today Columbia, the gem of the ocean, is unsurpassed in the intelligence and freedom of her people. Her territory extends from shore to shore: from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Her flag is supreme in untold islands of the sea. Seventy million people, rejoicing in freedom proclaim their loyalty, and millions more of human beings in her remote possessions will yet sing her praises.

Thus we see that these two truly great nations find their strength in the Anglo-Saxon love of liberty—the heritage of those old Norse sea-rovers, "who never turned their backs, but marched breast forward, never doubting clouds would break." The old Norse fire still burns in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon of today and "the stirring memories of a thousand years" give stern proof that he is indeed sprung from a race of conquerors; a race that loves the sea and finds there inspiration and knowledge and strength that shall preserve it as a race of freemen when other nations shall have perished from the earth.

It cannot be gainsaid that the virtues as well as the vices of a people descend to its posterity. The hardy pioneers who cleared this western wilderness and made a home for themselves and their loved ones

inherited their noble courage and fearless spirit from their ancestors who received these virtues at the fountain of all human liberty—the boundless deep. There are those who decry the need of a maritime commerce and sea traffic, but when we shake off the glorious traditions of the past we at the same time bid farewell for ever to that priceless heritage bequeathed to us by our Northern forefathers, the undying love of liberty, “the larger heart, the kindlier hand,” the lofty impulses that uplift mankind, the daring dreams of a mighty people secure in its liberties, established upon the bosom of the deep, that is,

“Boundless, endless
and sublime,
Th’ image of eternity
the throne of the Invisible.”



BEFORE THE DAWN.

E. N. MCBRIDE.

WE are turned away from the sun; its light shines not about us to cheer; its thermal ray falls not upon us to warm. The sable goddess, Night, stretches forth in rayless majesty, her leaden sceptre, o’er a slumbering world. We stand surrounded by a great sea of darkness; only—thru the black firmament comes the faint twinkle of a star, and then we know that somewhere the sun still shines. At our feet there is a rustling of leaves, the trees are swayed by the breeze and then we know that somewhere the heat of the sun still falls upon our earth.

Surely the night will abide with us, our gloom is eternal—ah, no. Faith sees in that star a miniature sun. With an ear hear faintly the whispering of the Angels,

the prophet hears the “morning stars sing together.” We wait—darkness may continue long, then, lo! the East slowly pales,—silently the gates of morning are unbarred the solid night fades like a wreath of unreturning mist before the irreversible feet of light. On the gray threshold of day stands the Dawn as tho arisen from the sea in the shining garments of Leander. The splendors of the new day have burst upon us.

“Tho yet your valleys skulk in night,
In God’s ripe fields the day is cried,
And reapers, with their sickles bright,
Troop, singing down the mountain side.”

The world sinks in the gloomy stupor of sin; all about is darkness, the travail of the ages wring’s men’s hearts in despair. Then, a voice is heard crying in the wilderness; a prophet arises seeing with discerning eye the brightness of the future, tho reared on the scene of present darkness; leaders break the barriers of a new era; the sleeping world arouses from slumber, then thru the broad earth’s aching breast runs a thrill of joy triumphant, for “Humanity sweeps onward”

Men have stood alone and with the keener eye have beheld the first glimmer of the morning; they have grappled single-handed the helm and saved a nation from ruin. Count o’er earth’s chosen heroes. We see them stoned by those for whom they agonized; serene, with divine faith beholding the golden beams incline to the side of perfect justice. The blaze of crackling fagots and the light of burning heretics have illumined the path that truth has trod; but the hooting mob (of yesterday) returns and gathers up the scattered ashes into history’s golden urn, and today’s heretic is to-morrow’s Savior.

Two men stand on a pier in London. Before them lies moored a small craft, swayed by the listless current of the Thames. Their grave countenances betrays the blackness of the cloud that hovers o'er them. The fate of England and of freedom seems wavering in the hearts of these plain men. In the land of their lot despotism reigns. Magna Charta has been forgotten. The history of the struggle for its principle of freedom has not taught its lesson to the haughty king whose hand sways the scepter of government. The wail of his subjects though plainly audible is not heeded; so, these two men, whose hearts beat ever for the commonweal, stand with their backs to their misery, the crumbling ruin of the land they love, and look out over the broad Atlantic to that refuge of the oppressed in the wilds of America. There lies the vessel on the tide, her sails unfurled, ready to bear them over the water. They pause in the gloom. Within they hear the whisperings of duty, through their obscured vision they catch the faint glimmer of hope. Why should they fly? Should they not rather stay and rear, if need be, with the sword, a grander structure from the crumbling ruin? Some must suffer, some be crushed as man's destiny strides onward. The moorings are loosed, the craft sails out the Thames and over the broad waters. Hampden and Cromwell are not a part of its freight. No, they have turned together to fling themselves once more against the tyranny that oppresses them. Cromwell must have one more grapple with the man, whom, tradition says, as a boy, he overcame. Hampden dies fighting for the people on Chalgrave Field. Cromwell becomes a name earth

wears forever next her heart. Hampden dies as he had lived a hero. Cromwell with the iron hand of a "man of destiny" overthrows the haughty Stuart, ushering in a new day of freedom for England.

The mighty debt that the liberties of England owe to Hampden and Cromwell, has not been forgotten, and to-day if tyranny raises on the free soil of England her banner of oppression, history but points to Naseby and Marston Moor and the grasp of her standard-bearers weakens and her banner falls to the ground.

In Alton Ill., on a beautiful knoll overlooking the broad Mississippi, stands towering in the free air a monument, dedicated to the memory of Elijah P. Lovejoy. Princeton has no son whom she delights more to honor. Gladly does she carve his name in her hall of fame. His grave has become a shrine to which lovers of liberty and free speech make pilgrimages to get increased devotion to that principle of freedom for which he strove. Yet, that is the man who, thrice having his printing machines torn down, thrice reestablished them; who was denounced by his contemporary editors, hooted at in the street, mobbed; who was shot down while defending his own property and of whom men said "he has died as a fool dieth." His also was a "voice crying in the wilderness;" his head also must lie on the charger. But the rattle of type rang freer. Twenty years go by, another watch of the night passes. Suddenly, the dawn bursts forth, the shackles of the slave break and fall to the ground. A new day for the world has come—man to man united—a stride nearer the destiny of the world.

And what more shall we recount? For

the time would fail us to tell of Garrison dragged through the streets of Boston, of Phillips, who thundered out the sympathies of a people for the down trodden race, of Lincoln who, arising from the gloom step by step ascending the ladder of fame, while the fiery darts of anger, malice and hate were being hurled at his quivering form; who after leading a nation forth from bondage must only view the promised land of peace and rest and then cast off his mantle. What forerunners have cried out in the wilderness of all of whom "the world was not worthy!"

We live in the world's crisis. A time when all mankind view truth's struggle. The result of every battle of right and wrong flashes throughout the world swift as the electric current. The Occident and Orient have clasped hands across the waters. The boundary lines that have divided people's are lifted and all kindreds greet each other. With this new era comes confusion, unrest, and darkness. Mighty upheavals convulse society. The forces of darkness rise against the state and the church. In the night that surrounds us we hear the wail of the victims of intemperance, that many-headed and many-handed monster who reaches forth in the darkness to clutch his victim unawares. We listen more closely and can hear the cry of the mother for her child, the wife for her husband, the sister for her brother, the father and his sons agonizing together to be freed from the clutches of the most real Laocoon.

We hear also the wail of the victims of oppression; of the thousands who mourn because of "man's inhumanity to man." of those, the fruit of whose labor fills the

coffers of the rich, while their rags scarcely shield them from the storm. Charity picks up the broken victims thrown from the wheel of oppression but the wheel still turns. The night is also made hideous by the exultations of the political ring and the chuckle of the political "boss"—those who silence the voice of the people and reach forth their hand over commonwealths with the assumption of tyrants. The sovereignty of the Golden Rule is forgotten in the intrigue of the diplomat and the plottings of cabinets.

The time demands men—"men of opinions and a will," men who are willing to look their own destiny and their own responsibilities in the face. It is easy to sell the sword to the enemy. It is easy to be lulled to sleep by the wails and moans of those about us. Some can sleep while the enemy's hosts are at the gate; but ah! how the time demands men who will stand on the walls of the city and peer far over the enemy's hosts for a glimpse of the coming deliverer. The men of the past did their duty? Shall we do ours? They were asked to face death. You may have to face calumny and obloquy. The age is weary of polite and weak camp-followers, weary of servility, weary of cringed necks and knees bent to corruption. This age is calling for men of strong character, calling for men of high purpose, calling for men who have conclusions of their own and who have the courage to act on them.

But this social unrest, this moral conflict, are the birth throes of a new age. Amid the disorders of the present we would lift a voice of triumphant hopefulness. We hope for the day when intemperance shall have blackened its last soul

and whitened its last corpse, and the world shall speak with bated breath of a time when governments licensed men to destroy manhood, uncrown womanhood and beggar childhood. When the Golden Rule shall be the ground on which both labor and capital shall build their rights; when political corruption shall no longer stretch forth her hand of tyranny.

From the proud eminence where two centuries met, we can gaze across the past. Often we have heard the weary world calling to the sentinel in the watch-tower, "Watchman what of the night?" and often the sad answer has come back, "It is still night. The mists lie deep, deep on the valley and the night wind blows." But at last the countenance of the pale watcher is taking on intense expectancy. There

are faint streaks on the horizon; the mist in the valley is lifting; the morning comes afar. And, in the glowing light things that nestle in the dust and cower in the darkness are stirring themselves and some have fled away. Soon it will be morning—morning for the oppressed, for avarice will be gone and every man will be a brother, morning for the philanthropist, for all wrongs shall be redressed and the social night shall be no more; morning for Truth for the last superstition shall have fled from the earth.

May civilization rise up and become a pillar of fire casting forth lightnings of reform on all sides; a pillar of fire to which we can look in this the morning watch of better ages to come.



THE young man who sits down and waits for something to turn up is like the man who, desiring to pass to the other side of the river, waited for the stream to run dry. There is hope of a man who will do something. The good angels of success have confidence in him when they see him at work. The steps that lead to any height worth climbing are made by the pick of industry and when we cease to dig, we cease to climb—United Presbyterian.

Wild touch-me-nots.

BY F. J. WARNOCK.

I AM sitting by the fireside on this stormy winter night,
 And alone I watch the embers on the hearthstone, glowing bright,
 All with out is wrapped in darkness, but the icy, chilling blast
 Whirls the white-winged snowflakes downward falling ever thick and fast.

While the clock upon the mantel ticks its solemn, measured lay,
 And the fitful, flickering blazes turn to blue, and fade away;
 As I gaze in dreamy silence on the ever changing glow,
 In the coals fantastic pictures seem to softly come and go.

There are castles tall and stately; there are glittering heaps of gold;
 There are visions of the happy, festive winter days of old;
 But over all and best of all there floats before my eye,
 A picture of a happy, golden summer long gone by.

'Tis a scene of rarest beauty, 'tis a nature favored glade,
 With its huge rocks overhanging and its pine trees' pleasant shade,
 A swiftly flowing rivulet glides through its rocky way,
 And at its side an old gray mill grinds slowly through the day.

There I see a young man wandering through a summer day's glad hours.
 By his side a maiden tripping—fairest she of all the flowers
 As they breathe their pure, sweet fragrance; as they catch the sun's
 stray beams.

Stealing through the leafy bowers by that rippling, murmuring stream.

There he shows her how the touch-me-nots, for lovers, growing wild,
 Burst like bubbles, into pieces at the touch e'en soft and mild;
 And in glee she often lingers as she finds them by the way
 Just to press the magic capsules and to see them fly away.

Happy are the youth and maiden wandering 'midst the flowers and trees,
 And their gay young thoughts breathe lightly as the tender autumn
 breeze,

Swifter than the rippling streamlet speed the golden hours away,
 Till behind the hills the sunset tells the closing of the day.

Now the winter is upon us, cruel winter, waste and wild,
 Yet this picture steals before me in the firelight glowing mild;
 And the dark youth and fair maiden pass before me with a thrill,
 Plucking merrily the touch-me-nots above the old gray mill.

And I think that as the touch-me-nots burst quickly and are gone,
 The happy, fleeting days of youth pass swiftly and are flown.
 So let youth be contented and be happy while it may,
 For fast the days of youth dissolve and soon are gone for aye.

A STRIKE OUT OR A HIT.

ETHEL NESBIT, '04.

THE grand stand is crowded with spectators. The greatest game of the season, the game which will decide the championship is on. It is the last half of the ninth inning, and the score stands eight to nine in favor of the visiting team. The home team is at the bat with two men out, three men on bases. The champion batter, the hope of the team is up and the umpire has called "Two strikes, three balls." There is one more chance. The crowd watches with bated breath. On this play rests the issue of the game. Will he send the man on third home and tie the score? Will he strike out or hit? These are the questions in every mind. The pitcher pulls himself together for this last trial. The ball whizzes over the plate, the contest is decided.

The world has been fitly called a stage, a hunting-ground, a market place. Why may not the world, in this age, be as aptly called a great ball field? The players are the creatures of the earth—a motley throng, containing people of every race, class, and condition, and of every degree of excellence from those filling places of minor importance in the game to the star player, the white man.

This champion drove the red man before his face as the wind blows before it an autumn leaf. Then beckoning to the black man, he brought him from a far off land into servitude. The race contest in

this country resulted in a strike out for two races, leaving the white man champion. Thus there has always been a star player among the nations of the world, and sometime in the history of every people there has come a critical moment when they either lost or won. For white, red, or black, every race must play.

The same is true of individuals. Every person has some part to play in this great ball game. Some are champions, others are less proficient, but we all play, and some time we all come to the ninth inning of life when we will either strike out or hit. We each play our game through, but at times we find ourselves fearing failure, thinking we are farther from the goal than when we started—so the history of the world blunders on. When we do come to the ninth inning, even if we have not struck out once, we must not feel elated, for the game is not yet ended; the victory is not yet ours. And who knows whether in our last chance at the bat, we will strike or hit? No one but the Great Score Keeper.

A great battle was about to be fought. The two opposing forces stood face to face waiting for the order to fire. Although Napoleon did not know it, he had come to the ninth inning of his life. The angels of destiny hovered anxiously over him. The score card with its records of hits, with its

eight innings played and played well was ready. But what of the ninth inning? The armies clashed. They struggled valiantly. Napoleon's generalship was in no way lacking, courage was not lacking in the soldiers, but success would not come;—

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand can always hit.

Finally the battle was ended. Napoleon had had his chance, he had played his game he had struck out.

Many make for themselves names and fortune, fighting their way to honor through a multitude of adversities. They take this for their motto—"Go in, and win." They try as did the spider; and if they fail, they try again. Some men seem to have success thrown into their way. They drift along; they play life's game, but they play it like children, and to mortals they seem to attain. Others play like men. They fight their way into the game, but somehow, they never gain the victory. These are the unfortunate, misunderstood men. They dwell in an air too rare for their fellowmen and they reach heights and depths where they and those around them may not meet. "These are some of many thousands such as die betimes, whose stories are but fragments known to few." They are the men who have had high ideals, who have struggled all their lives for the accomplishment of these ideals, and who have died disappointed. They are the men who have made mistakes, those who have had their ships of fortune foundered while lighter barks pushed past them to the desired haven. They are the great men of whom the world knows nothing. They are the

so-called fools, the bold heroes who, though unappreciated in their day and laughed at by their fellowmen, still did what to them was right, and live today, honored.

"One fool sailed westward, till he found a world;
One found new worlds within the mind of man:
The cynics called Columbus charlatan
And burned Giordano Bruno! - Who unfurled
The heavens like a scroll, that men might know
But foolish Galileo? - - Who began,
Our new free art and thought and social plan,
But that poor outcast, crazy fool, Rousseau?"

"There is one toast the future ages drink
Standing. To those who dare, rush in, and die!—
Those who defy all rights and break all rules,
Who fight impossible battles, and who think
True thoughts—at whom with one accord we cry,
'The fools, the fools, the fools!'—God bless the
fools!"

At the end of the game, when the final records of these are made out, will the verdict be a strike out or a hit, failure or success? Let us give thanks that the Great Score Keeper above, to whom we shall make our account, understands everything and what is a strike out in the eyes of men may not seem so to him.

Thus, playing life's game, losing and winning, we make the world—and the pity of it, for we all must play to the end in the places assigned to us, and then when the game is over; when forever and a day the player bids the field farewell; when he goes home to that Auditor who gave him his place, then perhaps he will be told what manner of man he is. And may the verdict be

"One who never turned his back but
marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better, sleep to wake."

EDITORIAL.

THE value of a Literary Society to a college student can hardly be estimated too highly. The training one gets as he faces an audience from the rostrum of his society hall and makes his attempts at oratory, that "art of persuasion," is one which will be of immediate and practical benefit to him in his after life. It is a training such as the class-room cannot give. The incentives to effort are different from those of required class duties and are in many ways far superior. They are such as tend to develop all the originality there is in a person. It is here, for the most part, that the students learn the principles of self-government, the rules of parliamentary law, and the practical methods for managing deliberative assemblies. In short the experiences undergone in a literary society are eminently practical, and at the same time are among the most pleasant of a college course. It seems, then, to be a wise rule which requires every student enrolled in the collegiate department to become a member of one of these societies, and we would bespeak the hearty co-operation of both faculty and students in living up to this rule. Since the first years of Westminster's existence, there have been two men's societies in connection with the college, and for the greater part of the time two ladies' societies.

Annual contests have fostered a healthful spirit of rivalry between the two sides into which these were from the first divided and they are to-day in a flourishing condition. They look for their future to the

new students who enter college from year to year, and take great pleasure in inviting the personal interest of every student and professor in their affairs.

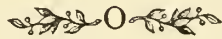
THE ability to work hard and to think for himself is one of the most important acquisitions a student can make in college. The facts learned in connection with literature and the sciences, will be of little practical value to one in after life, except in so far as they give him a good general idea of the great truths concerning the world.

The principles of Greek or Latin syntax, and the laws of chemistry and physics will soon vanish into the obscure back ground of memory; but the skill acquired in dealing with such facts will remain, and will be of constant service in wrestling with the problems of actual life. This skill consists in the ability to hold the mind with persistent and concentrated attention upon the subject in hand, and is gained only by persevering and determined effort. The aim of education is not to impart knowledge, but to develop the man. "All knowledge is useful" but its first and most important use is as a means toward attaining this goal of development.

BY an unintentional mistake the last two issues of the HOLCAD were dated 'October' and 'November' instead of 'September' and 'October.' This number is the real 'November' issue.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to a new department in the Holcad for which we have received an initiatory contribution this month by one of our students. The heading to the department, "Xpress Yo'se'f," we hope makes its purpose self-explanatory. The editors feel that editors are not the only persons with opinions and the right to express them, and therefore invite everybody interested

in college affairs to contribute freely to this part of our college paper. If you have any remarks to make on current events, if you have any decided opinions on existing customs, traditions and institutions; if you believe the times are out of joint in any way and you can help to set them right; or if you want to make known to the world any astounding discoveries of truth; just "speak up an' 'xpress yo'se'f" here.



HOLCADES MIKRAI.

Lines on a Pony.

Subject of oppression
Object of suppression
Yet a benefactor of the whole human race!
For long hast thou born it,
So now will I mourn it
And fondly these lines to thy memory trace.

Ah, well hast thou served me,
Many times hast preserved me
And saved me the pain of a public disgrace
When the Latin was tangled
And Greek badly mangled
And I feared on the morrow my "finish" to face.

How dearly I love thee,
How quickly I shove thee,
The deepest folds of my pocket within!
With quick apprehension
Of the teacher's attention,
Since the teachers declare that to "ride"
is a sin.

Yes hard have I ridden,
(Tho in truth 'twas forbidden,)
But, hard as I rode thou didst never rebel.
So without a misgiving,
But with heartfelt thanksgiving
I leave more of thy praises for others to tell.

Now for examinations.

Have you finished your Junior?

Miss Hines—"The Holcad room is Perry Kuhn's office."

Metz to Miss McV.—"Where you go I go."

Mr.—"Who wants a heart?" Marie A —"Me."

Miss H.—"I m getting more cheek everyday."

Mr. Adams—"Thoughts are at a premium with me."

Miss Brownlee out driving—"I think that horse must have sore throat."

Mr. V.—After the Senior party at Graham's, "Confound it, I wish I hadn't eaten so much chicken."

Mr. Warnock—"I never knew before how many people can sit on one seat."

Miss Warren—"There will be 'doin's' in our parlor all right when I get home."

Mr.—translating German, "He looked across the stream and saw his feet on the other side."

Audley S.—"If you want a man, you will have to get him quickly, for the good men will soon have all their dates made for Commencement."

Does Miss Nesbit really want to sit on him?

McBride to Miss N.—“O, you are too fast for me.”

Mr. E. McBride—“Did Burus write *Thanatopsis*?”

Mary .G—“I love the moon, I wish somebody loved me.”

Davis (in Lab.)—“Is that your participate” (precipitate)?

George V.—“Those chickens led us a merry (Mary) chase I tell you.”

Miss Bennett, translating—“Twenty hoplites were shot on the left wing.”

Audley seeing May in the distance—“Oh how I wish we were not apart.”

Perhaps Miss N. would be interested to know that ice is forming on the dam.

Lost by Mr. Metz somewhere between the restaurant and the college—a “Kat.”

Prof. Hewetson—“Name one of Dryden’s satyrs.” McGill—“Hinds and Noble (Hind and Panther.)”

Prof. Campbell—“Now, Mr. Mercer, suppose you had a case in New Castle,” (laughter) “Oh, I mean a court case.”

Miss Lytle—“I believe I’ll go up to the library and read a love story. I can understand that better than Psychology.”

A funny little ehappy at the elub one day,
Expressed himself in a curious way:
“I am sure that something ought to be done
To punish the man who makes a pun.”

Prof. McGill drilling Miss Snodgrass on the Greek pronunciation of the word “Babylon”—“Say ‘Bobbie,’ Miss S. say ‘Bobbie.’”

Work on the Sr. Aunual has commenced in earnest. Several very good articles have been submitted to the editors, and at

present, the prospects for making it a success are very bright.

Minteer thinks that if Prof. Shaffer had seen him at the latest Senior “function” he would not have refrained from sending him to the board because of his sore arm. An honest confession!

Prof. Freeman who for some time past has been in a hospital at Philadelphia, is now on a fair way to recovery and hopes to be able in a short time to regain his wonted place in the class room.

Prof. Hewetson—“Miss McV. how does Irving describe the house in Legend of Sleepy Hollow.” Miss McV.—“I don’t know, I wasn’t there.” Meaning that she had not been in class when that had been discussed.

If any of the Juniors can remember anything of importance which they have done since the beginning of their career as a class, information in regard to the same will be gratefully received by the editors of the Sr. Annual.

Wanted:—

By Mr.—A pony for Psychology.

By Gamble—Something to Red (read)

By Mr. Adams—An idea.

By Mr. Press—A good crowd at the W. U. P. game.

By Miss Beatty—A Junior Oration.

By the Local Editors—A good joke.

One would be inclined to think that calling the class roll was a very prosaic proceeding. It sometimes however has a humorous side: Prof. Campbell—“Mr. Love.” (No response.) “Mr. Love, Love sick?” or “Mr. Scott.” Mr. Scott—“Not a-a-absent.”

- Is it anybody's business, when a young man goes to call, . . .
- If he rings up maid or Robert,—gallant hero of the Hall?
- Is it anybody's business, but the girl's he goes to see, . . .
- What this young man's name or station in College may chance to be?
- Is it anybody's business if he stays till it is late
- Or anybody's business if she asks him still to wait?
- If he kisses her at parting and she does not seem to grieve,
- Is it anybody's business save the youth's who takes his leave?
- If he comes to take her driving on a pleasant afternoon,
- Is it anybody's business when they do not come back soon?
- Is it anybody's business when these two go out to walk,
- Should they choose to stroll in silence while some prefer to talk?
- If he lingers in the hall-way when Y. M. C. A. is out,
- Is it anybody's business what his thoughts may be about?
- As he still waits on in silence with his actions full of care,
- Is it anybody's business,—what is the attraction there?
- When he takes her to the ball field to see Westminster win,
- Who then of all the others dare say "It is a sin?"
- If they often chat together; casting silence from the day
- Is it anybody's business what this youth may chance to say?
- Should they ever see each other upon the public street,
- Is it anybody's business if she blushes when they meet?
- Is it anybody's business I should truly like to know
- If it's not: why so many people always try to make it so.
- A KNOCKER.



ALUMNI NOTES.

'88. Rev. T. M. Huston of Whitinsville, Mass., sailed October 3, for Edinburgh, Scotland. He will spend the next six months abroad in study at the University in Edinburgh.

'93. Mrs. Mary Virginia Pierce, nee Clingan, wife of attorney William T. Pierce '95, president of the First National Bank of Elizabeth, passed to her eternal rest on Sabbath, November 1. The services were held at New Castle on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 3, in which Dr. R. G. Ferguson assisted, followed by interment in Oak Park Cemetery.

'88. Rev. W. E. Purvis, Freeport, entered upon his new duties as pastors of the United Presbyterian Church at Groves City. Both Mr. and Mrs. Purvis, are well

known in this community. Mrs. Purvis '89 being the daughter of Rev. J. M. Mealy D. D., for many years pastor of the Neshannock Presbyterian Church.

'03. Miss Frances Hanna, of Jamestown, has been the guest of New Wilmington friends.

Among late visitors at the Ladies' Hall are Miss Matilda Dickey, '03, Greenville, Miss Frances Mehard, '02, Mercer, Miss Caroline Stewart ex-'05, Braddock; Miss Jennie McKee, '02, Butler.

'01. T. C. Cochran was admitted to the bar at Mercer last month, having passed his final examinations with one of the highest grades awarded in recent years. He is at present devoting his time to the development of his practice in Mercer.

'00. R. A. McCutcheon, has had the misfortune recently of losing the entire sight of one of his eyes. He is at present a student of law in Denver, Colo.

'03. Miss Ada King, has accepted an excellent position in New York City as Assistant Superintendent of the House of Holy Comforter, an Episcopal Hospital for incurables.

Ex-'06. Miss Susan Miller expects to leave soon for Florida, where she will spend the winter months.

'69. L. M. Wright is reported as carrying on a very successful practice as a physician in Brookfield, O.

'96. Rev. J. A. Kennedy, of New Concord, O., formerly pastor of the Second United Presbyterian Church, New Wilmington, was a town and college visitor not long ago.

'84. Rev. J. B. Millen has changed his address from Lawrence, Kans., to 224 Euclid avenue, Allegheny.

Married—August 5, 1903, Mr. Wm. D. Gamble, '96, Jamestown, Pa. and Miss Mabel McMichael of Conneaut Lake. Mr. Gamble continues to hold his position as principal of the Jamestown School.

Married—September 2, 1903, Mr. Thomas W. Sherbondy and Miss Mary E. Gamble, '96, both of Jamestown.

Ex-'05. Miss Elizabeth Leasure, expects to return to Westminster to take up her work next term.

'00. Miss Mary Snodgrass is teaching in the West Middlesex public schools.

'69. Rev. I. T. Wright has changed his address from Brookfield O., to 123 North Second street, Jeannette, Pa., where he will begin his new pastoral work.

'99. Fisher MacLane is practicing law in Pittsburg.

The following graduates were among those who came to see the Grove City—Westminster game, October 31: J. A. Chambers '00, Homer Drake '00 and John Lockhart '99, New Castle; Bruce McCrory '01, W. M. Ewing '00, Pittsburg; M. M. McKim, '01 and J. Stewart, ex-'04, Braddock; A. R. Hunt, '02 and J. H. Edgar '00, Mt. Jackson; R. N. Grier '01, of Bellevue; T. A. Sampson '01, Mercer; J. M. Briceland '03, C. T. Campbell '02, J. M. Cameron '01, W. C. Witherspoon '03, P. H. Yourd '03, Wallace R. Ferguson '00, of the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

'85. R. E. Stewart is the Superintendent and Steward of the Nebraska School for the deaf, 45th and Boulevard ave. Omaha, Nebraska. The Nebraska Mute Journal is published once every month by the school. The mechanical work is done by the pupils in connection with their industrial training in printing.

'69. Dr. Joseph Calhoun, Mt. Air, Iowa, who has been dangerously sick for several weeks is still under the doctor's care. An operation has been recommended by his physicians, and it is possible he will be taken to Chicago to have the operation performed.

THE man who seeks his pleasure in his toil is happier than he who gleans for it in the profitless fields of indolence.

MUSIC AND ART.

In the studio this month, Miss Ferguson has almost completed a beautiful study in grapes of various kinds. The rich colorings and dainty shading make the fruit very true to nature. Miss Nesbit's "Solitude" and Miss Orr's Venetian scene are all worthy of much praise.

Miss Allen's large vase in geraniums, Miss Greenwald's tea set, and Miss Newmyer's ink stand in wild roses are very dainty.

Friday night, Nov. 13, the first series of Junior orations was given. The performances were very creditable, and if they may be taken as a sample of what is to follow, the orations will be a credit to the class. Music for the evening was furnished by Misses Speer and Warner.

The entertainment on the evening of Nov. 9 by the Chicago Lady Entertainers was thoroughly enjoyed throughout by a large audience. The quartette work was excellent both in the classical pieces and those of lighter strain. Miss Lillian B. Parsal's sweet soprano and Mrs. Bessie M. Mercer's rich contralto blended in the duets in most perfect and beautiful harmony. Mrs. Estelle M. Clark as reader showed great skill in interpretation. She has a good knowledge of the technique of her art and while there was, perhaps too much sameness in her selections, her impersonations were very sympathetic.

The recital given Friday night, Nov. 20, by the pupils of the Musical Department was somewhat out of the ordinary in

that the uniformity was relieved by selections by the chorus class. The instrumental pieces displayed careful training and a sympathetic appreciation of the spirit of the pieces played. Miss Speer's rich contralto was at its best in her singing of Nevin's Doris. The chorus work considering the briefness of the time of training was very fine especially in the rendering of the Peasant's Wedding March by Soedermann.

Program.

RECITAL.

Given by Pupils of the Musical Department, Westminster College Chapel, Friday, November 20, at 7.30 P. M.

Overture, Zampa, - - - Herold
Miss Speer, Miss Peffer.

(a) Melody in F, - - - Rubinstein
(b) Fruehlingslied - - - Merkel

Miss Ethel Wright.

(a) Serenade, - - - Schubert
(b) Peasant's Wedding March, - - Soedermann

Chorus.

Miss Warner, Accompanist
Miss Speer, Director.

(a) Perce-neige Op. 37, No. 4, - Tchaikovsky
(b) Adagio, Allegro, - - - Mozart

(a) Miss Hazel Hines.

(b) Miss Ethel Finney. *Fin*

Doris Op. 3, No. 3, (Violin obligato), - Nevin
Miss Elizabeth Rebekah Speer, Contralto
Mr. J. E. Anderson, Violinist.
Miss Warner, Accompanist.

(a) Le Retour, - - - Bizet
(b) Le Ruisseau Op. 25, - - - Wollenhaupt

Miss Myra Davidson.

Love and Spring, - - - M. von Wienzierl
Chorus.

Miss Warner, Accompanist.

Miss Speer, Director.

Symphonie in C. (Allegro), - - - Mozart
Miss Speer, Miss Wright.

The benefit for the football team will be given on the evening of November 23, in the college chapel, under the direction of Miss Grace Acheson, of the Department of Elocution. Much care has been taken in the preparations of the play and the stage setting is more elaborate than in former plays given here. Altogether a very enjoyable entertainment is expected.

Program.

The Comediatta, - - - "A Happy Pair."
by S. Theyre Smith.

Cast of Characters.

Mr. Honeyton, - - - Mr. John C. Campbell
Mrs. Honeyton, - - - Miss Helen Ferguson

SCENE—A Breakfast Room.

Intermission,—Music by Crystal Quartette.

The Farce, - - - - "Box and Cox"
by John Maddison Morton,

Cast of Characters.

John Box, A Journeyman Printer, - - -
- - - - Mr. Sidney R. Gittens

James Cox, A Journeyman Hatter, - - -
- - - - Mr. Leigh Alexander

Mrs. Bouncer, A Landlady, - - -
- - - - Miss Sarah E. Gealey

SCENE—A Room.



ATHLETICS.

WEST VIRGINIA'S GAME.

The trip to Morgantown Oct. 24 resulted in a victory for W. Va. Univ. Westminster did the best she could but was defeated 21-0. The Morgantown team was much heavier than ours and the score gives but little indication of the hard fight made by "our boys." It is much more creditable to hold a strong team like Morgantown to such a score than to go off into the woods and roll up 74-0 or thereabouts against a team no one ever heard mentioned outside of its own little "sphere of influence."

The W. Va. men were not only heavy players, but rough players also. This last fact coupled with the hard condition of the field resulted in such severe injuries to our players that the substitutes were called upon more freely than in any other game. Capt. Moore and Love both received injuries. The withdrawal of Dave Calhoun, D.

McBride and Tennent on account of injuries seriously crippled our team and hindered Westminster from scoring on W. Va. at least once.

THE GAME.

W. Va. kicked off to Westminster and "our boys" advanced the ball by short gains until the 25 yard line was reached where Westminster lost the ball on downs. The Morgantown team thereupon advanced the ball steadily in spite of the stubborn resistance of Westminster, and scored a touchdown. On the next kick-off Westminster again received the ball by and advanced straight buck-line plunges until she was forced to kick, the ball landing on W. Va.'s 20 yard line. With the ball in their possession the W. Va. players advanced for another touchdown, Westminster resisting bravely.

The second half, Westminster kicked off to the W. Va. 5 yd line, the Morgantown team advanced 10 yards and by re-

peated line bucking scored another touchdown.

W. Va. then kicked off clear over Westminster's goal line, the ball was carried out by Westminster, kicked out from the 25 yard line, and after some sharp scrimmages, W. Va. scored her last goal. The ball was on W. Va.'s 20 yard line at the close of the game.

The goal kicking by W. Va. was poor and she seldom ventured to punt, preferring to depend on the superior weight of her team to carry the ball over the goal line.

Calhoun, Love and Tennent played a good game and much credit is due the remaining members of the team for their good work. Every man did his best as the score will show, when one considers the relative weight of the two teams.

Over 200 people from Masontown, the home of H. Rudolph '06 witnessed and enjoyed the game.



GROVE CITY LOST.

Westminster won from Grove City Oct. 31, at New Wilmington by the decisive score of 12-0. It was a clean satisfactory victory and Westminster won on her merits. A large crowd witnessed the game including a number of enthusiastic and always welcome alumni.

Capt. Moore, Crooks and Tennent advanced the ball, but it must not be forgotten that this was made possible by the remaining members of the team, who did good work all thro the game. The man on the line is often times "a silent hero" and we fear a too often neglected one as well.

GAME IN BRIEF.

E. McBride received the ball on 10 yard

line; and was downed on 40 yard line. Ball advanced to G. C.'s 15 yard line by Crooks and Tennent. G. C. held for downs, and advanced to Westminster's 30 yard line by hard work and small gains. Westminster held G. C. for downs and got into the game, playing fast ball. Westminster advanced the ball to G. C.'s 10 yard line. Tennent pushed thro for a touchdown. Capt. Moore kicked goal. Half ended with ball on G. C.'s 10 yard line.

Second half. Westminster kicked to G. C.'s 5 yd. line. Marshall got ball and was downed by E. McBride on 20 yd. line. Ball was fumbled and Tennent got it. Crooks made a gain of 15 yards, and Tennent scored on an end run. A fair catch by E. McBride, neatly done, from a punt by Capt. Moore secured us a good try for a goal kick and the score soon stood 12-0 in our favor. G. C. kicked off. Tweedie received, the ball was advanced to G. C.'s 20 yard line and Moore aided by fine interference scored the third touchdown against G. C. Referee Simpson of Grove City did not allow touchdown, claiming ball had not touched another Westminster player while quarterback was on his way for a touchdown; according to rule this year. Game ended with ball in possession of G. C. on her own 10 yd. line.

The lineup follows:

Westminster 12.		Grove City 0.	
E. McBride.....	r. e.	Sandal	
J. Smith.....	r. t.	McCullough	
W. Cleland.....	r. g.	Marks	
Geo. Parisen.....	c.	Bozelle	
H. Rudolph.....	l. g.	Eagan	
Preston Love.....	l. t.	McConnell	
D. McBride.....	l. e.	Dodds	
Capt. Moore.....	q.	Larimer	
E. A. Tennent.....	l. h.	W. Marshall	
A. J. Crooks.....	r. h.	E. Marshall	
Tweedie.....	f. b.	Locke	

Summary—Touchdowns, Tennent, 2.

Goals—Moore, 2. Official: Minteer for Westminster; Simpson for Grove City. Timekeepers; A. Campbell for Westminster and H. Campbell for Grove City. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes.

WESTMINSTER HOLDS GENEVA TO LOWEST SCORE THIS SEASON EXCEPTING THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME NOVEMBER 14TH, AT WASHINGTON.

The 'varsity team met the strong Geneva team on our home grounds Sat. Nov. 7. and held the Beaver Falls team to the remarkably low score of 18-0. Until we lowered Geneva's score to this, she had not been scored upon this season and the best record made by any other college was that of Allegheny. She got defeated 32-0 by Geneva. Westminster would have surely scored upon Geneva if our players had been in a less crippled condition. However it is the best record made by any college this season against Geneva, with the single exception of W. and J. L. Stewart and Tennent played in a brilliant manner.

GAME IN BRIEF.

Geneva kicked to Westminster. Capt. Moore received the ball and after short gains the home team was forced to kick. Schmidt went thro the line for forty yds. and after short gains Brown was pushed across the line for a touchdown. Edgar kicked goal. Westminster received kick-off and made short gains, but was again forced to kick. Schmidt went across for the second touchdown after some hard work on the part of Geneva against the determined resistance of the Westminster players.

Westminster again received and with the ball in their possession "our boys" forced the claimants for the W. Penn.

football championship clear across the field to the visitors 20 yard line. Geneva could not stop the onrush of our players and the only thing that saved them from being scored upon by us was the fact that the half ended at this time.

At the close of the half, the ball was on Geneva's 20 yard line and in our possession.

Dave McBride began the play in the second half by a clever tackle of Schmidt. Geneva tried a punting game in this half, but Capt. Moore out punted Edgar, the Geneva punter, by sending the ball down the field for 55 and 65 yards, the 65 yard kick going clear over the Geneva goal. This, however, brilliant as it was, could not save another touchdown. On the next kick off, Stewart made a brilliant run of 30 yards. Westminster made short gains to Geneva's 26 yard line where the latter held and secured the ball on downs. The game ended with ball in possession of Geneva on her own 25 yard line.

The lineup was as follows:

Geneva 18.	Westminster 0.
Hill.....	l. e.D. McBride
Martin.....	l. t.Love
Sterritt.....	l. g.Rudolph
Finney.....	c.Parisen
Edgar.....	r. g.Cleland
Leech.....	r. t.Smith
O. Thompson.....	r. e.E. McBride
Capt. Critchlow.....	q.Capt. Moore
Schmidt.....	r. h.L. Stewart
Joe Teompson.....	l. h.Tennent
Brown.....	f. b.Tweedie

Sub.—Allen for Martin.

Officials.—Minteer for Westminster, Mitchell for Geneva. Timekeepers, A. Campbell, Barnes. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes.

Two plays, "A HAPPY PAIR" and "BOX AND COX," will be given in the College Chapel, Monday, Nov. 23, under the

direction of Miss Grace Acheson, for the benefit of the football team and will no doubt be the equal of any that have preceded them.

At W. Middlesex, Nov. 5, Westminster Reserves vs. W. Middlesex. Score 5-0 in favor of Westminster. Feature of play, 80 yard run for touchdown made by Milton Scott '07.

Line-up:

l. e. W. Mercer,	r. e. W. Scott,
l. t. Orr,	r. t. Long,
l. g. Fulton,	r. g. McCartney,
c. Everhart,	q. D. Tennent,
l. h. E. Calhoun, (C)	r. h. J. M. Scott,
	f. b. Lew Davidson.

Officials.—D. Calhoun '07, Johnston. Timekeepers, McCormack Moore, '04, Reese. Time of halves 20 minutes.

The Westminster Reserves defeated the Greenville High School by the score of 22-0 on Tuesday, Oct. 20, at New Wilmington.

Ernest Calhoun '06, has been elected Capt. of the Westminster second team vice Milton Scott '07 who has resigned.

Slippery Rock went down in defeat on their own home grounds Oct. 24, our strong second team being the victors. The score was 10-0 in our favor. The feature of the game was an 80 yard run for a touchdown by Capt. Calhoun.



Y. M. C. A. Notes.



On October twentieth our Lakeside delegates, Alexander, Mercer and Stewart gave their reports of the conference. They were all very interesting.

Week of Prayer was observed on the afternoons of November 8-14. At first the meetings were small, but they grew steadily in attendance and interest. The union meeting of the two associations on Saturday evening was one of the largest and best we have had this year.

The Howard Martin Mission was the subject taken up at the chapel service on the evening of Sabbath, November fifteenth. Dr. Finney of Egypt and Mrs. Robert Stewart of India gave inspiring addresses. Mrs. Stewart is a personal friend of Rev. Martin, and told us much about his work that was extremely interesting. The subscription to the fund promises to be larger than usual.



Y. W. C. A. Notes.



Among the Y. W. C. A. contributions so far this year have been: ten dollars for State work, five cents per member to World's Work and five cents per member to the salary of our Foreign Secretary, Miss Hill.

A Bible class composed of ten girls not in Ladies' Hall has been organized and has taken up the study of Blakeslee's Life of Christ.

The Mission Study classes have been making the work both enjoyable and profitable by combining pleasure and study. "Taffy pulls" were given by two of the classes after their usual meeting. Articles from Egypt were exhibited and much pleasure was derived from the discussion of their names and uses.

"Xpress Yo'se'f."



Westminster has many friends busily engaged at present in trying to secure better advantages for her students. The needs of our college are apparent to those who have her interests at heart, but while the needs may be apparent they evidently do not move to action many of our alumni. It is true we have a number of graduates who take a loyal interest in the welfare of our college, but we fear many of our graduates have allowed the cares of present duties to obscure the needs of their Alma Mater. If the friends of Westminster can solve the problem of how to create a live interest in our college among her alumni, we believe they will have gone far towards securing those necessities we are all so anxious to see placed at the disposal of our students.

Our Christian Associations are hampered in their work because they have not a square inch of space which they could call their own. Our students are tempted to neglect the care of their bodies, because they lack the incentive of a reasonably attractive gymnasium. The college needs an endowed course of lectures by really able men in order that our students may be given the opportunity of coming in touch with the broad world of culture that lies beyond the college walls. Our college paper needs support in order to properly represent our college. We need prizes and scholarships as added incentives towards learning and culture.

These things are only a few of the various needs of our college. What we must

do is to present these needs to our alumni in a way that will arouse such an interest in the college as will place it in a position to do the work it was intended to do.

W. C. P. '04.



EXCHANGES.



"Oh, my dear," she sighed, "when you are gone I shall surely pine away."

"Don't," he added. "Don't pine away; spruce up."—Ex.

Our supply of exchanges this month is somewhat limited. We hope to hear from a greater number of our friends before our next issue.

"Our Dumb Animals," for Nov. a Boston publication, contains a prize plan for the prevention of strikes written by the Rev. Amos Judson Bailey of Meriden, N. H. The judges were Messrs. E. H. Clement of the Boston Evening Transcript and James Jeffry Roche of the Boston Pilot.

"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content,

The quiet mind is richer than a crown."—Robert Greene.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

Lord Byron.

Though she may not know much Latin,
 She can say,
 In a most bewitching fashion—
 "Amo te!"

To a knowledge of French accent
 She's no claim.
 Yet there's pleasure in her whisper—
 "Je vous aime!"

While such cleverness is hear-ming,
 It is true
 I would rather hear her murmur
 "I love you."

The doorstep to the temple of wisdom
 is a knowledge of our own ignorance.

Spurgeon.

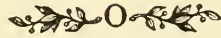
"Honest labor bears a lovely face."

Thomas Dekker.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Goldsmith.

—Ex.



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THE HOLCAD.

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No. 4

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THE ULTIMATE DESIGN OF MAN.

WM. D. MERCER, '05.

TO what end was man created—man endowed with such marvelous faculties yet ever discontented, ever racked by aspirations that remain ungratified? The solution to this problem determines the direction of each man's pursuits and decides the final result of his life, a result, that is inevitably great whether it be of glory or of shame.

But has man an ultimate design? If each product of his activity has a definite purpose, how can man the performer of all these actions be a being destitute of a purpose?

The smallest atom of life that ever existed on the earth was created for a purpose for from it higher forms were developed. Each passing age witnessed a higher development in the animal kingdom until last of all man appeared as the perfection of the animal world. May it not be logically concluded from this fact that man was the object of all earthly creation? And if so, has he not a definite purpose in life?

Men are advancing many theories in answer to this question. Some say that pleasure is the grand design of man. Not material gratification merely but enjoyment in general, comprehending all the progress of civilization, the delights of intellectual pursuits, as well as the sweet influences of family and social life.

But pleasure cannot be the true solution, for it is not within the reach of all. How many lives are there that are forever deprived of it? That child born with a mis-

shapen body whose every action is pain and every motion torture; that man who is traveling through life under the burden of loss which has forever paralyzed within him the faculty of enjoyment; that one who is ever haunted by the memory of a dishonorable deed; would you dare say to these who are forever banished from this Eden that enjoyment is the object of existence?

Some may still affirm that pleasure is the true design because man's nature craves it. But all men do not have the same nature. Where one man is induced by pleasure to take up a certain lifework, another is led by a sense of duty into a profession that is full of hardships. The physician who every hour exposes himself to the ravages of a contagious disease does not do so for the sake of enjoyment; and will you accuse him who sacrifices his life for another of running counter to the grand design of creation?

Although pleasure may bring peace of mind and general satisfaction sometimes, can it be relied upon for all moments of human existence? If pleasure were the chief aim of man's life it ought to burst forth in all its brilliancy as he nears the end. But how different is the close of that one's life whose sole object has been pleasure! Fear, anguish, despair, and the terror of approaching death crowd around such an one during his last moments and pleasure like a coward flees away. This is the fatal rock upon which the theory of pleasure is definitely shattered.

The answer given to this question by the best minds of antiquity such as Plato and Aristotle was that it is the pursuit of knowledge. That man is made to know who can doubt? But is this therefore the chief end of man? Although the pursuit of knowledge is an honorable vocation, and is essential to the development of the human race, yet it cannot be realized by all; for while learned men pursue their investigations there must be some means for their support and consequently thousands apply themselves to the humbler occupations that the seekers after the arts and science may live,

Perhaps some may say that the man who pursues knowledge as his ultimate design is a complete man. Would you call that father a well rounded man who is always shut up in his study, always indifferent to his family, and never contented except when alone with himself? The truth is it is bitter cold on the lofty peaks of pure thought and knowledge. The heart grows hard and the blood may freeze there under the icy blast of selfishness and pride. There must exist the faculties of will and feeling, the cultivation of which cannot be neglected without mutilating man's personality.

Another's view concerning the design of man is that it is the performance of duty. Duty in imposing itself upon all resolves, all doubts, reconciles all oppositions, and presses onward with a firm, still determination to unite the hearts of men in a higher and holier plane of living, and seeks no reward except that feeling which floods the inmost soul at the thought of honest and diligent work.

"The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then.
Wind-wavered, corpse-lights, daughters of the
 fen,
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days."

Here is the scheme of life that must not be treated lightly. The principle of moral obligation does apply to all. Some writer has said, "the divine revelation of duty illuminates every human conscience."

Duty is equally capable of being a part of every moment of man's existence. For what action however simple cannot be classed either directly or indirectly under duty, if done in the proper spirit.

But does the performance of duty in itself comfort grief, allay fear, and satisfy the longing of the soul? No! Man's chief faculties, will, intellect and feeling seem to regard duty as something false, as a structure without a foundation. The cold, abstract principle of obligation is the only allurements to the performance of duty. If duty were the grand design of man it would be expected in some way to reward him for faithfulness or punish him for unfaithfulness. But no! Duty is powerless. The true design must be closely associated with a higher power that overrules the affairs of men.

In nature each being tends to associate itself with something of a higher order. The animal does not aspire to be man but it does tend toward man. This tendency will be seen in the rising series of animal creations that have succeeded one another on the earth before the appearance of man.

These successive organisms ceased to advance only when man appeared. It was man whom they were seeking.

It is among the domestic animals that the proof is found which impels the beings of nature to join themselves to man. Here the animals seem to humanize themselves. Like a crowd of faithful subjects they group around him and with docility place at his disposal, strength often superior to his own. In this organization of nature exists the fundamental law that "every being tends upward."

Man also has his aspirations. As the animal tends not to be a man but to associate itself with him, so man does not aspire to be the infinite Being but to be united with him.

As God gave to man a soul that elevates him to the pinnacle of the animal world, so from the soul, the seat of man's aspirations, goes up to the Infinite an irresistible drawing toward that glorious and limitless God of whom we daily contemplate the proofs in the beauty, in the excellence, and in the greatness of his works. It was under these influences that the sweet singer of Israel cried, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

Beasts being destitute of souls are unconscious of why they aspire toward man, but God in giving to man a soul revealed also to him his infinite greatness, his relationship to him as a Creator, his power to reward and his power to punish, his power to forgive and his power to condemn. So man in response to God's revelation to him should aspire to honor and glorify His name both in this world and in the world to come. Thomas Carlyle voiced the same sentiment when in his old age he declared that the

first question of the shorter catechism expressed his final philosophy of life, that "man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever."

Is not this the crowning purpose of man's existence? Was he not saved to serve? No one can bring the objection that this solution does not apply to himself, for there never was a human being on this earth to whom this answer is not applicable. Although affliction may drive pleasure out of the lives of many and the pursuit of knowledge be beyond the reach of some and duty seem a hard ruler, yet nothing can take from man the glorious work of serving his Master who is now preparing for him a future home.

But will this solution be applicable to every moment of human existence? May not the simplest act be done so as to reflect glory to God? The most powerful orator the world has ever known exclaimed, "whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory to God."

But as man approaches the goal of life, those advocating other theories anxiously watch to see if in the last moments this design will not also prove false. In vain do they watch, for the individual who spends his short life in the humble service of his Creator, rejoices as he approaches nearer and nearer the end. His countenance is radiant with celestial glory and from his smiling lips ascend the words, "Father, I have accomplished the work which thou gavest me to do."

Let every thoughtful soul look on these pictures and then let that soul decide whether it will follow the phantom of pleasure, the cold indifference of knowledge, the incompleteness of duty, or the divine path of

service that leads to a higher, holier and happier life, of which the one supreme example is found in the life of the incarnate Son of God.

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou,
Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours to make them thine."



THE CHARM OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

—
WILLIARD REID '04.

CENTURIES of civilization have not changed the original nature of man. Nor do years of life in the society of human beings entirely obliterate the love for the companionship of nature. Indeed with some men it seems to be the constant association with their fellows which drives them out to seek rest and relief from the irritating contact with uncongenial surroundings.

Such men have ever looked to the forest, and the mountain, and the stream for peace and quiet. There, with only the birds and animals of the woods for their companions, they find rest from toil and their weary minds throw off all anxiety and refuse to consider life's perplexities. And, then, they love to live over again those happy care-free days when trouble and worry were left behind, and only nature's beauty and charm occupied their reviving spirits.

Perhaps it was in some such mood as this that Henry Vandyke wrote those refreshing sketches, "Little Rivers." In them he lives over again many a happy fishing trip along pleasant streams in

mountains and in forests. He writes of regions in widely separated lands, but does not neglect the interesting places of the home land. He tells of that fine old mountain district, the Adirondacks, with its great network of lakes and streams winding here and there for miles and miles. He speaks principally of the Ampersand, but no one need confine his attention to that alone, for the whole region abounds in beauty and interest.

The mountains may have been high once, but the work of centuries has lowered them until they have lost all pretensions to distinction for great altitude. They rise in irregular groups and extend often to the very margin of the deep clear lakes which occupy the hollows. Forests clothe the rough sides and present an even and attractive appearance, where the ax of man or the more fearful scourge of fire have not left some unsightly scar for nature to heal. And these forests are by no means to be despised in regard to their natural beauty. The observer standing on some high hill beholds them extending as far as the eye can reach, shading down in color from the peaks almost black with evergreens to the valleys with their lighter green or variegated autumn hues. Everywhere they round out the irregularities and display a curving outline against the sky.

But the most attractive feature of this mountain country is the water system which extends through it in every direction. With the light boat of the guide, one may travel far if he be content to follow the winding course which nature affords. His journey may take him through winding streams where the sluggish current is almost still, perhaps bringing him suddenly on

some startled deer browsing on the river's edge. Again the same stream may quicken into swift, swirling rapids, causing the light boat to shudder in the seething mass, as it glides past jagged rocks into safety beyond.

He may come on some gentle lake, its calm waters reflecting the blue of the heavens, its even surface dotted with islands, and its sandy shore bearing the hoof-prints of the forest animals. Or he may be carried out on some dark forbidding lake swept by the steady north wind until even the branches of the trees are turned back from that resistless force.

One seldom grows weary of any continuous kind of weather in this region, and if he does, there is always the possibility of some delightful change at the most unexpected time. There are mild balmy days which invite to slothful ease and careless day dreams, while the waters, softly lap the shores, and the trees whisper together in the summer breeze overhead, and the trout lie quiet in the sunshine of the pools.

Such days have their attraction, but the real charm of the Adirondacks is in the biting frost which always comes at the nod of winter. There are still, cold days when the snow creaks under the tread, and the ice sends out its resounding boom, and the atmosphere, itself, seems frozen. Then the very sun serves only "to make the coldness visible." On days like this the dark ice of the yet unburied lakes may offer its smooth surface to the eager skater, or the pathless white may entice to a swinging snow-shoe tramp.

And there are stormy days when the sharp wind cuts like a knife and sends the blood bounding through the body making

it tingle to its very tips and rousing all the fighting spirit of a man. There are the days when it is good to live for the sake of living and to struggle for the sake of the struggle.

Let the snows lie deep in the mountain glens and the wind howl down from the north. There is need for old winter's driving lash to stir men from the cities' lethargy, and to rouse the innate energy which a luxurious civilization is likely to lull to endless sleep. For this cause were mountains made.



FARTHER THAN WE KNEW.

ELIZABETH DONALDSON.

IT WAS the day before Thanksgiving, and I had decided to pay a visit to the Twenty-seventh Street Hospital. There was nothing of luxury, and little of comfort about the building. The only people who came within its high gloomy walls were those who could not afford one of the more pretentious places. The first room I entered was—like most of the others—a small one lighted by one little window.

I was impressed by the bareness and gloom of the place. The room contained nothing that was not absolutely necessary. In the far corner was a cot. Under the window there stood an old oak table on which was a lamp, a nurse's chart, and a large coarse drinking mug. Opposite this a medicine chest hung on the bare gray wall. A nurse stood before it mixing something in a glass. When she had finished doing this she turned and looked toward the cot. My eyes followed hers;

and looking more closely, I saw the pinched features of an old woman. She was not pretty; with her wrinkled face, and thin white hair, she was, on the contrary, quite a homely little body. As I looked I saw that she was breathing heavily, and there was something about the sound of it that hurt me.

I glanced quickly at the nurse. She seemed to know what I wished to ask, for she shook her head and whispered, "No not for long. She has been unconscious since they brought her in—was picked up near the market yesterday—probably knocked down by a cab—a poor woman judging by her clothes. When they found her, she had a turkey in her arms; and from what she has said, I imagine that she was taking it to her grandchildren when she was hurt."

My eyes again wandered over to the old woman. She was smiling, and her lips were moving. I went and leaned over to hear what she was saying.

"Here it is children, I haven't dissatisfied you," she was muttering. "Won't it be a fine Thanksgiving we'll be having. Maybe you thought I was a good while in coming, but"—her voice grew fainter,— "I've come a long way and I'm a little tired now."

I left the bedside and sat down in a little chair, which the nurse handed to me. It was growing dark and somewhere off in the gloom some little children were waiting for their grandmother. A little later the doctor came in.

"How is your patient, Miss Greene?" he asked.

"She has been wandering," the nurse answered.

But when he went nearer the little cot and looked at the white face, he found that she had been wandering further than we thought.



THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

ELLSWORTH, Maine, is a pretty village but its chief charm is in the wide bay on which the summer visitors spend most of their time. To complete the really fine view, the bay is studded with islands.

Among the customary summer residents were Mrs. Moreland and her son Charles. One year, a Mrs. Leslie, an old schoolmate of Mrs. Moreland's, came with her little boy Jack to stay with them. Notwithstanding the difference in their ages the two boys soon became great friends, and Charlie often took Jack out sailing with him in his favorite boat, the "Sea Gull."

Mrs. Moreland was quite pleased to have her son take charge of his little friend for she hoped that the sense of responsibility would make him more careful and prevent him from making long trips outside the bay. There was some such effect, certainly for Charlie confined himself to the bay, landing on the different islands and exploring them from one end to the other.

The eastern side of the island farthest away from the mainland was submerged during high tide, and great was the joy of the explorers to find a cave opening under an immense rock. There were wonderful pools left in the rocky floors of the cave, full of sea anemones, crabs, shrimps, and lovely seaweed, jelly fish and turtles were left stranded on the beach outside, and altogether the place was wholly delightful.

They named it the "Smugglers' Cave" and Charlie told innumerable tales of the plunder, bloodshed, and hairbreadth escapes of the supposed pirates and smugglers who had owned it.

Once or twice Mrs. Moreland expressed a little uneasiness for fear they might get caught by the tide, while in the cave, and would be unable to get out, but Charlie only laughed and vowed there was no danger.

But one day Jack begged for a story "right here where the bad men were", and Charlie began to spin one of his marvelous yarns, finally becoming so much interested himself that he quite forgot the time.

It was a lovely day, a little too warm in the sun perhaps, but inside the cave, cool and pleasant. So the afternoon wore on, when suddenly a curious lapping sound struck Charlie's ear. Turning around with a start he saw the water already at the mouth of the cave! There was only the one entrance and just outside, the beach shelved away for twelve feet or more. The "Sea Gull" was safely moored on the other side of the island, and Charlie knew it was utterly impossible to swim around the cliff for a mile or more carrying the child. There was simply nothing to be done except to stay there in the cave and be drowned.

Charlie scarcely paused in telling his story; however, these thoughts flashed through his mind in an instant. Then the instinct for preserving life made him wonder if there was no possible way of escape. Did the water entirely fill the cave? Where were the high water marks? The highest mark ran around the sides of the cave about a foot below the roof, and just a lit-

tle lower was a single point of rock jutting out and making a sort of shelf. He decided to tell Jack plainly of their danger; he was a manly little fellow and would try to be brave. Breaking off in the midst of the story, Charlie said, trying to use a matter of fact tone, "Say, Jack, we've stayed in here too long and the tide is coming in. I'm going to put you up on that little shelf and then we'll just stay here till the water goes away again."

Jack's eyes opened wide with horror as he looked out at the sea, and then noticing how anxious Charlie looked he answered bravely, "Very well, Charlie, but where will you stay?"

"Oh, I'm bigger than you," was the cheery answer, "and I'll just stand here below you."

So Jack was hoisted to his perch and had to sit with his head bent down to keep from knocking it against the cavern roof. Charlie sat still on a rock and told jokes and made fun of the water as it crept up, up, up, till he had to stand. Then he gave his watch and a few matches to Jack and told him to put them in his breast pocket.

Then the little fellow's composure almost gave way. "But Charlie," he murmured brokenly, "you'll be drowned, let me down and you get up here, please."

"No, no, Jack" insisted Charlie, "I can swim like a fish and I'll float till I can put my arm around you and hold myself still. You mustn't be worried if the water comes up to your waist, it won't come any higher I'm sure."

The depth of the water now forced Charlie off the ground, and to his unspeakable disgust seaweed twined itself around him like water snakes, and little fish and

slimy things floated through his fingers. He could not get the idea of sharks out of his mind and kept hoping none would find their way into the cave! To increase the dismal horror, night was falling and the cave was gloomy in its darkness. Once there was a great swirl in the water as if something large were rushing past him, and involuntarily Charlie shrank close to the side of the cave and held fast to Jack's feet. His heart almost stopped beating for a moment, and then as nothing happened he felt a quite ridiculous sense of relief. At what seemed long intervals Jack struck a light and looked at the time, but Charlie was afraid of exhausting their small supply of matches, so finally he stopped.

After ages and eternities had rolled by—or so it seemed to the poor boys—Jack called out eagerly, "Oh, Charlie! the water is going down, it doesn't even reach my knees now! I was afraid to say anything before, for fear I only thought it, but now I'm sure. And I just know my head will break off soon, my neck is cracked now," he added pitifully.

Charlie laughed in spite of himself. "Never mind," he said reassuringly, "as

soon as I can stand on the bottom I'll take you off that perch and hold you, and then you can straighten your poor neck."

At length the cave was empty. The boys stood at the mouth and watched the water going farther and farther away, with an overwhelming sense of delivery and gratitude. When the water was low enough to let them wade they could stand it no longer but set out around the cliff and soon reached the "Sea Gull."

Across the bay twinkled the lights of the little fishing village, and there were surely lanterns bobbing around on the beach. No doubt their mothers were distracted with anxiety and were sending out search parties. "Well," the boys reflected philosophically, "it is all over now, and there is no use in making a fuss. Anyhow, we are safe."

"Hello, Mother!" shouted Jack as he rushed up the path to the cottage, "Here we are!"

The wanderers were royally welcomed by the entire village, and peace was restored to the cottage after the boys had solemnly promised never again to tell stories in the "Smugglers' Cave."



EDITORIAL.

THE approach of the end of the long fall term of college always brings with it pleasant anticipations of a vacation at home, of the merry festivities and happy joys of Christmas and New Year's spent among friends and relatives. These pleasant thoughts may not be altogether unalloyed with annoyance at the remembrance of the examinations which must be passed first. It is as though the studies, with which the eager aspirant after knowledge has been wrestling so long, must give him one more final, vicious wrench, before letting him go free to enjoy himself for a time and renew his wasted energies. It makes the wise but unwilling subject of the professor's devices, sometimes wonder why it is that any good teacher doesn't know, at the end of the term, what his pupil (whom he has presumably been studying for the last two or three months) knows without giving him an "examination." Why should it be necessary for him to resort to such a process of vivi-section, in order to find out what is in his pupil, when all that is there has been put in by the professor himself? But this is probably one of the mysteries the young philosopher will never be able to solve. He submits to the wisdom of his superiors, undergoes the operation, and—really he does not mind it very much after it is all over.

The sense of a term's work well done, and of time well spent is essential to a student's highest enjoyment of his vacation. A well earned rest is indeed an end worth

striving for. The hard work, the conscientious work, of the long weeks which preceded, will make the holiday joys so much the sweeter, and fresh enthusiasm will come with the return of school duties.



IN a recent number of the Independent, appeared an article on the differences between college students in the Eastern and Western parts of our country, written by an evidently close observer of the traits and characteristics which he describes. It is especially interesting to all who are themselves students, as it enables them to some extent "to see themselves as othes see them." To a thoughtful reader, one who has acquired some ability to study himself, to "take an inventory" of himself, as it were, and see what qualities he has in stock and what he lacks, it will perhaps furnish suggestions of opportunity for self-improvement. In the article mentioned the Western college student is represented as having a greater enthusiasm for hard work, as applying himself more exclusively to his studies, and as having a greater moral earnestness than his Eastern neighbor; but lacking, withal, in what might be called a reverence for form, evidenced in his writing, by disrespect for the "King's English," and in his manners, by a lack of a keen sense of the "elegances of life;" and on account of his perhaps too serious view of college life, in danger of "losing that nimbleness of wit and vivacity of spirit for which Eastern students are noted."

The golden mean in this no doubt lies

somewhere between the two extremes represented. Let a student to be sure, cultivate that capacity for hard work and concentration of mind, which is essential to the highest success, but at the same time let him not lose that ability for relaxation, for taking a "day off" now and then when occasion warrants, when he can soar aloft on the wings of leisure, into the clearer atmosphere above the haze and hurry of his work and take a broader view of himself and of life. Let him acquire a healthy scorn for all that is mere formality, but with a full appreciation of those little niceties of life which smooth the way for man's intercourse with his fellows and make that intercourse the pleasanter. Let his morality lift him above all the petty deceptions

and meannesses which are sometimes so lamentably common. Let him, in short, aim to be a scholar, a gentleman, a Christian.



NOBODY had any opinions to express this month in the "Xpress Yo' se'f" column, or at least, we have heard of none. But be it known to all that the HOLCAD is still soliciting "expressions" along this line, and only requests that everybody do not speak at once. It might be said here, just as with respect to the other departments of our paper, that anonymous contributions will not be noticed, though a reasonable desire on your part not to have your name published will of course be respected.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

Mary has a little beau,
His hair is red as fire,
And everywhere that Mary goes
That beau is always by her.

They sit in Chapel every day,
Which is against the rule.
It makes the students laugh and say
"That's the worst case in school."

What is Miss Grier's "object"?

Souvenir Postal Cards for sale at stores.

Miss Orr—"My head feels so swelled sometimes."

Why is Mr. Davidson so anxious to get some furniture?

Audley S—"Devotion ceases to be a virtue after a time."

Dr. F—"Take a case for example. We can get lots of them."

Fulton—"When Love gets his arms around me, I give up."

Miss G—to Mr. Davidson—"Oh, I feel like embracing you."

E. E. Hazlett—"I havn't all my biography (bibliography) here."

Prof. Hewetson to Miss Carithers—"Let us go back to love again."

Miss Grounds—"Say girls, what's the cinnamon (synonym) 'for seed.'"

Miss Culbert to Mr. V.—"If you ask me the right question I'll say 'yes'."

John Lytle—"Just as I thought. A girl closes her eyes when she's kissed."

Wright's favorite quotation from Hamlet—"This is the very ecstasy of love."

McBride says there would be no fun in going sleigh-riding if he took a chaperon.

Miss—"Just a little over a month and we can propose as many times as we want to."

What Dave says when he sits down at the dinner table—"Here's for self-aggrandizement."

Henderson—"I would go to church six times a day if I could sit beside a pretty girl everytime."

Ruth S.—Singing, Never, never, fall in love if you would happy be, "I don't want to be happy."

Dr. C.—"Miss McV. you are just as much of a saint as Peter was. What is a saint?" Miss McV.—"An angel."

Even if Lew Davidson should fall in when he goes skating, he would not sink since he always takes an oar with him.

"I got mashed on that girl in the play."

"Tek" jumping up quickly, "You'll get mashed worse if you are not careful."

Miss—says that when a fellow and a girl get together and tell their troubles to one another, they simply can't keep from spooning.

Mr—"If Florence and Jim go in a surrey with—there will be an extra rig."

Florence—"Yes, but we don't want to go in a surrey."

Milton McGill is of the opinion that young gentlemen and young women should not talk to together in Chapel unless they have serious intentions.

"Isn't it too bad you can't know everybody." Bob. "It's a good thing I don't

know everybody. I'd get so many cases I'd have to go out and shoot myself."

Hereafter if any young man wishes to call at the Ladies Hall but lacks the necessary invitation he would do well to get a special dispensation" from Dr. Campbell.

Scene—McAuley House. Game of Flinch in progress. Mr. Adams (surveying his cards doubtfully)—"O dear, I don't know what to do." McAuley Jr.—"Well, you can board." Mr. A—"Oh, I'm tired boarding, I'd like to have a change."

Dr. was explaining the mysteries of induction when a knock was heard at the door, and a voice unmistakably feminine, asked for Mr. Campbell. Blushes from Mr. C—, laughter from the class. Dr. F—"I don't think we need to interfere in a case like that."

At a meeting of the Senior Class the following members were elected to serve as Class Day performers: Donor, D. L. McBride; Historian, Miss Bess Gilkey, Prophet, W. Carson Press; Poet, Miss Vesta Lytle; Chairman of the Music Com., J. Alvin Campbell, Pipe of Peace orator, W. E. Minter.

All who desire to aid in a practical way the securing of a Y. M. C. A. building can do so by purchasing one or more Souvenir Postal Cards. These cards are gotten up in attractive style and cannot fail to be of interest to every student. They can be procured at all the stores for a small sum. The proceeds from the sale of these cards will be added to the building fund. So here is an opportunity to help in this work, which comes within the reach of all.

In the contest in New Testament

Greek held last Spring, in which over three hundred students took part representing over one hundred institutions Mr. G. C. Vincent Westminster '04, took second place. Mr. Vincent is to be congratulated, since the creditable showing which he made in a contest representing so many institutions, reflects credit not only on himself but also on the institution which he represented.

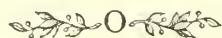
The following is an exact copy of the constitution and by-laws of the M. L. S.:

We, the undersigned promise to refrain from gentleman company to all pay functions. Any one breaking over shall pay the sum of 25 cents for first offense, decreasing 5 cents each time until fifth offense when name of said person shall be dropped from roll. (All cases of tarbucketing excepted.)

List of Fines—Engaged walkings 5c (Tetrolectic excepted.)

Engaged sittings 10c.

Signed—Members of the M. L. S.



ALUMNI NOTES.

Notice of the Alumni-Westminster basket ball game will be found in the column on athletics.

'02. A. B. Allison has been compelled on account of illness to give up his work in chemistry at Johns Hopkins and is now at his home in Mercer.

'96. The Mt. Hor Presbyterian church of Rochester N. Y. of which Rev. R. W. Veach is pastor, celebrated its tenth anniversary on November twenty-seventh. The members of the congregation and other friends enjoyed a happy retrospect as well as a pleasant social gathering.

'95. Mr. Carl Crononwett, of Butler and wife nee Miss L. B. Robertson are both reported as ill with typhoid fever which is such a scourge in their town. Mrs. Crononwett will be remembered as a daughter of Mrs. L. B. Robertson formerly Principal of the Ladies Hall.

'88. Rev. S. W. Douthett of Shushan N. Y. who was severely injured on Septem-

ber twenty-second by being thrown from his bicycle has so far recovered his health as to be able to preach occasionally.

'94. Miss Margaret McLarn, of Oakdale, Pa., who took a trip through Europe last summer in Dr. Kelsa's party expects to chaperon a party herself next summer over a similar route. She reports a fine time last vacation and excellent health for this year's work.

'83. J. P. Whitla Esq., of Sharon visited his parents in New Wilmington recently.

'02 Miss Cora B. Marshall has sufficiently recovered from her attack of typhoid fever as to be able to resume her work in the public school here.

'03—'00. Misses Florence and Edith Thompson, of Wheeler, visited College friends on Friday.

'89. The report of the Monongahella Trust Co. of Homestead, shows that institution to be in a flourishing condition. Mr.

Reid Kennedy is president of the company. Mr. Kennedy is also a director in the First National Bank of Homestead, which is capitalized at \$100,000.

'96. H. Braden McElree, professor in Amity College, College Springs Iowa, acted as referee in the game of football played October 19th at Blanchard, Iowa between Amity and Tarkio Colleges. The score was a tie, 0-0.

'02. R. G. McGill of Allegheny Seminary was home for the Thanksgiving season.

'03. H. R. Sampson, Niagara Falls, was here for a brief visit recently.

Ex.-'04. Miss Bess Breaden and Miss Zoe Hockenberry, both of West Sunbury, were interested spectators of the Grove City game on Thanksgiving Day.

'00. Mary E. Turner was a recent visitor at the Hall the guest of her sister, Miss Laura Turner, '05.

'96. Married: Walter E. Dickson, Crafton, Pa., and Miss Mary V. Smith, Bulger. Miss Smith was also a former Westminster student.

'94. Miss Ina M. Hanna reports that the first semester of the high school work for the year is nearing a successful close.

The new building which was entered in the fall is already crowded with 1200 or more students and a second is talked of and will be needed in the near future. Her address is, 1724 Eleventh Ave. Seattle, Wash.

'99. Rev. C. F. Hoffman visited his brother, H. M. Hoffman '07 recently.

The Chicago Herald in a recent issue had a picture and brief sketch of John O'Neill, Esq., a former student of Westminster College. Messrs. McKelvey, Thorn and McElree were schoolmates with him and have vivid recollections of him. He has prospered in the world and is quite a factor in Chicago politics, a friend and appointee of Mayor Harrison.

'03. Roy M. Jamison Professor of Mathematics, Eldersridge Academy. G. W. Baldinger assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Washington D. C. and F. S. Thompson Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Corry, Pa., spent a few days here Thanksgiving week visiting College friends.

R. W. Grier '01, of Bellevue and James McCrory ex'04 were guests of college friends during the past week.

'03. Miss Loretta A. Mitchell has returned home for the holidays from her work in the schools at Scottdale, Pa.

MUSIC AND ART.

In the art room, every effort is being put forth to get the work finished at the end of the term. Saturday at the art display, the work of the term will be quite fully exhibited and many beautiful pieces will be shown.

The chorus class has begun work on

Mendelsohns' beautiful Athalie which will be used in the Commencement concert next next Spring.

A double quartette has been organized to assist Miss Speer in conducting the praise service in the Sabbath evening chapel exercises. It consists of the following members:

Misses Peffer, Finney, McVey, Stewart, Messrs, Rudolph, J. A. Campbell, J. E. Anderson and Warnock.

The following representatives have been chosen by the Philomath and Adelpic Literary Societies, for their two contests:

Commencement Contest.

Adelpic		Philomath
Ben Graham	Oration	James Stranahan
Willard Reid	Essay	W. D. Mercer
George Vincent	Declamation	Johnson Moore
E. N. McBride	Debate	John Lytle.

Preliminary Orators.

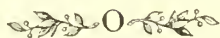
Adelpic		Philomath
D. I. Rose,		J. A. Campbell
D. L. McBride,		Ralph McKelvey
F. J. Warnock,		Robert Yourd

An elocutionary recital was given in the Chapel Dec. 10, by Mr. Lloyd O. Thompson, ex-'03. Mr. Thompson, since leaving Westminster, has studied under Edgar Judson Elberts, of New York City and John R. Wetzel, instructor in elocution in Yale University. Mr. Thompson's varied selections were read in a manner very pleasing to his audience.

Elocution will become a part of the work in the Freshman English class after

holidays. The students of the class which is in two sections, will meet with Miss Acheson on alternate days for instruction in vocal development, articulation and natural modes of expression in the interpretation of literature.

An exposition of the properties of liquid air, by Prof. W. B. Patty, was given as the third number of the lecture course, on the evening of Dec. 18. It was truly an evening of intensely interesting instruction. Rubber, tin, flowers, beefsteak, immersed in liquid air were rendered as brittle as glass; mercury frozen to the hardness of steel; steel melting and cranberries freezing at the same time—these were marvels which excited the greatest admiration and wonder. The glimpses given of the many practical uses to which liquid air may be put when it can be manufactured cheap enough to allow them, were wonderful. Because of some slight mishap to the apparatus, a practical demonstration of the principles of wireless telegraphy was rendered impossible. But the explanation of the many uses to which the wireless system has been and will probably soon be put, was very instructive.



ATHLETICS.

The two plays "A Happy Pair" and "Box and Cox," given in the College Chapel Nov. 23, were an artistic and financial success. The playing of Miss Helen Ferguson and Mr. John C. Campbell in "A Happy Pair" was a revelation to their many friends. Miss Gealey, and Messrs. Alexander and Gittens did good work in "Box and Cox." Miss Grace Acheson, of

the Department of Oratory, merits especial praise for her excellent work in bringing the performances to such a high state of perfection.

The Crystal Quartette aided greatly in the success of the evening.

The management of the football team desires to thank publicly all those who helped to make the affair so successful.

The game played at Grove City Thanksgiving, between Westminster and G. C. resulted in a score of 5-0 in favor of the latter. The game was unsatisfactory because of the unfair tactics of the Grove City people and was characterized by roughness, throttling and slugging on the part of Grove City team. The struggle was a bitter one and no favors shown the visiting team. On the contrary Referee Simpson, a G. C. Student blew his whistle immediately at the end of the two minutes, when men were injured. He did this in the case of E. A. Tennent and also when E. McBride was hurt. Repeated efforts were made to injure Tennent and put him out of the game but G. C. was unable to do so. Efforts were made by G. C. to force Westminster to play (30) minute halves, but acting Captain Tennent firmly refused the extraordinary demand, owing to the intense cold and also because of the condition of the gridiron, a sheet of ice and snow. A compromise of 20 and 25 minute halves was finally agreed upon by the two captains.

GAME IN BRIEF.

Westminster kicked off to G. C. After two downs in which G. C. failed to run the Westminster ends, the ball was fumbled and it was Westminster's ball on Grove City's 26 yard line. On the first down Calhoun bucked the G. C. line for a gain of four yards. Tennent attempted an end run on the next down, but was unable to gain much owing to a slippery field. Calhoun thereupon tried for a field goal but the ball just missed the post. G. C. then punted out from the 25 yard line to the center of field, where, after a few short gains, the Blue and White were forced to punt, the ball going out of bounds. G. C. hav-

ing the heavier team carried the ball by line plunges to Westminster's 15 yard line where G. C. fumbled and E. McBride secured the ball.

Westminster punted out of danger but the G. C. men got through before the ball was free and Calhoun was forced to kick with his left foot. This forced change was unfortunate as Calhoun had been suffering from a serious injury to his left knee for the previous three weeks, and a gain of only ten yards was made. The play at this point was dangerously near the Westminster goal and desperate efforts were made by G. C. to score. A touchdown was finally secured by throttling Westminster's center. Locke failed at goal. Honors were about even the remainder of the first half, at the close of the half Westminster had the ball on her own 30 yd. line. Score 5-0 in favor of G. C.

In second half G. C. kicked to Calhoun where Westminster started to pound the G. C. line and the ball was carried to the G. C. 25 yard line, when it was given to G. C. by the official, in a claim of fumble, the spectators failed to see any fumble. Shortly afterwards Westminster held for downs and kicked to the G. C. 40 yd. line. From this time on it was a fierce contest for supremacy, neither side being able to advance the ball. Tennent's playing at this time was marvelous, with the ball in his possession he squirmed out of the hands of three G. C. players in succession. E. McBride made two successive tackles in as many downs and G. C. failed to gain an inch. Westminster secured the ball on downs and the Blue and White line began to advance. The playing of W. Marshall and Capt. Locke was excellent at this time.

With the interest at fever heat the game ended with the ball in possession of Westminster and on her own 40 yard line.

Tennent, the McBride brothers and Dave Calhoun played a star game.

LINE-UP.

Westminster-0	Grove City-5.
E. McBride.....r. e.....	Sandal
J. Smith.....r. t.....	Marks
W. Cleland.....r. g.....	Bozelle
Geo. Parisen.....c.....	McCullough
H. Rudolph.....l. g.....	Eagen
Preston Love.....l. t.....	McConnell
E. A. Tennent.....l. e.....	Dodds
Milton Scott.....q.....	Maitland
D. McBride.....l. h.....	Larimer
A. J. Crooks.....r. h.....	W. Marshall
Dave Calhoun.....f. b.....	Locke

Summary—Touchdown, Eagan.

Officials. | Minter and Simpson.

Timekeepers.—T. C. Cochran, Prof. Caldwell.

Time of halves.—20 and 25 minutes.

The Basket Ball season opened Dec. 12 with a game between the 'varsity and alumni teams in the college gymnasium. The 'varsity team won by a score of 35-6. The game was well attended and proved interesting. Patterson and Lambie secured the most points for 'varsity and Edmundson made three out of the six points secured by the Alumni. Some clever passing was done by both teams, and it was the general opinion that Westminster will have a good team for the Basketball season this year.

The following is the summary of the game. Line-up.

Westminster 35.	Alumni 6.
R. Deever.....F.....	M. M. Edmundson
H. Patterson.....F.....	Don McKim
H. Lambie.....C.....	J. McN. Cameron
A. Stewart.....G.....	Paul Yourd
W. Minter.....G.....	Wallace Ferguson

Summary. — Field goals. — Deever; Lambie 5; Patterson 6; Perkins 2; Stewart

2; Cameron. Fouls.—Lambie 3; Edmundson 3; Yourd.

Referee and Umpire alternating.—D. Calhoun and McCormack Moore.

Time of halves.—15 minutes.

Substitutes.—Ralph McGill '02 for Edmundson; Perkins for Deever.

Manager E. A. Tennent '05 has arranged a fine schedule of games for the coming Basket Ball season. The following is the schedule.

Dec. 12.	Alumni vs 'varsity at New Wilmington.
Jan. 18	Geneva College at Beaver Falls.
Jan. 19.	Freedom Basket Ball team at Freedom.
Jan. 25.	East Liverpool, O., at New Wilmington.
Feb. 1.	Shenango A. C. at New Wilmington.
Feb. 6.	Geneva College at New Wilmington.
Feb. 15.	Grove City at New Wilmington.
Feb. 27.	Wooster Univ. at New Wilmington.
Mar. 7.	Grove City at Grove City.
Mar. 8.	Butler A. C. at Butler.

Arrangements are being made for games with Cornell and other first-class teams in the East.

Captain Lambie is giving the men hard practice daily. The following is a list of candidates for the team.

A. J. Crooks '04	Lew J. Davidson '07
R. Deever '06	W. E. Minter '04.
J. H. Hoffman '07	L. McLean '07
H. Lambie (C) '07	H. Patterson '07
Preston Love '06	L. Perkins '04
A. C. Mercer '06	J. L. Smith '07
McC. Moore '04	A. D. Stewart '04
L. H. Moore '07	L. E. Stewart '05
Johnson Moore '07	D. Ramsey '07
	D. McBride '04.

The varsity football team has elected E. A. Tennent '05 of Caledonia, N. Y. captain of the 'varsity football team for next fall. Captain Tennent has played the game with dash and finish and is in every respect eminently worthy of the position. We congratulate the team on their wise selection.

At a regular meeting of the Athletic Association held Dec. 10. D. Chalmers Fulton '05 of Hanlin Station was elected manager of the 'varsity football team for next season. Joseph C. Mawhinney '06 of Cecil was elected manager of the second football team at the same meeting.

The football team decided by ballot on Dec. 11 whether Mr. Owens or Mr. Seavey should photograph the team. Mr. Seavey was chosen. The second eleven also decided to have Mr. Seavey photograph their team.



Y. M. C. A. Notes.

At a recent meeting of one of the mission-study classes, Rev. Finney of our Egyptian mission was present. A very pleasant hour of conversation was spent with him, the talk centering about the Moslem and his relation to missionary work.

J. Campbell White, traveling secretary of the Ways and Means committee of our church, expects to spend the last week of January at Westminster. Mr. White was for many years connected with the Y. M. C. A. work in Calcutta, India. He is a man of rare ability and power and is at his best when addressing young people. His address here last Spring was much appreciated and we are all eagerly looking forward to his return.

This visit is not the only treat in store for the first part of next term. Arrangements are being made for a recital to be given by the Music and Elocution departments of the college for the benefit of the Christian associations on Friday, Jan. 15, 1904. It is hoped that the members and friends of the two associations will do all in their power to make the entertainment a success.



Y. W. C. A. Notes.

It was decided at a late meeting to send the balance of this term's funds to the support of our American Committee.

Miss Strong, our State Secretary informs us that she is about to leave the State work of Pennsylvania to take up the work in Milwaukee, Wis., as General Secretary of the city Association.

Dr. Pauline Root, representative of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, expects to visit Westminster Jan. 27-28.

Dr. Root's following so closely upon the meetings of J. Campbell White, Jan 19-25, we trust will be a great benefit to our Associations.

Dr. Finney accepted an invitation from the Mission class studying "The Concise History of Missions" to meet with them one evening lately and answer any questions or explain any difficulties concerning the mission work in the Levant. It was a most interesting and instructive meeting, after which the class members spent the remainder of the evening in making candy and having a very good time.

EXCHANGES.

The "Intercollegian" for December contains two notices of the Westminster College Bible Study and Mission classes.

Plant patience in the garden of thy soul;
The roots are bitter but the fruits are sweet,
And when at last it stands a tree complete;
Beneath its tender shade the burning heat
And burden of the day shall lose control.
Plant patience in the garden of thy soul.—Ex.

The editor of the Grove City Collegian in a flight of oratory relative to Athletics has this to say: "and proud sister Westminster was humbled, yes crushed." Nay, nay, brother, keep to the facts. Two games of football the past season, first one, Westminster 12-0; second one G. C. 5-0. Westminster seven points ahead for the two games. Of a truth facts are stubborn things and will not down.

You can't love what you don't comprehend, unless it be a woman.—Ex.

The Trinitonian, a new name on our exchange list, is a remarkably neat publication all the way from Waxahachie, Texas. We received it with pleasure.

The Amulet, of West Chester, is one of our most welcome exchanges. It is a paper of distinct literary merit.

Monmouth College publishes an inaugural number for its November issue, that is highly creditable to the college.

The Kindall Collegian contains a picture of its editorial staff.

Professor—"How do you punctuate the following: The beautiful girl for such she was was passing down the street."

Student—(excitedly) "I would make a dash after the beautiful girl." —Ex.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges.

The Amulet, West Chester, State Normal.

The Aurora, Knoxville College, Tenn.
Black and Magenta, Muskingum College, New Concord O.

The Beaver, Beaver College, Beaver.
The Collegian, Waynesburg College, Waynesburg.

The Delaware College Review, Newark Del.

The Delphic News, Sharon High School, Sharon.

The Grove City Collegian G. C. College Grove City.

The Intercollegian, Y. M. C. A., New York City.

The Kendall Collegian, Muskogee Ind. Ter.

The Monitor, New Castle High School
The Oracle, Monmouth College, Monmouth Ill.

The Phoenix, Tarkio College, Tarkio Mo.

Steel and Garnet, Girard College, Philadelphia.

The Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco Me.

The Trinitonian, Waxahachie, Texas.

THE HOLCAD.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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UP FROM THE RANKS.

BY F. J. WARNOCK, '05.

SINCE freedom's flag was first unfolded to the breezes, proclaiming to the world that all men are created free and equal, there have been, riding at the head of our oft victorious legions, swaying the proud sceptre of State, holding aloft amid the plaudits of nations, some prodigious work of art or science or invention, the men who were born, not within the walls of towered castles, or beneath the gilded domes of rich palaces, but in some humble cottage—in some low hut—embellished only by the golden sunlight streaming in at many a crack and crevice, or by clambering flowers that twine about the rude doorway; lifting up the feeble wail of infancy; not from the richly embroidered divans of the aristocracy, but from the straw pallet of the poor; men reared not among pillows of ease and surrounded by every luxury, but amid stern environments—toiling from early childhood in the struggle for daily bread.

In a little farm-house among the hills of New Hampshire, was born a child of delicate constitution. Too feeble of body to attend school through the storms and snows of a New England Winter, too poor, almost to buy books, under the direction of a mother he learned at home to read from the Bible.

The child developed into a youth. A fierce hungering for learning possessed him. By the toil and self denial of himself and parents this desire was fed. One by one he scaled the crags of achievement until he

stood without a peer, until his statesmanship was the marvel of all people, until the earthquake of his eloquence shook the continent and sent its rumblings round the world. The feeble child of poverty had developed into the mighty Webster, but through all his career, influencing him in all his works, were the lessons he learned in his lowly birthplace at his mother's knee.

In a scantily furnished room Professor Morse toiled in poverty and hunger, till his fingers were thin and his hair gray, to complete the greatest invention of the age, to harness Franklin's discovery to his wires, making it a magic and instantaneous messenger, bringing the East within speaking distance of the West—the ends of the earth into fellowship with one another. In the wilderness of Palo Alto, there fought with Gen Taylor, a young soldier of simple parentage, yet of that mettle which often comes from such parentage, the nerve and fibre that enabled him to remain calm and unmoved, even when the hideous din of battle arose about him, and storms of bullets sang their weird death dirges in his ears. And as he struggled there, on his way up from the ranks, little was it dreamed that he was preparing for a place among the mighty of the land. Unknown and unheard of to the nation, he grew to a bearded man; then in that dread day when Union hung in the balance against Dissolution—and no one knew which might prove the heavier; when a

portion of those who had before followed to victory the grand old emblem of Liberty and Union now turning upon that sacred banner, rent its silken folds with shot and shell, while the other portion rallied to the defense of the flag thus harshly assailed; when the blows of leader after leader had fallen, fruitless, from the iron wall of the Confederacy; then it was for this quiet, unassuming but grimly determined man, making his way up through the columns of officers, to take up the hammer of war and wield it with incessant skill and energy until this wall of opposition was battered down, and the balances tipped for the Union, after ten hundred thousand slain had been heaped upon it. And when the war clouds that for four long, dark, dreadful years had hung over this fair land, were lifted over Appomattox, letting the sunshine of peace come in to dry the tears that had fallen because of those clouds, then it was for this one to receive kindly but unconditionally, the sword of the rebellion.

O mighty warrior, Grant, thou wert lowly born, and of the poor, but now, as thou sleeps't thy last sleep where Hudson's waters roll thy long tattoo, thy name is everlasting in the hearts of thy countrymen, for thou didst gallantly strive for thy country's safety.

In the pioneer days of the west a poor Kentucky family bade farewell to the old home, and with their few meagre possessions started farther to the westward. In that family was a lad,—overgrown and awkward and homely, yet true and honest and faithful ever—who, when they had selected a site in the untrodden forests, aided in building a log hut, their future

home. There in that log cabin, in the evenings, for he had to toil all day; by the glow of the log fire, for he had no lamp; and upon a piece of wood, for there was nothing better, this boy figured, and there he studied, placing the pillars upon which in after years rested a most noble and illustrious career; for when the nation was to be guided through a great war, that was to decide whether or not that nation was to be divided, to decide whether or not human souls were to be bought and sold as cattle, the samewar in which Grant came forward from obscurity to lead the armies, this man came forward from a place even lower in the ranks, as a shepherd of the whole people. Calmly and unswervingly taking up his task, and looking to his Maker for his guidance, he, who of all men seemed most like the image of his Creator, led this people out from the wilderness of war into the promised land of peace—out from the storms of insurrection into the green pastures of pleasantness. But suddenly in this hour of joy, strong men bowed their heads and wept bitterly, for the great leader was laid low. He had brought the nation into safety but died himself, on the border-land. O, sainted and immortal Lincoln, thou, too, hast taught us that to be noble man needs not to be of noble birth; that poverty and hardship but strengthen the material of which a man is made; thou wert ridiculed and scorned, and despised, sorrow and sadness were depicted on thy countenance, yet having compassion for all mankind truly thou hadst "malice toward none and charity for all" and now thou gleamest as a rare gem on the brow of Liberty. Thou didst walk among the lowly, but now thou art lifted

up in the sight of all people, as a martyr for thy fellowmen. And as thou art lifted up yonder, with a crown of glory upon thy head, would that every citizen of this broad land which thou didst love so well, and for which thou gavest thy strong, rich manhood, might look up from his groveling in the dust to gaze on thee and think what thou hast done; to realize that it is best but to be honorable as thou hast been, and for thy sake and for fellowman resolve to adopt thy principles, carry out thy purposes, and strive to be a purer, nobler, better, defender of the nation's liberties.

Would that all who labor under adverse circumstances, all who struggle against discouragement, disaster, defeat, might read his heart and know what he endured, might see the bitter tears he shed on account of discouragements; might see that he battled through it all, and seeing this take heart again.

Our nation's destinies have ever been guided by those who have come up from the ranks. The industry, the fidelity, the high ambition of the poor have ever out-rivalled the pomp and extravagance of the rich. All the common people need is a chance—equal rights with all men. In our native land has this been most extensively realized. Nations of old dreamed of it; a few reformers have attempted it, but never has it been enjoyed in such a measure nor with such success as in this "Land of the Pilgrim's Pride."

And is this as it should be in our nation? Yes, its destinies will ever be safe while they are in the hands of those who have come up from the ranks. Luxury leads to indolence and indolence, bringing thoughts of little else than base pleasure,

breeds corruption. When the reins of government are held by the sons of luxury, that government is too often misled and becomes corrupt.

Poverty begets industry, and industry tends to crowd out immorality. So long as men who in childhood have been taught to hate vice; who have been taught to labor diligently; who have been taught, ere slumbering upon their poor couch, to breathe a prayer for direction in the struggles of life and who have held to these principles; so long as such men lead a nation, that nation is safe.

It is but a part of the Almighty's plan that men should rise from the depths. When the choir of angels sang its "peace on earth, good will to men," it was to the poor and lonely shepherds watching their flocks with the starry heavens their only canopy, and when, following the direction of these celestial minstrels, they found the Saviour of men come from his throne on high to bear away the burden of the world, they beheld his tiny form laid in a manger, for there was no room for him at the inn. Through nineteen hundred years his name has been growing, his fame increasing; through nineteen centuries the banner he placed upon earth has been carried through the generations. To this standard have been flocking subjects of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues, until as they advance the earth shakes with their tread, and the welkin rings with songs of victory and so it will continue until all people, of all the earth, gathered in unison about this banner of the cross shall march all one way. Possessor of the world, yet for him, a babe, there was no room at the inn. And so those in

our own land, who although brought into existence without any room among the people of rank and influence, yet realizing that they have a work to do, make room for themselves, are but following the example of the Saviour.

There is in this for us who are of lowly origin, a lesson of encouragement. There is one great plan under which all exist. Everyone is a part of that plan, and has his work to do. All cannot be great in the opinion of men, but all can be noble and faithful, and thus be great in sight of a higher tribunal which shall make the final decision regarding men's deeds. What though disaster and defeat come—there are defeats which in the final issue are better than victory, and victories that are worse than defeat. So when discouragements come to us who are struggling in the ranks, let us strive to pierce through these suffocating mists that settle around us, and see that it is not misfortune but the will of the Author of all things; let us determine anew that we will serve our purpose, no matter what it may be; let us pluck the jewel of perseverance from the ghastly head of defeat, and press resolutely onward and outward and upward until we find the place that has been assigned to us, and even tho' that place be but in the ranks let us there so conduct ourselves, so perform our duty, and so guard ourselves, that the world will be the better for our having sojourned in it.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

I.

THE night was still and calm. The full moon rolled slowly across the sky looking down on the great world below.

The wonderful, beautiful world, with so many busy people on it and crowded so full of mysteries!

The silvery rays fell first through a window onto a child kneeling by its mother. A little curly headed girl clothed in spotless white, with head reverently bowed as she repeated the words of a prayer. And on the mother's face as she bent over her child was a look that anyone would pause to see twice. A look so loving and kind and true, that showed her heart was near to God. Gently the moonbeams fell on these two, as though in benediction, and then the Lady of the Sky passed on.

II.

A road ran through a dark forest. The moon shining behind the trees made great black shadows fall on the deserted way. Behind a bush a man—waiting, watching. Soon a traveler rode up, whistling cheerily to lessen the loneliness.

The next moment a blow on his head laid him senseless. His horse, frightened, ran away, and the murderer at his leisure rifled his victim's pockets. Then he plunged again into the forest, leaving the traveler dead on the road.

Sadly the moon looked on, and sadly she cast her light on the dead man's face, and sadly she thought of the many like deeds to be done that night.

III.

By the side of a rushing river a woman stood ready to throw herself into the deep waters. Her face was full of despair and she was on the point of drowning herself and her sorrow. But moonbeams danced over the water making it glisten with pleasure. A breeze stirred gently through the

trees and the river splashed and gurgled its way to the sea. Over it all the moon kept watch.

Gradually the spell worked its charm. The purity, the beauty, the wonderful radiance of the moon could not fail to have an effect and the woman sank down on the bank in tears. When she arose it was to go back towards the city without a thought of the dark river. And the moon sank lower in the heavens rejoicing to have stopped one mortal from a foolish, wicked deed, and helped one more toiler along the "crook-path of life."

B.



BENSON'S CHANCE.

"**H**OLD on a minute, Benson, I want to tell you something."

Benson stopped and waited until Colvin caught up. Colvin was a Senior and captain of the track team and therefore a person to be respected.

"I want you to go over to Groveland, Saturday," began Colvin, "and go in the mile run. Lowe was called home this morning and can't go. We can enter three men and you got fourth place in the class meet, so I guess you might as well be the third man." Then Colvin turned to go to the college while Benson went on to his room.

He was glad to get the chance to go to Groveland—all the more because it was unexpected. Benson was a freshman at Westminster, and as yet had done nothing to gain a name as an athlete. He had not tried for the football team and knew nothing about basket ball. But in the Spring when the candidates for the track team

were called, Benson went out, having determined to try the mile run. His experience in the high-school had shown him that this was the only thing he could do very well. He practiced faithfully with the rest of the squad but success did not favor his efforts. In the Spring class meet he finished fourth in the mile run and so did not earn a place on the team. In spite of his disappointment Benson had gone up to the track and practiced as usual and it was this which led Colvin to give him another chance by taking him to Groveland.

It seemed to Benson as he thought it over, that he could do better now than he had done in the class meet; that he had not been in good condition that day. Anyhow he determined to do his best. The few days remaining before the meet slipped quickly by. The coach gave Benson some special work each day and he tried hard to get everything that helped him.

Saturday was almost a perfect day for the meet. Not a cloud was in the sky. The sun shone brightly on the grandstand and the track. A large crowd had gathered to cheer their favorites. Everywhere one could see Groveland's crimson or Westminster's blue. As the various events were started little groups of contestants gathered here and there on the field and track. The Groveland band played lively marches and twosteps at short intervals. Now and then at the finish of some race the crowd broke into loud cheers.

As the events were run off it became clear that the two teams were very evenly matched and the excitement grew more intense. Groveland was superior in the field events, Westminster in the runs. However, each won enough seconds and

thirds to keep the score nearly the same.

Of the thirteen events the mile run was the last to be called. As Benson came out of the dressing room the figures on the bulletin board caught his eye. He gave a little gasp as he realized how much depended on this last race. The score stood Groveland 54, Westminster 54. As he came out on the track the crowd was cheering and many voices were shouting out words of encouragement to the different contestants. But Benson hardly heard them. He was thinking only of the race and that he must do his best. Colvin called the three Westminster men aside and gave them a few terse instructions. Then almost before he knew it, Benson found himself on the marks, the starter's pistol cracked and the race had commenced.

Fremont was Groveland's best runner and his friends believed that he would carry the crimson to victory. He had made good time the year before and had improved his speed this year. The other two Groveland men were in their first race. Westminster expected Harding to win. He was a steady performer who had been running for Westminster for the last three years and so had become a standby. Now that he was a Senior and going into his last contest for the old college he was especially anxious to win. So his team mates were to give him all the help they could. Green who had won the half mile run that day was to set the pace. Benson was to stay near Harding and keep him from being boxed.

The start turned out favorable for Westminster. Green took the lead and set a fast and steady pace. Then came the Groveland men, Fremont being the last

of the three. Harding gained the coveted place just behind Fremont. Benson stayed at his side. They ran in this order for the first two quarters. Each time as they passed the stand the crowd burst into cheers.

During the third quarter the pace began to tell on the runners. They kept up the same gait, but it was harder work. One of the Groveland men began to drop back until, as the panting bunch finished the third quarter, he was just behind Harding. So far the race had gone much as had been expected. But now came the accident which upset all calculations.

The last quarter was just commenced when Harding turned to look back, and this was his undoing. For in some way, he never just understood how, one of his spiked running shoes caught in the other. He stumbled and down he went. The Groveland man just behind was too near to stop and fell over Harding keeping him from getting up.

The Groveland rooters began to cheer. For just as Harding went down, Fremont quickened his pace and passing his team mate and Green, took the lead. He was running strongly and began to leave the others behind. Westminster's rooters were in despair and gave the race up as lost.

But they had not counted on Benson. When the two men in front of him went down, Benson, with quick wit, jumped over them. All at once it came to him that he was the only Westminster man who had any chance to win and that he must win or Westminster would lose the meet. He resolved that he would win and started after Fremont, now nearly twenty-five yards ahead. A sort of fever seemed to come over him. He had felt tired before, but

now he seemed almost fresh. Quickly he lessened the distance between himself and the Groveland runner. Now he was ten yards from him, now five, now just behind. There he stayed for a few steps.

The two were turning into the home stretch and only a little over a hundred yards remained to be covered. Fremont began to sprint and increased his lead some more. Benson was becoming desperately tired again. His breath was coming in gasps. His legs were becoming numb and almost refused to work. But his will was still strong and summoning all its power he tried to increase his speed. Eighty yards away the crowd jumped up and down yelling and waving hats and pennants in their excitement. But Benson did not hear them. The crimson jersey in front of him was all that he could see. His efforts began to tell. He was gaining now though Fremont was doing his best. Twenty yards from the line he was at the Groveland man's shoulders. Ten yards further and they were even. One last effort then

Benson felt the tape on his chest and fell into Colvin's arms just beyond the line. A short distance behind came another blue clad runner. It was Harding, who after getting up had made a desperate effort to regain the distance he had lost.

When his breath came back, Benson asked how the race was decided. But before Colvin could answer, he heard the clerk announcing the outcome.

"The results of the mile run are as follows: Fremont, Groveland, and Benson, Westminster, tied for first place. Harding Westminster, third. The points for first and second places will be equally divided between the two colleges. The score for the meet is, Groveland-58, Westminster-59, Westminster winning by one point."

"Great work, old man" said Colvin. "You certainly saved the meet for us by getting that tie. I'm mighty glad I gave you a chance." And Benson ascribed all his later successes on the track to the same chance.

W. T. S. '05.



A GREAT MAN.

An eagle spirit, soaring in the sky,
And mingling with the things that cannot die.

—SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE.

EDITORIAL.

THE religious side of our college life has been emphasized lately in the meetings held here by Mr. J. Campbell White. It is a phase of life which is apt to be overlooked, or at least thrown out of its true perspective, especially in an educational institution, where, from its very nature, particular emphasis is laid upon intellectual developement. But the neglect of one's spiritual requirements would have as disastrous an effect upon the production of a well rounded manhood as would the failure to give the body proper food and exercise. There is, moreover, a closer connection between education and religion than appears at first glance. All the facts of science and literature influence one's view of life—the little philosophy which each of us is, perhaps unconsciously, constructing concerning the nature of things. That education is not worth acquiring which does not broaden a man's conception of his relation to his Creator and to his fellow-men; and that religion is not worthy the name which does not help one in the daily performance of his task, whether it be the sawing of a log, or the drafting of a constitution for a new republic. So the religious life of an institution is a fair gauge of the type of manhood which it is developing. It finds expression in such organizations as our Christian Associations, though of course, as always, its truest expression is to be found in the life of the individual. The importance of a young man's attitude toward religion, both as regards himself and those with whom he asso-

ciates, cannot be overestimated, and his attitude toward the Y. M. C. A. should receive the serious consideration of every student.

As to the message which Mr. White brought us during the week he was here, its burden, was largely the call of the church—our church, for Westminster is primarily a United Presbyterian college—for workers in its foreign mission fields. It is a call which peculiarly affects the educational institutions of our church, and with their students, the educated young people of the church, largely rests the responsibility of answering it.

WESTMINSTER'S needs have already been the subject of many an appeal to her alumni and friends, both in the columns of the HOLCAD and elsewhere. Just now, in the winter term, when the demand for an indoor place of exercise is especially great, it might do no harm to give utterance again to the cry, which gives promise of growing soon into a wail, for a new gymnasium. It is a duty which every student owes himself to take a certain amount of daily physical exercise, and it is altogether proper that their Alma Mater should provide means for maintaining the health of her student sons and daughters.

The building used at present for a gymnasium was not originally designed for that purpose, and, while it has well served its day, the growing demands made upon it give reason to believe that

its days are almost ended. For the purposes of basket-ball it is one of the most cramped and inconvenient in the region, both as regards players and audience. And the horrors of its dressing room on an afternoon of "gym" day, might almost inspire the creation of an epic after the style of Dante's master-piece. Insufficiently ventilated, of small size, lacking even in wall space for hanging up clothes, and what little room there is encroached upon by "facilities" which fail to facilitate, it is incommodious in the extreme; while the persevering efforts of the bathers to secure at least a few tea-spoonfuls of clean water, might remind a flexible imagination of the vain struggles of Tantalus to slake his

thirst in the lower regions. There are other things that Westminster needs very much, but perhaps her lack of a good gymnasium is at present the most striking. It has been often remarked that a large auditorium would add greatly to the completeness of her equipment, and the Christian Associations have been persevering in their efforts to secure a building for themselves. Has our Alma Mater any "millionaire relations" who would be willing to come forward in a good cause with a few thousand dollars and erect an auditorium with perhaps, Association rooms and gymnasium in connection? Such an addition would greatly benefit the college and satisfy a deep felt want.



HOLCADES MIKRAI.

Don't mind it if they throw you, boys,
Nor show it with your eye.
But just live on the same, boys,
E'en though you think you'll die.
For when the heart is young, my boy,
And you and I are free,
There's always some one living
That will care for you and me.
So when my path is rugged,
And I sometimes think I'll fly
To some distant faerie region,
Where the girls won't say "Good-bye."
Then I rouse myself and whisper,
With a twinkle in my eye,
"There'll be some one that will see me
If I fall, and catch my eye."

Chapel speeches seem to be in order.

Miss G—"I always like to have one arm free."

Miss Gamble—"The snow was terribly high!"

Miss McMillan says she doesn't like boys, she loves 'em.

Miss Beatty, in French—"Her voice went up to heaven; I sang base."

Miss McMillan's highest ambition—to learn the German for "Will you be mine."

Miss Susan Miller, ex-'06, has been the guest of Miss McLachlin for several days.

Miss Allen, translating French—"I saw an old man, very gray and entirely bald."

Audley says if he had been along the night of the Sr. sleigh ride, the girls would not have been cold.

Miss Gamble has developed such a passion for "Williard's Catsup" that she even carries a bottle of it to basket ball games."

Marie A.—"I'm just beginning to en-

joy myself at these Sr. doin's. I'm just getting acquainted with the young fellars."

Dr. C——, in Sociology—"Mr. McBride what honrs do you have vacant?"

Dave—"I'm engaged the fourth hour."

—— "Tannehill, how many were there in Zoology this morning?"

Tannehill—"Just myself and one other girl."

Miss Brownlee, escorting a tall, rather thin girl into Miss Hodgen's room—"Miss Hodgens you haven't had your supper yet—here is Miss McNiece."

Miss Bessie Gilkey entertained the Senior class at her home in Mercer, Thursday evening, Jan. 15. On this occasion Mr. Reid proclaimed himself the '04 Joker.

Minteer, in class meeting, discussing the Senior sleigh ride to Mercer—"The entertainment committee has been looking around for a way to transport the class up."

Miss—— to Mr. Reid, who was making lemonade in Gamble's kitchen, "How long are you going to keep that up?"

Reid—"I'll squeeze till you tell me to stop."

Dr. C—— in Sociology—"Mr. Moore, why don't you play football alone?"

McCormick—"Well, football is like everything else, there has to be more than one in it to make it interesting."

Mr. J. Campbell White, financial secretary of the ways and means Committee and

for ten years engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in India addressed a series of meetings from Tues. Jan. 19 to Sabbath evening Jan. 24. Mr. White's addresses were all earnest and enthusiastic and helpful as well as enjoyable. It may interest many to know that Mr. White in his young manhood days was a member of the Sabbath School class taught by Mr. J. J. Ashenhurst.

We should like to know:—

If Miss Gilkey ever succeeded in finding any of the lost works of Catullus.

If the students have forgotten there is a local box in the reading room door.

What worse misfortune could come to a person than to be elected local editor of the Holcad

If Mr. Gittens is in the habit of deluging young ladies with kerosene.

Who will be the first victim in the Jr. Lab.

Following closely on Mr. White's addresses came that of Mr. Virgil Hinshaw Traveling Secretary of the National Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. Mr. Hinshaw spoke Monday afternoon in the Chapel and also organized a local Prohibition Association among the students. A Prohibition Oratorical contest will be held early in the Spring, in which any students may compete. The following men were elected officers of the association: President, Mr. E. N. McBride; Vice President, Mr. A. W. Henderson; Secretary, Mr. R. H. McCartney; Treasurer, Mr. C. F. Clutter.



God gives us all some small, sweet way to set the world rejoicing.—Selected.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'96. Rev. Clarence S. Manor, Harrisville, Pa. was a chapel visitor, January 12.

Ex '07 Blaine A. Zuver, Pittsburg, visited old college acquaintances recently.

Ex '07 Benjamin Elliott, of Avalon, was lately the guest of parents and friends in town.

'81. Rev. J. A. Duff, of Aspinwall, has received the degree of D. D. from Grove City College.

'99. Rev. C. F. Hoffman has changed his address from Jamestown, Pa. to Wyoming, Ia. where he has accepted a call to work.

'02. Married: Matthew Clyde Wright and Miss Sarah Mawhinney both of Jeanette, Pa.

'03. Miss Pearl Anderson has accepted a position as principal of the Alverton High School, Alverton, Pa.

Ex. '04. E. Lawrence Matthews, who has been in the employment of the large wholesale house of Wm. Taylor, Son. & Co. has been promoted to the head of the order department, which highly compliments his business ability.

'01, M. M. Edmundson has signed a contract with the Base Ball Club of Montreal, Can. for the season of 1904 on condition however that he will play no games on Sunday.

'03. Miss Agnes Broad, Buffalo, has been advanced to the position of Assistant Principal of the High Schools of Lewiston, Canada.

'02. James H. Grier and Roland G.

Deevers are reported as having established an annual contest between the two literary societies which they have organized in Asyut College. These societies, the Aletheorian and the Fonim met first in December, when they contested for honors in Oration, Debate and Declamation. The decision was awarded to the Aletheorians.

Ex '04. Thomas Wright has returned from his visit to the Pacific coast and expects to resume his position in the Laboratory Department of the Sharon Steel Works.

'01. Rev. E. C. McCown was in town a few days last week, being summoned on account of the serious illness of his brother. In June Mr. McCown received and accepted a call to the Mt. Lebanon (U. P.) church one of the oldest organizations in the denomination.

'00. Rev. A. H. Baldinger assisted in the services connected with the recent Harwick disaster.

'65. The Rev. Dr. Jeremiah R. Brittan died at his home in Newark, N. J. December 26. Dr. J. R. Miller, in a short but closely written article in the United Presbyterian for Jan. 7, says: "Dr. Brittan was a man of excellent judgement, of genuine character. In disposition he was genial, kindly, thoughtful and unselfish. Never was there a more loyal friend than he. He has left behind him an honored name which is the best heritage any man can give to his family. His portrait appears on the title page of the United Presbyterian of January 28.

Rev. Hugh Henry Hervey, D. D., for many years a member of the Board of Trustees of the College, died Dec. 31, at Warren Pa. The funeral services were assisted in by Pres. R. G. Ferguson, Dr. D. G. McKay '72 Greenville, and Rev. S. A. McCollam, '00 Linesville.

Homer H. Swaney, a student of West-

minster for some years in the latter seventies lost his life in the wreck of the ill-fated cruiser Clallam, which went down in the straits of Juan de Fuca, Jan. 9. Mr. Swaney was well known to many in New Wilmington and also in the vicinity of Pittsburg.

MUSIC AND ART.

MISS Kate Elliott, who was teaching in Blairsville Pa., last term, is again in the studio, taking china and water colors. Miss Newmyer and Miss Leasure are also in the water color department this term.

The exhibit given Sat. Dec. 19, of work done in the Studio last term, although small, was very creditable. Sketches of the campus in the bright colors of autumn by Miss Hodgens were very striking, and her dainty pansies were most beautiful. Miss Ferguson's sketch of luscious grapes was very real and her thistles, quite dainty.

A sea scene was very much admired and a sketch of delicate pink roses, both by Miss Orr. Another storm at sea, by Miss Robertson, was quite skillfully executed. Miss Warner's moonlight scene, all in gray, Miss Browlee's quaint windmill in brown, Miss Nesbit's monochromes in blue and Miss Speer's ships each had a goodly number of admirers. The china display was perhaps even more beautiful than the water colors. Miss Allen's large vase in geraniums, and her chocolate set in rich yellows and browns were especially handsome. A tea set delicately shaded in green, and an inkstand with a pansy design by Miss Greenewald were very dainty. Miss Newmyer's dozen plates and cups and saucers

in different lovely designs were very much admired. Miss Null's bread and butter plates in modest for-get-me-nots were very skillfully done.

The music department is fuller this term than before. The new students are; Misses Helen Byers, Bessie Campbell, Edna Donley, Katherine Graham, Elizabeth Leasure, Eleanor McNiese Martha McNiese Elizabeth Quay, Mr. Charles Mathoit.

A recital by Students of Misses Acheson, Speer, and Warner is being planned for the new future.

The recital for the benefit of the Christian Associations held in the chapel Jan. 15 was attended by a highly pleased audience. The piano-organ trios, a new departure for our town, were very skillfully executed and very pleasing to the ear. Mr. Thompson's impersonation of Shylock in the ducat scene was very skillful.

Miss Acheson's readings were delivered in her own happy way. Miss Elliott's sweet voice was at its best in her selections from Willeby.

The fourth entertainment of the Lecture Course was a lecture delivered Jan. 21, 1904, by Harvey G. Furbay Ph. D., Subject "The Fraternal State." Although his subject did not fit the lecture as well as it might many good things were said. His illustrations were very apt, and his word pictures vivid. He is a man of pleasing manner and forceful speech.

ATHLETICS.

The Geneva five will play at New Wilmington Saturday, Feb. 6.

The East Liverpool team met the 'varsity five in the college gymnasium Jan. 16. the game ending in a tied score, 31-31. At the end of the first half the score was 19-4 in favor of visitors, but in the second half Westminster "got into the game" and scored 27 points to her opponents 12, thus tying the score. The playing of the East Liverpool men was very fine, their team work being excellent. Their official, however could have been improved upon. His decisions aroused the wrath not only of the players but of the spectators as well.

The line-up was as follows:

East Liverpool.		Westminster.
Allison	Forward.	R. Deevers
Bloor	Forward.	McC. Moore
Powell	Center	D. Calhoun
Rigby	Guard	H. Lambie (C)
Chadwick	Guard	A. Stewart

Field goals. East Liverpool—Allison Bloor; Powell, 3; Rigby, 2; Chadwick 2.
Goals from Foul—Allison 13.

Field goals. Westminster—Deevers 2; Moore, 3; Calhoun; Lambie; 4; Stewart.
Goals from Foul—Lambie 9.

H. Lambie, '07 has resigned the captaincy of the Basket-ball team. McC. Moore '04 has been elected captain for the remainder of the season.

The 'varsity team defeated the New Castle five in the College gymnasium on the afternoon of Jan. 25, the game ending with the score of 40-30 in our favor. The contest was a spirited one, but marred by

the rough play of the visitors. Calhoun for Westminster, despite the fact that the opposing center was over six feet in height gave a good account of himself and aided materially in keeping down the visitor's score. Perkins at forward did good work against Chambers the opposing player. Stewart, the 'varsity right guard held his man well and was strong on the defensive. Captain Lambie who was opposed to the best player on the team, did some fine work in guarding his man, besides aiding in holding the visitor's score to the lowest possible point. McC. Moore took some risky chances from the field for field goals and made good use of his opportunities. His playing was excellent. Hart was by all odds the best player on the visiting team, tho the other members of the New Castle five played a vigorous game.

Following is the line-up:

Westminster 40.		New Castle 30.
Moore McC.	r. f.	Schwartz
Perkins	l. f.	Chambers
Calhoun, D.	c.	Elliott
Stewart A.	r. g.	Peeters
Lambie H. (Capt.)	l. g.	Hart (Capt.)

Field goals, Moore 10, Stewart 4, Perkins, Lambie, Hart 4, Elliott 4, Peeters 2, Chambers.

Goals from fouls, Lambie 8, Hart 8.

Referee and Umpire alternating, E. McBride and R. White.

The writer had the pleasure of seeing the Case School team during the recent holidays in a close game of basket-ball, in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium Cleveland Ohio. The gymnasium floor for ball purposes was

bounded by lines not walls, which accounted largely for the lack of roughness in the game, and for the easy dexterity of the players. To one accustomed to the boisterousness of the 'varsity games here, the contrast was a noticeable one; Nevertheless the game as played here compares favorably with the playing of such a noted team as Case, and doubtless, if comparisons were possible the same would be true in other instances also.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

UNDOUBTEDLY the events of the month in Christian Association circles were the meetings conducted by J. Campbell White. These proved interesting and very profitable. Among the subjects he discussed were: Life at Its Best; How to Meet Temptation; The Evangelization of the World; The Students' Relation to Religious Work. On Sabbath afternoon he held a conference on Missionary Work. Quite a number of students met him in Chresto Hall on this occasion. Mr. White impressed us all as being a man of unusual strength—himself a splendid example of "Life at its Best."

During the fall term three classes took up Mission Study. On Tuesday evening January twelfth, the girls who had served on the committees conducting these classes entertained all those who had been engaged in the study. It was a very enjoyable evening for all who were present.

In the January "Intercollegian" is a very interesting chart showing the variations in the religious life at Yale for two centuries past. Of late there has been a stirring of spiritual life there, largely through the efforts of Lyman Abbott.

Bosworth's "Studies in the Teachings of Jesus and His Apostles"—the book used here in Senior Bible Study—has lately been translated into Chinese for use in the Y. M. C. A. mission work China, Korea and Hongkong.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

Miss Winifred Orr has been elected to fill the position vacated by Miss Ethel Wright, as treasurer of the Y. W. C. A.

The Christian Associations were highly favored in having with them on Monday and Tuesday, Dr. Pauline Root, Traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. Miss Root has for a number of years been working in India as a medical missionary and has traveled extensively in China studying the missions there. Her most interesting talks concerning her experiences placed before the minds of her hearers a still more vivid picture of the urgent need in those fields.

The entertainment given by the music and elocutionary talent of the college for the benefit of the Associations was very successful and a neat sum was added to each treasury.

A missionary conference of the students of our Colleges and Seminaries, will be held on March 31 to Apr. 3 at Xenia, Ohio.

This conference met last year at Allegheny. It was largely attended and great good has resulted.

The speakers will be among the best which our country affords. Among them are Rev. J. Kelly Giffin, Dr. Anna Watson, T. B. Penfield, S. D. Gordon, Dr. W. G. Morehead, Dr. J. K. McClurkin, Willis R. Hotchkiss and J. Campbell White.

The good people of the "City of Hospitality" are prepared to entertain you royally. You will be made most welcome in Xenia. Pray and come.



EXCHANGES.

"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success." Motto of N. W. Ayer and Son, the most successful advertising agency in America. Not a bad motto for students.

"What a remarkable philosopher really does for human thought is to throw into circulation a certain number of new and striking ideas and expressions and to stimulate with them the thought and imagination of his century or after times."

—Matthew Arnold, in "Spinoza and the Bible."

"TALK HAPPINESS! the world is sad enough without your woes." From a sign displayed in the Cleveland, O., General Post Office.

'LVFE . GOD . ABVFE , AL . AND
YI . NYCHTBOIR . [AS] YI . SELF.'
—Motto in Manse of John Knox, Edinburg.

The Cock and the Pearl:

A cock was once strutting up and down the farmyard among the hens when suddenly he espied something shining amid the straw. "Ho! ho!" quoth he, "that's for me," and soon he had it rooted out from beneath the straw. What did it turn out to be but a Pearl that by some chance had been lost in the yard. "You may be a treasure," quoth Master Cock, "to men that prize you but for me I would rather have a single barley-corn than a peck of pearls." Precious things are for those that can prize them.—Aesops Fables.

Two readable little papers always on time are "The Delphic News" and "The Monitor" of Sharon and New Castle H. S. respectively.

"Ill fares the traveler now, and he that stalks

In pondrous boots beside his reeking team."—Cowper.

Seniors in doubt as to their future career would do well to read pp. 92-93 of "The Intercollegian."

The Almanian for December contains a short story of considerable merit, with the alliterative title, "A Locket and a Letter."

The College Bulletin (Norfolk, Va.) has a little poem in its December number, "Jim's Christmas Gift," which for tender sentiment and rare pathos surpasses anything we have read in college papers thus far.

The Christmas number of "The School Messenger," (Allegheny,) a new name on our exchange list which we are glad to welcome, is the first issue of the paper, and besides being pleasing in appearance contains much that is interesting.

There is an interesting article in the December "Black and Magenta" by Dr J. A. Gray on "Astronomy."

Lovers of animals will be interested in the pictures in "Our Dumb Animals," for January.

"G. F. '06" is a philosopher in a way. Freshmen and others should look him up in the Delaware College Review for January.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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A SACRIFICE TO AMBITION.

TURNING the pages of the annals of time, we see, occupying a conspicuous place among the great men of the world, the name of Napoleon Bonaparte; the great warrior, the great emperor, the great genius—Napoleon Bonaparte the man who, from a lad of plebeian birth, mounted and stood on the highest pinnacle of fame; the man who, for a time swayed the destinies of the world, who battered down and set up kingdoms and empires at will, the man who seized and bestowed crowns at pleasure. Ah! yes, and the man who, standing above the clouds on this mountain top of renown, fell to the lowest depths of degradation. With what a fascination does one read page after page of the deeds of this wonderful genius, with what a feeling of awe does one gaze into his features, portrayed on many a page and many a canvass and see in the mind's eye the author of these things in person.

As a warrior, and as a political champion he is to be admired as one of the greatest men who ever wore a sword or crown; but as a man, in character, he was base, sordid, treacherous, cleaving to that which would best serve his purpose, no matter what that might be—a Christian when that would help him on, an infidel if that would better his cause. Ostensibly, he might be one's friend, while truly, one's enemy. Yet, in the field, the magnetism of his name was such that he drew his soldiers after him where they dared follow no other; the prestige of his presence was such

that wherever he went his enemies were scattered before him like sheep before a wolf. When called to the command of the army of France he found it in rags and in misery, but after delivering a short and stirring address he found the men ready to follow him anywhere, on any undertaking.

Turning the Alps he marched into northern Italy, defeating his enemy in every engagement, until that country was conquered; then, holding it in his grasp, he crossed the eastern Alps, on whose summit the banners of France were mingled with the banners of the clouds, the mighty crags echoed back the sound of marching feet, and yawning chasms swallowed many a poor unfortunate follower. He swooped down upon the plains of Austria, stripping her of many of her rich possessions. With these also in his grasp he now turns his attention towards ancient Egypt; there beneath her azure firmament, within sight of the pyramids, which had for thousands of years frowned down, as monuments of ancient oppression, upon the passing humanity, and had witnessed three-score generations rise, grow hoary with age, and sink into the great beyond; there in sight of these massive structures he again roused the latent enthusiasm of his men by another address, in which he used that oft quoted exclamation with reference to the pyramids: "Soldiers, forty centuries are looking down upon you!" Pressing onward he wrested this country from the grasp of England, and would fain have followed in the

footsteps of Alexander had not events transpired to prevent it. Napoleon now left his victorious army in Egypt and sailed for Paris, on reaching which he usurped the power of the government and became master of France. As dictator he now determined to strike Austria a terrible blow and while grappling with this enterprise, Egypt slipped from his grasp. But this loss was soon made up in Europe, and step by step he moved upward until he was proclaimed Emperor of France.

Now, turning his conquering legions against the four great nations which had formed a coalition against him he gained successive victories at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Friedland and Wagram. Russia next became the center of his attention and dispersing the enemy along his route, he pushed on to Moscow, which he found destitute of inhabitants and of food. In the deserted palace Napoleon took up his quarters here; at the dead of night might have been heard the footsteps of the Emperor as he paced up and down to keep the blood from freezing in his veins. But soon after he had established himself, the city was burned, perhaps by some foe left behind for that purpose, and after hovering about the ruins for a time, he gave the order of retreat, the line of which was made black by the fallen bodies of his frozen men; every bivouac left the watch fires surrounded with dead. There beneath the snows of Russia, Napoleon buried a large part of his army and with it he buried his hopes.

Pursuing his ambition, as a boy might pursue an ignis fatus, he had rushed on and ever on, seeing nothing save the goal ahead, treading on the necks of humanity,

blind to the flowing blood and lolling tongue, blind to the sights of misery he continually caused; deaf to the agonizing cries of those whom he ground to the dust with uplifted sword and mounted upon fiery steeds he galloped onward, regardless of all in heaven or earth save his own selfish ambition. One after another he crushed the armies of nations, one after another he had grasped kingdoms and empires, until his clutches would no longer contain them and they all slipped from his hold—an example by which other nations today may profit.

His empire was builded not in the solid masonry of justice and liberality, but in the blood and the skulls of his fellow men. He erected his mighty political structure, piece on piece, tier on tier, pillar on pillar, until it towered to dizzy heights and on its top he stood bravely, for a time; but as he stands there brandishing his sword the foundation totters, the whole structure crumbles and falls to the earth and with it falls the Emperor to the dust.

After his ill-fated expedition against Russia, Napoleon gained several decisive victories over the allies, but finally at Leipzig in the "Battle of the Nations" he was defeated and forced to abdicate. O, Napoleon, better far had you fallen on the field of battle than to be stripped of all your power; better far had you, as the great Emperor, been buried with your army 'neath the snows of Russia than to die an exile on a lonely island!

But Elba was too small an empire to hold one who had been used to the world for breathing room, therefore it is not surprising that as the congress in Vienna was sitting for the purpose of rearranging the boundary lines effaced by the conqueror

the news was brought to it, "Napoleon has escaped and is now in France." Escaping from Elba he makes his way as swiftly as possible to his native land, where by another of his enthusiastic addresses he again stirs the hearts of the people, who by this time are tired of Bourbon rule, and are overjoyed at the return of the old master.

His old followers again flock to his side and he turns his face towards the capital; his old generals are in rapture at the sight of him who had so often led them on to glory; regiment after regiment, forgetting the recent oath of allegiance to the Bourbon house, joins him on the way; ovation after ovation awaits him along the route; everywhere he is greeted with wild cheers and demonstrations of joy and as he approaches in triumph the gates of the city of Paris, they are opened wide to admit him, and the Bourbon emperor, Louis XVIII flees from the throne.

Hope is revived; he may yet save his empire, and his name. He decides to strike at once, a crushing blow on his allied foes; moving into Belgium he meets with and defeats the Prussian army under Blucher, and then appears on the field of Waterloo—on the issue of this battle hinges the destiny of the world. Napoleon has not the iron frame which he once had; his ambition is not so keen as it was when called to the command of the army of France; he has lost somewhat of that buoyancy of spirit which he displayed when he stood beneath the pyramids of Egypt, somewhat of that energy which he possessed when he leaped from crag to crag, or climbed the dizzy precipice of the grand old Alps; but none of that invincible fortitude which characterized him in all his undertakings,

in all his campaigns, in all his struggles. The exertion and exposure which all his life he has endured is telling sadly on his physical nature; Napoleon has grown old and ill. The star of his success which rose so brightly on the field of Austerlitz, which beamed with such refulgency at Jena and Auerstadt, at Friedland and Wagram, is fast and forever setting; the foundation of his already fallen empire is crumbling into dust.

The hostile forces are marshalled in battle array; the English have the advantage, occupying the high ground, while the French have the low ground. On the one side is Napoleon, pale and haggard with illness and anxiety; on the other hand is Wellington, the "Iron Duke," sitting stern and rigid in his saddle. The battle is on with all its fury; a hundred cannons speak out in thunderous tones; a thousand muskets crash forth in one tremendous volley; ten thousand clanging sabres add to the hideous din; the air is filled with shrieking shells. Napoleon rides up and down his ranks, encouraging his men; Wellington shouts above the roar: "Boys, we must not be beaten; stand to the last man." Deeper and fiercer rages the battle; there are sights that would make the unaccustomed turn pale with horror; there are tragedies enacted there too terrible for the imagination to picture. At length the situation of the English on the high ground becomes desperate, they are standing as only the veterans of many a fray can stand, but their ranks are melting away before the French fire like grain before the sickle, and they are compelled to retire into the valley beyond. The French mount quickly up; now for a charge; Napoleon orders out his

cuirassiers, huge men on gigantic horses, hoary veterans with gray moustaches, who know well how to fight, but knew not how to surrender. Out they shoot like a thunderbolt, with uplifted saber and waving banner and move swiftly down the declivity. Suddenly the front ranks rear and plunge. What can it be? A deeply sunken road appears before them. A sunken road? Nay, a grave! The first rank is pushed in—the second—the third, until the place is filled with a living writhing mass of men and horses, and the remainder, undaunted in courage, ride over this mass of flesh and press onward.

In the valley the English infantry is waiting with one knee resting on the ground with musket to the shoulder to receive them. The horsemen draw near, yet the infantry remain calm and unmoved as statuary. Again the smoke of battle, like a great cloud rolls high over the field; the English fight bravely, desperately, yielding not an inch of ground, but their ranks are crushed down under the hoofs of the giant horses—the day is going badly for them. Wellington glances at his watch—almost night and no signs of Blucher. Just at this moment he catches the gleam of a line of bristling bayonets in the distance—it is Blucher; with his reinforcements he hurries to the scene of action. More cannon now belch forth death and destruction to the French, fresh troops are launched upon Napoleon's already exhausted cohorts.

The tide of battle is quickly turned—all day the French have been with the flood—they are now in the ebb. In vain does Napoleon strive to hold his troops; in vain does he ride frantically to and fro encouraging his men: his ranks break, the army

melts into a wild rabble—each man striving only for his own escape, and Napoleon with the wild retreat is carried away.

After the smoke and din of battle have passed away, and night is falling down, like a curtain to hide the awful sight, as a party of English is leaving the battle-field, they meet a man, with his arm slipped through the rein, leading a horse, and advancing toward Waterloo. His face is as pale as death, his head is drooped far down; he seems like one walking in a dream—it is Napoleon. He is taken, tried and sentenced to life exile by the English government. No wonder that when he heard his sentence of exile pronounced upon him he cried out, "Oh, horrible, horrible, horrible!"

The last faint glimmering ray of hope forever extinguished; those bright dreams all vanquished; his ambitions blighted; after all these years of toil and strife—after all these brilliant achievements—to be forever separated from home, kindred and country; to be taken away out into the midst of the ocean, to a lonely island, where as far as the eye can reach nothing can be seen but the desolate stretch of blue waters, where the great waves dash against the rocks with a sound that mocks his agony of sorrow; with no companions save his guards, the sight of whom only reminds him of his terrible downfall. There to brood upon his fallen dreams—there to pine until death releases him from the bonds of misery.

What a change! From a palace to a prison—from an Emperor to an outcast. No wonder that he could scarcely bear the thoughts of it; No wonder that he cried out in agony of spirit. How bright was

his beginning, how brilliant his career,
but how sad his ending!

On a lone, barren isle, where the wild, roaring
billows
Assail the stern rock and the loud tempests
rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew, drooping
willows,
Like fond weeping mourners lean over the
grave.
Though nations may combat, and war's thunder
rattle,
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er
the plain;
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought
thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

It was the wish of the fallen emperor that he might sleep on the banks of the Seine, and so after he had lain for twenty years on St. Helena, he was exhumed, brought home and laid to rest there. But why did Napoleon fall? Was it because he had not planned the battle of Waterloo well? His contrivance of the battle is acknowledged by the world to be a masterpiece. Was it altogether because he had grown decrepit in body? Nay, it was because the destinies of the world are framed, not by emperors upon the throne; not by generals in the field; not by any human power, but by a divine mind by a Supreme Being, who will not permit the world to be conquered by infidelity and idolatry. It had to be so; Napoleon had to fall. And as the centuries roll around, as generations rise and fall, nations may see the god which he set up for his own worship—the god of ambition—may see the rock upon which he drifted and was wrecked, may see the warning beacon which he there set ablaze, and may, if they will, steer far from the place of danger.

F. J. WARNOCK.

A STUDENT'S EXPERIENCE

JOHN Mackey had just completed his Sophomore year in college and found himself in the latter part of June with scarcely a cent to his name and no employment for the summer. He had been paying his way through college by his own efforts and had secured a country school for the following autumn where he intended to try his hand at teaching the young idea for seven months; then, if he could save enough money, he would re-enter college and resume his studies. But the puzzling problem which John had to face was what he should do and how he should live through the summer, for farm work was scarce and most of the mills were shutting down for the hot weather.

Mackey's home was near New Castle Junction, which is one of the important division points on the B. & O. and, one afternoon as he talked to a friend, a locomotive fireman on the P. & W. division, the friend suggested that John apply at the round-house for a position as fireman.

From early childhood Mackey had been fascinated by the passenger and freight trains that had whirled by his father's door and his favorite game had been to play engine. As he grew into manhood the fascination remained strong upon him but he had found when in his teens that it was impossible to secure a position on a locomotive before his twenty-first birthday. This discouraged John and his two years of college life had almost driven railroad life from his mind. But the mere mention of a position, the bang and rattle of shifting cars on the yard tracks, the hiss and roar

of escaping steam from the locomotives standing about the turn table, all helped to bring back that old longing to someday hold a locomotive throttle and be master of all that power and speed.

Do you remember the first time you ever held the reins over a spirited horse? What feelings of exultation and pride and power were yours? 'Tis the same feeling magnified many times which the officer in the turret of the battle-ship feels as he controls the mechanism of the great gun as it hurls its tons of steel at the enemy, 'tis the same spirit that electrifies the brain of the commander in the conning tower as he signals for a full broadside, and it is the same thrill of power that steadies the nerves of the engineer as he sends his engine throbbing over the rails at sixty miles an hour. It was the longing to feel this power that hurried John Mackey's footsteps as he crossed the tracks to the round house.

The engine dispatcher received John's application and, after looking him over, gave him a pass so that he might go into Allegheny to be examined at the general office.

Mackey passed the examination successfully, and reported for work at New Castle Junction round house the next evening at six o'clock.

The clerk of the round house keeps two lists of men, the regular, and the extra list. The regular men are called first as the engine crews are made up, as soon as this list is exhausted the extra list is called.

When John reported he was placed at the bottom of the list, and under ordinary circumstances he would have taken three or four trips with an experienced fireman

and have become familiar with his work. But owing to the exceedingly hot weather it was nearly impossible to get men enough to keep the freight moving. The Junction Yards were blockaded and freight was being hurried west over the Akron or Snake division, as fast as crews could be secured.

Mackey was called as fireman of Engine 147 which was to go out on a "double header" for Akron at eight o'clock ("Double-header" is a train hauled by two engines.) Fortunately for him he was to run in company with an experienced engineer who helped him get up steam while they waited for their train to be made up and who tried to initiate him into the art of scattering the fire properly.

As the two engines panted and puffed out of the yards with thirty five loads of coal and coke, John faithfully swung the coal scoop and the clang and rattle of the fire-box door sounded like music in his ears. But the harmony soon began to fall to a minor key and occasionally jarring discords would break in when the scoop would miss the fire-box door and the coal would go rattling out the gang-way, or perhaps the smart of the blisters on his hands spoiled his enjoyment of the engine symphony.

Just as the locomotive reached the Shenango bridge the engineer handed John two green signal flags and said, "Here Jack, stick these signals up beside the headlight." Of what use green signal flags are at night especially when green lights are burning I have never been able to learn, but John was new. He took the flags, climbed out of the front end of the cab, and, holding to the hand-rail, walked

the running board to the front end of the boiler. There, by placing his foot on a small step and hanging to the rail with his right hand, Mackey, after several attempts, succeeded in placing the signals. But when he went to step back to the running board, he could not find it with his foot. Then some impulse prompted him to look down and then it suddenly dawned upon Mackey that he was sixty feet above the rushing Shenango with nothing between him and its current but a three inch step and his grip on the hand rail. For a moment John's nerve completely left him and he leaned against the hot side of the rocking, swaying locomotive with scarcely strength enough to keep his hold. Then his courage returned and making a long backward swing with his foot landed on the running board and stepped back into the cab.

After the engineer had a laugh at our new fireman's awkwardness, he took particular pains to help him and show him his work, even to getting down and taking the shovel himself for a few moments, but John began to feel the heavy strain of almost constant shoveling, and the fierce heat which came in blasts from the fire-box door made him feel faint. Then visions of a comfortable bed at the old homestead flashed through his brain as he turned for a moment to mop the perspiration from his face. He longed to drop the shovel from his blistered hands and to leap from the engine just to escape those fiery breaths from the furnace. But a grim determination to stick to it if it killed him came to John. The same grit which had carried him through fifty lines of Virgil in an afternoon, which had kept him hammering

at Plato without a translation until midnight, kept him toiling determinedly in that narrow gangway; and as he had always won at College, so John won in his contest with heat and toil.

The engine panted on through the night and Mackey did his part until the grey dawn of morning, No 147 pulled into De Forrest Junction. Here the crew was broken and John received orders to fire number 250 back to New Castle Junction.

B. G. GRAHAM '04.



LIFE'S TOUCHSTONES.

IN the olden time before the days when science found for us myriad worlds, filled each grain of sand with busy life, and reduced all matter to the standard of the test tube, the goldsmith used to try the quality of his precious metals, a slab of jasper from distant India. Upon this he marked the metal and by the line it left on the touchstone ascertained its measure of purity and alloy.

In this great world of ours there are many touchstones with some of which we are daily brought in contact and tried unawares by our fellowmen. "Men have their metal as gold and silver" for "Gold is tried by the touchstone and man by gold." When Xerxes invaded Greece he inquired of deserters what the Greeks were doing. Great was his surprise to learn that they watched the Olympian games and his astonishment increased when told that the victor's reward was only a crown of olive, "What men" exclaimed a Persian noble, "must they be who are influenced only by honor and not by money." What men

must they be today who rise to high position unbribed by wealth held out, uninfluenced by aught but honor.

Gold discloses a man's true character so that he stands before the world conquered by the phantom he followed, a slave to the boon he sought, or, scorning the chain of gold, makes wealth a servant of his own, and marks the touchstone with the true, clear line of a worth beyond the power of riches to despoil.

The yielding to misfortune overcomes and tames the mind, persistent conquest develops unexpected powers, and man's second test-stone is adversity, the prosperity of the great. "There is a strength deep-bedded in our hearts of which we reck but little till the shafts of heaven have pierced its fragile dwelling. Must not the earth be rent before her gems are found?" Only victories won hard are worth the winning. Easy victories are cheap.

One may endure the loss of many material sources of happiness, still and always there is left him intercourse with his own soul, the touchstone of solitude. In many lives this intercourse is rich and satisfying, as there unfold those visions of the inward eye that the poet calls the "bliss of solitude." Yet there are those souls so starved and meager that they must needs dwell ever in the rush and din of contact, with the crowds to save them from themselves. "Know thyself." Hold single fellowship with thine own in deep solitude, whose piercing eye will discover to thee the good or evil of thine heart.

Though self-searching reveals much there is still a further test. By close communion with another and a different na-

ture one finds the lack or the possession of those elements that make a friend of noble touch. Not mediocre, but deep, true friendship it is that tries the wearing qualities of the soul. "Friendship is an open sesame drawing every bolt and bar." It opens the heart to the influence of another, thus bringing unlimited opportunities and imposing upon each the charge of another's destiny. "What has friendship so signal as its sublime attraction to whatever virtue is in us?" Shall we ever more think cheaply of ourselves or of life?

"There is nothing insignificant, nothing." 'Tis the little things of life that tell. How real and yet how often forgotten it is that actions, words, steps, form the alphabet by which we may spell characters. The history of failure is in three words—"lack of detail," and to the faithful in small things are promised greater.

God's confidence in a man is shown by the responsibility he lays upon him. It is told of Pericles that before appearing in the assembly he would say to himself, "Remember, Pericles, that thou art going to speak to men born in the arms of freedom, to Greeks, to Athenians." Such a one will consider each honor not a personal advancement but an increased possibility for usefulness. Why do so many lives in youth full of promise and hope, waste, narrow, and stagnate into worse than uselessness, into real hindrances? What bright prospects, what an unclouded future lay before Louis XV! Praised, honored, and loved by his subjects he began his reign, but he so failed under the test of responsibility that at his death his very coffin was stoned. How many lives by reason of

some defect in the metal have thus lost place with the world.

Emerson speaks truly when he calls life "a sincerity." Who then can escape truth? Who can hope to leave this touchstone unmarked? Julius Ceasar may have failed often but he marked true in this. Though the odds of battle were against him, though the enemy's number surpassed his own, he never deceived his soldiers. Even in Africa before the battle with Zuba, he told the nervous officers about the enormous force of the enemy and added, "You are not to think or to ask questions. I tell you the truth and you must prepare for it." Can you wonder that his army never lost a battle while he was with them? There is power in sincerity but untruth is weakness.

"Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt." Truly one secret of success is in knowing when to say "Yes," not as one over confident in his own ability, but with the courageous humility of a willingness to do whatever seems right and good. There is no place in life for the one, who, fearful of himself and afraid of all the world, shrinks from even his own share in life's battle.

One must see himself measured by every deeper life, every broader mind, and every spirit more unselfish than his own. The unplanned, unpremeditated influence is, whether so desired or not, the true and unfailing criterion of every nature, however reserved and uncommunicative it may mean to be.

The world is a gigantic touchstone. Upon it day by day mankind is touched and tested, humanity is brought face to

face with itself, and numberless standards measure all its depth, and breadth and fullness, or show its hollow frailty in an instant. In the daily touch with humankind, a thousand lights and shadows cause the gem to glow or darken and hide within itself warm rays that need but the light to call them forth. Only the true, the tried, gem can endure the light, and only the life that has marked again and again its touchstones, removing each newly revealed defect—only this life can move among its fellows with full power.

"Study thyself, what rank or what degree thy wise creator hath ordained for thee." Study thyself, until each mark of thy life upon the touchstones of wealth or poverty, success or failure, upon the life of friend or hurrying crowd of the busy world, shall lose one by one all traces of alloy, until thy life shall leave only lines of love and faith and hope that merge at length into the image of the one perfect life.

E. M.



An Old, Old Story.

'Twas on a strip of shimmering sand
Widespread beneath the sun's soft rays,
Where rippling waters kissed the strand,
I saw a new umbrella.

Its outspread frame 'gainst sea and sky
Where billows beat their shoreward path,
I marvelled much, you may rely,
To see that silk umbrella.

But later, mid a jostling throng
I saw two faces in a city street,
And one was fair and one was strong
Beneath that same umbrella.

The screaming sea-birds haunt the shore
Where first I saw that wondrous sight,
The wild waves beat with angry roar
Where stood that new umbrella.

Snug sheltered 'neath a tree-clad hill
Two children play where roses bloom
And one is Jack and one is Jill
Beneath an old umbrella.

W. C.

EDITORIAL.

SOMEBODY has made the rather facetious observation that in February the services of a stop-watch would be required to record the finish of the good New Year's resolutions. However true such a statement might be, it may not apply to most of us at all. We may be faithfully adhering to our own resolutions notwithstanding the record-breaking existence of others, or perhaps we didn't make any; we may not have needed to. But it is certain that, however good may have been the intentions with which we started out, the middle of a college session is likely to find us somewhat careless and slack. The monotony of the daily task is upon us, and the temptation to slight it is increasingly great. At such a time it is well to remind ourselves that the work of the middle of the term is what counts most. The beginning is important, because then we are at the dividing of the ways, and the decision made determines the direction taken. The end, too, is important for it reveals the result of our efforts. But it is the time in between when the real work is done. It is the long hours between morning and evening that constitute the greatest part of the day's toil. It is the steady step after step of the plodding traveler that brings him at last to his journey's end. The formation of character is a sort of bricklaying process thought upon thought, deed after deed, moment by moment. And it is a persevering application to study, with faithful preparation of the daily lesson, which can alone, incorporate the subject with the sinew of the mind.

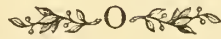
No hurried cram at the last in preparation for examinations can ever make up for habitual neglect during the middle weeks of the term. To those who are in need of encouragement these words are addressed. Keep at it, stick to it, and your success is assured. The genius of hardwork will assert itself and claim the victory in the end.

ONE of our Alumni has recently remembered his Alma Mater by offering a prize to be competed for by the students of the college in an annual declamation contest. It gives us pleasure to make mention of this especially as we feel that Westminster is somewhat lacking in just such incentives to effort. While the work done here is always of the highest grade, the value of a prize competition in urging one to special excellence must be admitted. Besides the two relay cups offered in the field of athletics, there has been of late but one prize competed for in a contest of an intellectual character, that in oratory awarded to the winner of the Junior contest. There is room for others of a like nature in various departments of our college, and friends of the institution may find here a practical suggestion for remembering it in a way that will be beneficial to the students and appreciated by them.

THE present editorial staff has now completed its appointed term of service and hands over its duties to those who will be chosen to succeed it. We have in many respects enjoyed our work and to

some extent feel satisfied with it, but on the other hand are painfully conscious of many shortcomings. We feel grateful to our patrons for their kindly criticisms and encouragement, and for all the assistance, they have rendered us. As we now retire we take pleasure in introducing to our readers, in advance, the new staff, and commend them to your kindness and interest. Remember always that this is your

paper and that its defects may be due as much to your negligence as to their mistakes. Extend to them the same consideration and aid which you have lent us. Our best wishes follow them for their success. May they, avoiding our mistakes, produce a paper much more nearly approaching the ideal of a Westminster Holcad.



HOLCADES MIKRAI.

Be still sad Freshie; cease your sighing,
Slowly but surely time is flying.
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Not to have nerve to go to the Hall.

The proof of a Prof. is his grades.

The Banquet cases seem to be flourishing.

Vesta Lytle—"Catch me kissing anybody's old stairs."

Miss McVey—"The owl is the 'Nimrod' of the night."

Galbreath—"I'd rather have a girl after me than a boy."

"Yes" says Miss Davidson, "Mr. Graham comes after me."

Miss T—"If I see my man around any place, I'll keep my eye on him."

Miss McLachlin's favorite song—"Oh Mother dear, look at Jack's picture."

Dr. C—"How old are matches? Now I don't mean the kind you can trace to the Garden of Eden."

George Vincent has a clock which is something of a curiosity—it has no hands, it is all arm (alarm.)

Lina A—"I hope and pray that my banquet case won't come around when everybody is looking."

"Anderson, what did you think of Rev. Kidd?" Anderson E. E.—"He's the noisiest Kidd I ever heard."

Kit McVay, going skating—"The road seems so much shorter than usual." The explanation—Nimrod was with her.

Prof. McGill—correcting Greek sentences—"Can't I make you understand—Miss McAuley has two men and she only needs one."

A Senior girl was heard to remark—"I'm hoping for great things from this banquet. You see this is the last chance I'll have to get a man."

If Willard goes the way of all the earth, Dr. Ferguson will at least feel that he has done his duty. Dr. has delivered three lectures on the evils of Gambling.

Davidson was talking about the advantages of a coeducational institution. "Yes" said he, "there are cases which one gets a

great deal of education that is not found in books."

Much as our worthy Seniors know, they have as yet been unable to account for the fact that they were not applauded, when they made their first appearance in cap and gown.

—"Mr. Anderson, if you were going to marry a New England girl and should say to her—well, my dear, where shall we go to get the license? What would she say?"

Anderson—"I don't know."

There was a certain stage in the basketball game with the Germans (when head-first collisions were becoming frequent) when it seemed as tho' the game, as Walter Scott put it, "was getting to be a regular billy-goat match."

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
Seniors are coming to town,
None in rags, and none in tags,
But all in cap and gown.

Prof—"Is Miss Porter still sick?" No reply.

Prof—"How about it, Mr. McCartney?"

Silence from Dutch, laughter from class.

Prof—"Excuse me, McCartney, I thought probably you would know."

Dr. Ferguson proved himself a hero Saturday morning in Ethics. The class has just assembled when a terrible monster made its appearance, and started on a run for one of our fair maidens. Dr. arose with a dignity sufficiently impressive to quell a much more formidable foe, and amid shrieks of terror from the girls and shouts of encouragement from the boys;

he met and conquered the enemy, and—that spider is no more.

We are loathe to believe the following story which is told of two young men from this town, but it comes from reliable authority: The aforesaid two young men, each with a young lady friend, went to Mercer, and after seeing the ladies comfortably established, the two young men went out to seek some liquid refreshments. Not knowing where to go, they inquired of a young man in a grocery store. "We don't keep anything here," said that young dignitary, "but"—he thought a moment, then lowering his voice to a confidential tone, continued—"I think I can put you on the track of some." He then directed them to the Northwestern Hotel. Immediately after the two went out of the store, the young clerk, who seemed to be somewhat of a joker, went out too, hunted up some of his chums and by a short route reached the hotel first. Our two friends reached the hotel, entered, and were subjected to the usual questions as to age and various other things and were then put on their honor not to divulge the fact of having received anything. A quart bottle was then produced which, they were informed would cost \$1.25; but their combined cash amounted to \$1.00. They succeeded, however, after some trouble in carrying off the coveted prize. Their state of mind may be imagined, when they discovered that the bottle contained a quart of maple syrup. Query—Who were the young men?

CONFIDENCE TALKS.

Questions will be answered every month

on this page. Inquirers must give their names and addresses.

Do not stay less than 10 or 15 minutes or your visit will appear perfunctory.

A "party-call" should be made within a fortnight after the banquet.

By all means wear a dress suit to the banquet.

You are rather young, but since Johnson is a very admirable young man, it is permissible occasionally.

It would be better not to make any

demonstration when Pat makes a good play especially in so public a place as the gymnasium.

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is a story by Bret Harte. The originals of the story no doubt resided in the little town of New Wilmington in Western Pennsylvania.

Your desire to reach the Hall in time to secure the library is all very well, and is rather a compliment to the entertaining abilities of the girl, but we would hardly advise you to go before supper.



ALUMNI NOTES.

'01. W. T. McCandless of Allegheny Seminary, was in town a few days last week.

'64. Rev. D. M. Thorne, New Wilmington, has gone to Olathe, Kansas where he will supply the pulpit of the United Presbyterian church for the next six weeks.

'00. John E. McCalmont is now practising law in Pittsburg.

'02. W. L. McKay, for some time a law student in Pittsburg, paid a brief visit to college friends recently.

'01. T. C. Cochran, of Mercer, spent Sabbath, Feb. 14, in New Wilmington.

Among other Alumni who were present at the recent lecture by the Hon. Walter Chandler were: A. R. Hunt, '02. Mt. Jackson; Miss Edith E. McCreary, '01, East Brook; J. M. Briceland, '02; Rev. James M. Ferguson '97, Mrs. Ferguson '98 of New Castle.

'77. Rev. S. W. Gilkey, D. D., of Mercer conducted the chapel services on the morning of February 5th and afterward gave a brief address to the students.

'03. Miss Edna Ramsey, of Coreopolis, was the guest of friends at the Hall recently.

'02. Miss Frances Gibson, Mt. Jackson has been the guest of college friends for some days.

'97. William McElwee, announces that he is a candidate for committeeman of the Republican county committee of Lawrence county. In behalf of Mr. McElwee we would bespeak the support of all college friends in this vicinity.

'73. Rev. R. W. Kidd, of Beaver Falls preached the annual sermon to the students, Sabbath evening Feb. 14, this day having been set apart as a Day of Prayer for Colleges. Dr. Kidd has been

appointed by the First Synod of the West to present to the students in this region the need of candidates for the United Presbyterian ministry and made this the theme of his address on that occasion.

'79. An opening recital was given in the First U. P. Church of West Newton, Pa., of which Dr. J. S. Garvin is pastor Jan. 22, following the placing in that church of a new \$2000 pipe organ.

'81. Rev. D. R. McDonald, D. D., has been elected principal of the academy in Weiser, Idaho.

'75. Dr. S. H. Moore, of New Castle,

left Feb. 8 with his family for De Funiak Springs, Fla., where they will spend a few weeks. During his absence Dr. Moore expects to deliver a series of lectures at the several winter resorts of the South.

For the purpose of stimulating good declaiming at Westminster a declamation contest has just been announced by a member of the alumni, who refuses, to give his name. The contest which will be held at some time during the winter term, is open to both girls and boys, the winner to receive a check for ten dollars and the net proceeds from the door receipts.



MUSIC AND ART.

WORK in the studio has been resumed with renewed vigor since Miss Hodgens' recovery from a brief illness. A number of beautiful pieces have been completed. Miss Leasure is at work on a lovely study in water lilies, and Miss Newmyer on a barnyard scene. Miss Elliott has almost completed a charming little winter landscape and Miss Ferguson a sketch of waves dashing on a rocky Maine coast.

Mrs. Pyles who was here a few days recently will return soon to complete some pieces of china she began.

The first night of Senior Orations was February 5.

Mr. Walter M. Chandler delivered his lecture "Humorous Experiences Abroad," February 19. The impression made on a former appearance was only deepened by this second visit. His lecture was a collection of very entertaining and instructive

incidents told in a very pleasing and interesting way. He is an enthusiastic American but has the power of showing us our country as seen through the eyes of foreigners. His criticism of some American faults and ideals was very tactful, but right to the point. Mr. Chandler was a welcome chapel visitor Saturday morning.

On Monday evening, Feb. 8, the Philomath Literary Society gave a special program for the new members who were initiated into the society. The Crestomath Society was invited in and after the program was finished, light refreshments were served, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a very enjoyable manner.

The Leagorean Society are at work again with a will in their freshly papered and cleaned Hall. Monday evening February 22 in accordance with the spirit

of the day, a Washington Evening was held. The program presented was as follows;—

Essays
Mount Vernon—Ruth Snodgrass,
Winter at Valley Forge—Lida Armstrong.
Recitations
Nellie McAuley, Bessie Gilkey.

Original Story Lucile Nevin.
Sketch of Washington Della Grounds.
Current Events Lina Alexander,
Debate—Aff. Mary Cochran, Neg. Winifred Orr. Ques. Resolved that Lincoln did more for his country than Washington.
Impromptu—Misses Phillips, Montgomery, Sharp, Henderson, McElree.



ATHLETICS.

The 'Varsity basketball team met the Geneva College five in the College gymnasium, Saturday, the 6th inst. The Geneva team won by a score of 32-22. The first half ended 16-12 in favor of Westminster. Dave Calhoun secured the first goal for the 'Varsity team and the score stood 7-0 in favor of Westminster before Geneva was able to score a goal. In the second half Geneva secured a lead by excellent team work and held it until the close of the game, the score ending as stated above.

The lineup follows:

Geneva 32.	Westminster 22.
Joe Thompson.....f.....	McM. Moore
Patterson.....f.....	R. Deevers
Mitchell.....c.....	Dave Calhoun
East.....g.....	A. Stewart
Brown.....g.....	H. Patterson

Goals from field; Moore 3, Stewart 2, Calhoun, Deevers, Mitchell 5, East 4, Brown 2, Thompson 2. Goals from foul; Moore 8, Thompson 9. Official, Mr. Nettle, New Castle.

The German Y. M. C. A. basketball team of Buffalo, N. Y., defeated the 'varsity five Feb. 13, in the College gymnasium by a score of 49-13. The playing of the

visitors, especially Miller, the center, was a wonderful exhibition of the possibilities of basket ball as a fascinating sport, even in such cramped quarters as the college affords. The lesson to be learned from the game is that a radical change in tactics is necessary if we continue to play such first class teams as the Germans, or victory will never be ours. The visitors repeatedly zigzagged the ball down the floor in a brilliant passing game and scored almost as often as they passed.

The superiority of the passing game was clearly demonstrated by the visitors.

Audley Stewart, for the 'varsity played a quick, clean game. Calhoun and Patterson played a strong defensive game. The playing of Moore and Deevers was good.

Line up follows:

Buffalo.	Westminster.
Rhode.....r. f.....	Moore
Redalin.....l. f.....	Deevers
Miller.....c.....	D. Calhoun
Manweiler.....l. g.....	A. Stewart
Heerd (Capt).....r. g.....	Patterson

Field goals, Moore 4; Deevers 2; Heerd 8; Manweiler 7; Redalin 5; Rhode 4. Goals from foul; Moore; Heerd. Officials, Min. teer and Monahan.

The 'varsity basket ball team was defeated by the East Liverpool team at East Liverpool, O., Friday evening, Feb. 19, by a score of 47-9.

The team was handicapped somewhat by the size and slippery condition of the floor.

Line up.

Bloor.....f....."Senator" Smith
Allison.....f.....H. Patterson
Rigby.....c.....D. Calhoun
Chadwick.....l. g.....Moore
Watkins.....r. g.....Deevers

Subs. Powell.

Officials. J. M. McKay, Westminster
'07 and Zang.



Y. M. C. A. Notes.

ON Feb. 17-21 the "Jubilee Convention" for Pennsylvania was held in Scranton. The character of the convention can be judged from the program on which are found such names as: John R. Mott, New York; C. I. Scofield D. D., Dallas Texas; W. F. McDowell D. D., New York; Robert E. Speer, New York.

Mr. Paul Corbin of Oberlin will be here March 2nd and 3rd. Mr. Corbin has lately been chosen a travelling secretary of the student volunteer movement. He is highly recommended as a man well fitted for the place. He will conduct a public meeting here, and desires to meet many students individually.

It has been decided to have the prayer-meeting topic and references posted on the bulletin board in the first floor hall every Tuesday. This ought to be a good advertisement and increase the interest in the meetings.

"Xpress Yo'se'f"

All's quiet along the Neshannock, it seems,
Except here and there a stray maiden
And youth take chapel, or go for a walk
To lighten their hearts heavy laden.
'Tis nothing, their thoughts and their talk
aren't much,

Don't count in the news of the Holcad.
No pretentious opinions or 'xpressions are made
It's only a "case" or a confab.

All's quiet along the Neshannock at night,
Where the girls at the Hall lie dreaming;
And silent the street and the village, and all
Undisturbed by thoughts worth repeating.
Nothing at all to say, nothing to say,
Is the verdict from Senior to Freshman.
They're occupied fully, surely you see,
In thinking of banquets and ball-games.

All's quiet around the old campus, to-day,
Satisfaction and peace and contentment.
No knocker or joker at all dares appear
To bring laughter or rouse to resentment.
An un-rhyming poet alone speaks just once
And relapses forthwith into silence.

—Tinker.

[His facet 'XPRESS YO'SE'F, subject to resurrection from time to time.]



EXCHANGES.

The Geneva Cabinet for February contains a story, "The Great Drive Wheel," that is well worth reading. We would, however, prefer to take a more hopeful view of life than the writer seems to do, even while admitting that there is much in business life of today that war-rants the pessimistic tone of the author.

The Intercollegian (Y. M. C. A.), February issue, has a list of "sailed Volunteers" to Foreign Missionary fields. Two Westminster graduates, H. C. Chambers and A. B. Dodd, are among the number.

The editorial columns of the Tarkio College *Phoenix* are filled with local and alumni notes. We are charitable enough to think that the printer "got mixed" and not that the editor didn't know his business.

The genius of Alexander Hamilton, a subject not often chosen by students, is lauded in the *Delaware College Review*. The subject is a good one for the contemplation of students, and the article is on the whole well written. Further, we agree with "C. W. C. '06" in his estimate of Alexander Hamilton, that "even in the wreck of governments that great intellect would still command the homage of men."

The following editorial from the *Waynesburg Collegian*, is so good that we take the liberty of quoting it *In toto*:

"Have you heard any member of your literary society say that there is no honor in the other; that nothing is too low for it to stoop to do? And what did you say? Your society is perfectly honest and upright. Where is the real difference? It's only society spirit; things are seen from different sides. Spirit is proper and necessary, but it shouldn't get ahead of reason and fair-

ness. There is no use to let self-interest run into suspicion of the honesty of every one who is not an avowed friend and assistant. Did you ever look for the honor on the other side?"

"Women feel where men think," said the co-ed, with the square chin.

"Yes," sighed the professor, "that's why men become bald."—Ex.

An item in *Sociology* from the employer's stand point.

7 a.m. The desired girl.

9 a.m. The hired girl.

4 p.m. The tired girl.

9 p.m. The fired girl. —Ex.

There is a sympathetic and true characterization of the Scottish people by Katherine M. Inglis in the *January Almanian*.

It is better to enjoy the blue sky and the bright sunshine than to dabble in mud, even for treasures.



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THE HOLCAD,

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121 E. Washington St. New Castle

SECOND ANNUAL GENEVA-WESTMINSTER DEBATE.

Thursday Evening, Mar. 3, 1904.

Presiding Officer, PRESIDENT ROBERT GRACEY FERGUSON, D. D., LL. D.

JUDGES:

Rev. J. A. Henderson, Allegheny, Rev. A. I. Young, McKeesport.

Rev. P. L. Corbin, New York City.

Question:—Resolved, That employers are justified in refusing recognition to Labor Unions.

SPEAKERS.

Affirmative:—W. Carson Press.

Lauren Gates Bennett.

Negative:—Walter R. East,

John P. Barnes.

The question was chosen by Westminster, the sides by Geneva. In the main speeches each debater was allowed fifteen minutes; in rebuttal, five minutes.

MR. W. CARSON PRESS.

First Affirmative.

Mr. President, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The question for discussion to-night requires a clear definition of the term, "recognition of a labor union." The labor unionists themselves are the best authorities on the matter; for they must know best what they mean when they ask for recognition. Accordingly, we turn to the labor unionists and ask their most conservative leader, John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers of America, for a definition of the term. Mr. Mitchell says, recognition of a union means recognition of the principles for which the union stands. And what are those principles? They are, among others, the principles

of the collective contract and the closed shop. A collective contract is a contract which fixes the scale of wages for every man employed wherever it applies, and a closed shop is a shop where union men only are employed. These, says Mr. Mitchell, are the fundamental principles of the labor unions. It is by means of these principles that working men try to better the condition of labor by organized effort, and recognition of a union means recognition of the principles of the collective contract and closed shop.

Now in endeavoring to show that employers are justified, *i. e.* act in accordance with law and justice, as the Standard Dictionary defines the word—in endeavoring to show that employers are justified in refusing recognition to labor unions, we shall seek to prove to you that the principles of the collective contract and closed shop are opposed to law and equity. Now if we can prove that these principles are wrong then employers are justified in not recognizing unions, for, as we have seen, recognition of a union means recognition of its principles.

But we shall not attempt to prove that all the labor union principles are wrong. On the contrary, we admit cheerfully, that labor unions have aided in bettering the

condition of the working people. Nor do we question the right of the labor unionist to organize, to seek to better conditions, and to quit work peaceably when it may seem necessary for them to do so. In seeking to prove, however, that employers are right in not recognizing unions, it will be sufficient if we can show you that the fundamental principles of the union are wrong; since, as we have seen, recognition of a union and recognition of its principles, are one and the same thing.

Thus far we have made what we believe to be a fair representation of our position in debating this important question. For it is important. No other question before the American people to-day is receiving such close scrutiny as this question of the relation of capital and labor.

The labor union idea, though transplanted from England to America early in the last century, as Prof. Ely, the Political Economist tells us, did not assume any great importance until after the Civil War. Since then labor unions have grown from small local bodies to organizations of national importance and these national organizations invariably advocate the principles of the collective contract and closed shop.

Now, brushing aside confusing and irrelevant matters, we affirm that the principles of the collective contract and closed shop are contrary to law and equity, and we are prepared to prove in support of this statement,

1. That the collective contract deprives the non-union man of his right of individual contract.

2. That the policy of the closed shop deprives the non-union man of his right to

earn his living as a free American citizen, and

3. That the policy of the closed shop infringes upon the rights of the employer.

Blackstone and other eminent authorities, tell us that every man has a natural right to make his own bargain, and that this right of individual contract existed long prior to the enactment of our present laws. In fact it is safeguarded by the Ninth Amendment to our Constitution, which declares: "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." But this right of individual contract is not only a natural right; it is a legal right. The Fifth Amendment to our Constitution declares, "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law," *i. e.* by order of the Courts. The highest legal authorities are agreed that that word, "liberty," covers a wide range and includes the right to earn one's bread and the right to fix the terms on which it will be earned. Now, every man has this natural and legal right of individual contract, and yet it is denied to the non-union man by the unions when they secure a collective contract.

"But," it may be asked, "in what way does this collective contract deprive the non-union man of his right of individual contract?" We reply to that question by stating that when an employer undertakes to recognize the union he must recognize the principles of the collective contract for which the union stands. In other words he must settle with the union the scale of wages he will pay. Non-union men in his employ must submit to this scale of wages. This has been demonstrated wherever a

collective contract has gone into effect, A collective contract means that there shall be a certain scale of prices. These prices are fixed, not by the non-union man and his employer, but by the union and the employer. You recall the conference between employers and the unions for this purpose in Indianapolis a few weeks ago. Other instances could easily be cited. Now, this settling of the non-union man's wages without his consent is a serious matter when we consider the fact that 85 per cent. of our working people are outside the unions. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, says: "Only 15 per cent. of our laboring people are in the unions." In thus forcing upon a non-union man a rate of wages in the making of which he has had no voice, labor unions deprive him of his natural and legal right of individual contract.

Again, in proof of our statement that collective contract and closed shop are contrary to law and equity, we declare that the closed shop deprives the non-union man of his right to earn his living subject only to the law of the land. When a shop is closed to all except union workmen, non-union men employed in it are forced to choose one of two things. They must either join the union or else lose their positions. No matter which alternative, the non-union men may choose, force is applied and they lose their liberty to do as they please within the law.

Such an assumption of governing powers on the part of the union cannot be defended on any legal or just grounds. We challenge our opponents to quote a single competent authority, outside the labor unions, in defense of the principle of the

closed shop. Further, we demand of our opponents that they show cause why this principle of the closed shop should receive recognition. It will not do to excuse it, or to overlook it. It is a fundamental principle of labor unionism and must be defended. We look to our opponents for their reasons why it should be recognized. The immortal Lincoln once said: "No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent," and yet the policy of the closed shop means that the labor unions are seeking to govern the non-union man without his consent. Here again we see that the fundamental principles of the unions are illegal and unjust.

Let us now consider the attitude of the union toward the employer. What are his rights? First, "He has a right," in the words of Blackstone, "to the free use, enjoyment and disposal of all his acquisitions without any control except the law of the land." This right is denied him by the unions. Their history proves it. We have but to refer to the great strikes of the last ten years in proof of our statement. Recent events in Chicago are still fresh in our minds—events so monstrous, and so opposed to the spirit of this free government that public opinion in that great city has utterly repudiated labor union principles. Other proof could easily be quoted showing the denial of the rights of property by the unions. In this we have ample proof that the principles of the labor unions infringe upon the rights of the employers.

Again, the employer has a right to hire any man seeking work. The laws give him this right. It is often denied him by the unions. The history of labor unionism from 1881 to 1900 proves this.

During those years there were 13,155 strikes, involving for the most part the right of the employer to hire whomsoever he pleased. The great steel strike of 1901 was an attempt to force recognition of the union. The coal strike of 1902 and the recent Chicago strikes were also attempts to force employers to hire union and discharge non-union men. Here again we have evidence that the rights of the employers receive no recognition from the unions, showing plainly that the principles of the labor unions are in direct violation of the law of the land, and that they lead men to undermine the very foundations of this free government.

But the rights of the employer and his workmen, sacred as they are, are subordinate to the rights of the people. These men are but a part of this great nation that has stood for over a century and a quarter, the refuge of the oppressed. This free nation cannot long endure if we encourage over two million men to remain banded together pledged to support principles that violate the spirit of our free institutions. Employers and the people should refuse recognition to these misguided men who override all law. As one has truly said: "Where there is no law there is no freedom." If labor unionists were to receive recognition their freedom also would be swallowed up in their victory, and law would be no more. The preservation of the liberties of all citizens and the preservation of the liberties of generations that are to follow, require us to refuse recognition to labor unions. The tyranny of the labor unions of to-day dogs the footsteps of the humble workman wherever he seeks to exercise the rights that God and the peo-

ple have given him. That tyranny may dog the footsteps of less humble men tomorrow. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!" Labor unionism and liberty are incompatible. The people as well as employers are justified in refusing recognition to labor unions because their principles are in direct violation of the laws, the constitution and the spirit of this free government.

✱
LAUREN G. BENNETT.
Second Affirmative.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—My colleague has proven to you that the principles of the labor union infringe on the rights of the individual workmen and the employer. He has shown you that these principles are opposed to the spirit of the Constitution and the laws of the land.

In further supporting the affirmative of this question, we will show you that labor unions, as they are to-day constituted, are proving a menace to the public welfare and are, therefore, unworthy of recognition. The dangerous tendencies of labor unions are apparent and we cannot shut our eyes to the trend of affairs without ignoring the threatening menace to the country and its citizens.

That labor unions are proving a menace to the public welfare is shown by three facts:

1. Because they tend to have an evil effect on our industrial activity.
2. Because they create class spirit and class interests.
3. Because they would make the unions, and not our laws and our courts, the regulative force in the community.

Now, taking up our first argument; labor unions affect our industrial activity,

first, because they are not responsible organizations. Nearly all labor unions refuse to become incorporated, hence they can break their contracts without fear of the law. Labor unionists invariably respond to the call of their leaders, and go on a strike when ordered, regardless of their contracts. The Chicago Street Railway strike began Nov. 12th 1903, although the employers held an agreement signed April 28th, 1903, which guaranteed that there would be no strike for one year. True, this is but a single instance, yet such violations of contract have become characteristic of the labor union.

Again the extraordinary amount of power exercised over the union by the labor boss and walking delegate proves conclusively that a large proportion of the element in the union is unworthy of the trust or confidence of the employer. In the Anthracite Coal Strike, 184,000 men ceased from work. Yet we find that this strike was determined, not by the miners themselves, but by the labor leaders; for Samuel Gompers declared in 1901, nearly a year before the strike, that, "On the first day of April, 1902, The United Mine Workers will demand an eight hour day; in one great struggle labor's power of endurance will be tried," said he. We find also that after he had issued the order to strike, John Mitchell convened a convention of miners to ratify his action, and in that convention only a bare majority voted in favor of it. It is also a fact that the conservative element voted against the strike, while the Hungarians and Poles voted solidly in favor of it. Thus we see that recognition of the labor union means that the employer must turn the manage-

ment of his business over to the irresponsible labor leader and walking delegate, who are able to ratify their orders only by a bare majority, composed of those who have the least respect for law and government.

Now these two characteristics of the labor union, together with the demands which they make on employers, are tending to discourage the investments of capital to such an extent that America has just grounds to fear lest her industrial progress be materially checked. Capitalists rather than deal with such organizations, advocating the principles of the closed shop and the collective contract, will seek other avenues of investment, much to the detriment of our industrial activity.

But the principles of the labor union also tend to have an evil effect on the individual efficiency of the labor unionist. Their refusal to work by the piece and their restrictions of output tend to reduce the ability of all labor unionists to a common level. Experience has proven that the highest type of workman can be developed only under the competitive system. Yet the union would eliminate that competition by making union membership, and not ability, their chief requisite for employment. Thus do we again see a tendency that must finally have an evil effect on our industrial situation.

Now while we admit that our country is at present in a prosperous condition, we believe that the principles and demands of labor unions will ultimately cause an industrial stagnation. The long-continued demands of well established unions have caused England to relinquish her claim to industrial supremacy. The question that vitally concerns us is: Shall we permit

this same evil so seriously to affect our industrial progress?

But labor unions again prove a menace to the public welfare, because they create class spirit. The worst American—yea the very traitor to his country—is the man who would inflame class against class, for it is possible to make this government a success only by proceeding in accordance with its fundamental principles and treating each man, whatever his creed or occupation, simply as a man.

That labor unions do foster a class spirit is unquestioned. Their leaders openly avow it and seek to instill it into the heart of every labor union member.

One of the dangerous tendencies of this class spirit becomes apparent in the political significance of the union. In a convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in Nashville in 1897, the following resolution, which is still in force, was adopted: "Resolved, that the American Federation of Labor most firmly and unequivocally favors the independent use of the ballot by labor unionists, united regardless of party, that we may elect men from our own ranks to make new laws and to administer them along the lines laid down in the legislative demands of the American Federation of Labor." It was further resolved, "That we devote our utmost energies to the end that the working people may act as a unit at the polls at every election."

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, this spirit which would attempt to legislate in accordance with union ideas and thus subordinate all interests of the public to the attainment of their own ends, is the spirit which the gentlemen of the negative would have

the employer encourage by recognition.

Labor unions further prove a menace to the public welfare because they would make the union, and not the laws and the courts, the regulative force in the community. This sentiment is apparent, first, in the importance which the unionist attaches to the union. The labor unionist declares that he owes his first allegiance to the union, hence would make it of paramount importance to the state. Admission to the American Typographical Union requires a member to take the following oath: "I hereby solemnly and sincerely swear that my allegiance to this union shall in no way be interfered with by any allegiance that I may now or hereafter owe to any organization, social, religious or political." Thus again do we see that the unionist would regard all institutions—yea even the church and the state—of secondary importance to his union. Now, it is this spirit, Ladies and Gentlemen, which we maintain, that employers are justified in refusing to recognize; for it is this spirit that strikes at the very foundation of all free American institutions, and we bespeak for it the condemnation of every thoughtful, liberty-loving American citizen.

Not only do the unionists regard the union of paramount importance to all institutions, but their attitude towards our laws and our courts, brands them as the greatest lawbreakers of the time. The logical reason for this is that the teachings, aims, and the methods of unions, as they are today organized and directed, are at variance with the laws of the land and the principles upon which the laws of the land are based.

The whole attitude of the unions towards the courts is revolutionary. Their

leaders ignore not only our officers of the law, but our whole judicial system. Samuel Gompers, in addressing the American Federation of Labor in 1901, said: "We have continually warned American labor against the insidious assaults upon its rights by weak, prejudiced, bigoted judges." In commenting on this hostile attitude toward the judiciary, the American Law Review for 1901 says: "The attitude of organized labor constitutes a profound menace to all our institutions by assailing the independence of the judiciary."

They even assail the Constitution of our nation in their attitude towards workmen outside the union. Section 10, Article I, of the Constitution provides that "no State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts." Yet the union would place itself above and beyond the power of the State by attempting to force employers to break their contracts with non-union workmen. One of the most serious strikes that ever occurred in the support of this principle was in 1901 when 140,000 men ceased from work in an attempt to force the United States Steel Corporation to discharge its non-union workmen.

But the hostility of the unions toward our system of government is again shown by their attitude toward the militia. Many unions, such as the Local Trades Assembly of New York, and the Illinois State Federation of Labor, have each passed resolutions which forbid any militia-man to become or to remain a union member. This hostile attitude toward the militia has been openly manifested in New York, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, where men have only recently resigned from the militia that they

might devote their utmost energies to the furtherance of the principles of the union.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, shall we demand employers to encourage by recognition, any organizations, the allegiance to which is placed before the church, the judiciary. the Constitution, yea even before the defense of the State?

Thus far we have dealt only with the the principles of the union. What now of their methods? Experience has proven that these methods are at war with the whole spirit of law and liberty. The two most powerful weapons of the labor union are the boycott and the strike.

The Anthracite Coal Strike Commission in referring to the boycott, said: "The boycott is a conspiracy at common law and should receive the punishment due to such a crime." Again, in referring to the same, it said: "No country that tolerates it or condones it can justly call itself free." Indeed the boycott has become so destructive of individual liberty that more than twenty states have passed laws making it a crime.

Now, while we admit the right of any number of men to cease from work peaceably, yet the violence that has accompanied the thousands of strikes during the past decade, has stained the record of the labor union with riot and with bloodshed. Need we refer to the destruction of property, or the countless number of murderous assaults on American citizens, committed and countenanced by organized labor, to remind you that the labor union is becoming a menace to American institutions? Is it common sense, Ladies and Gentlemen, is it justice that labor organizations in their disputes with capital shall be permitted to annihi-

late the peace of the entire community and to throttle the law?

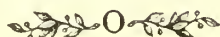
It may be contended that the strike will be eliminated through the recognition of the union, but we contend that any organization which, under any circumstances, resorts to violence in an attempt to enforce its demands, is not worthy of recognition.

Moreover, recognition of the union will make the public only that much more directly the victims of its despotism. Chicago has been called "the paradise of organized labor." Truly in no other city in America has labor been so thoroughly organized, and just as truly no other city in America feels the oppression of such a tyrant. Employers after recognizing the unions and being no longer able to resist its demands, have been compelled to combine with the union, and now these two forces dictate to the public in a manner never before heard of in a land where liberty has been our pride. The very fact that the people of Chicago have been denied the right to bury their dead has aroused the American people to a realization of labor union's tyranny.

It may also be contended that the union should be recognized because it is organized in the interests of the laboring

class, and has done much to improve the condition of the working man. While we admit that the unions have, to a certain extent, benefitted their 2,500,000 members, we contend that their principles are opposed to free government; hence they should receive no such encouragement as recognition. We believe that the benefits which the unions bear to the union man sinks to utter insignificance, when compared to the evils they bear to society and the country at large.

We have shown you, that labor unions violate the spirit of liberty in their attitude toward the non-union man; that they infringe on the rights of the employer; that they are becoming a menace to the public welfare, because they tend to have an evil effect on our industrial activity, because they threaten the very foundations of all free American institutions by creating class spirit, and because their attitude toward our laws and our courts has been one of contempt and insubordination. These principles, Ladies and Gentlemen, which the union would enforce by such methods as the boycott and the strike, merit for the labor union the condemnation rather than the recognition of the employer.



EDITORIAL.

THIS issue is the first attempt of the new editorial staff. We ask that you will not criticise us too severely, and be generous to our mistakes. We will not make any promises, but will try to keep up the standard of the past and publish a paper similar to the standard of the College.

We would again remind the students and Alumni of Westminster, that the success or failure of the HOLCAD depends largely on you. Write an oration or a story now and then and if after walking up the railroad track your heart would give vent to a few lines of poetry, write them down and hand to the literary department. If you hear a good joke take note of it and give it to the local department. If you hear anything about the College World tell the alumni editor. If you want a good team to represent the college, come out and do your part, so that the editor of athletics can publish the winning games. If you owe a dollar for your subscription, pay it, and if you can get new ones do so. Every extra subscription adds greatly to the success of the paper.

Hoping then that this will be a pleasant year both to the readers and staff and that each month will be filled to overflowing with the best that Westminster can produce, we have already entered upon our duties.



PATRIOTISM is a universal sentiment. Few men become so degraded and debased that they feel no love for their country. Whether its form of government be empire, monarchy, or republic, whether

its physical area be great or very limited, whether its natural resources be valuable or scarcely deserving of notice, every true citizen feels that his own native land is best. Though he may travel the world over, he never finds a clime so congenial to his nature as his "ain countrie." The world honors the man who lays his life upon the altar of sacrifice for his country's sake. Only the man of integrity, honesty, and unselfishness can be a true patriot.

Akin to patriotism is one's love for his Alma Mater or for the class of which he is a member. This general feeling of loyalty and regard arouses one to put the very best that is in him into the service of his class-mates or of the whole college. The outward manifestations of such loyalty are exhibited at every contest of brain or brawn between two rivals, tho' friendly schools. It is as proper to cheer and expend energy for college or class as for native land.

However some one has said that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." It is a thing to be deplored that some men will use as a cover for their evil intentions and practices a thing so beautiful and pure as patriotism. Analogous to this is the use sometimes made of loyalty to college or class. If in any contest between schools a judge or umpire makes a decision in favor of the visiting college, the man of selfish sordid nature may rudely show his scorn for such a decision, under the pretense that his loyal spirit must hold in contempt whatever does not wholly favor his side. May we not rightly call such

action "hissing" as though it were the expression of a serpent, that most subtle of creatures? If the true and loving spirit of loyalty which we bear to our Alma Mater has ever been so abused, may it in the future be atoned for by an evidence of loyal-heartedness "founded in great principles, and supported by great virtues."



THE pessemist is unpopular, and justly so. Yet it cannot be acting the part of a fault-finder to look at a matter squarely, and try to improve those things which fail to reach the highest possible excellence.

We are accustomed to think of America as the type of a liberty-loving country. We boast that here every man gets justice; that the people rule themselves, and so secure their rights and enjoy liberty in its best form. In many ways these things are true, and we firmly believe that the United States of America is the most glorious country in the world. But it is undoubtedly true that in our public service we have suffered methods to become customary, which are a disgrace to us in the eyes of every civilized nation. Political corruption with all that it includes, is one of the most serious dangers which threaten our country. After nearly every election there are cries of bribery and fraud and too many of them are true. Corporations with their money prevent or compel legislation, as suits their purpose. In many states it is next to impossible to convict a wealthy man of crime, even of murder, while the poor ignorant criminal is almost invariably given the limit of the law's penalty.

Surely this is not the American idea of liberty and equality! It cannot be possible that it is the will of the people to have their

money squandered or stolen by their so-called servants, while they, the sovereign people, stand helpless. We would not for a moment think that all our public men are corrupt—far from it—but the fact remains that such conditions are alarmingly prevalent, especially in our City and State politics.

The reason for this state of affairs is not, we think, because there is insufficient patriotism and genuine love for the country and her best interests, but rather because of neglect of the better element of society to participate in the affairs of the political world. Men do not seem to realize the real conditions. Immersed in business or professional duties, many give very little thought to the public welfare. Others in their blind allegiance to party seem neither to know nor care for what that party stands.

If America should be attacked by a foreign foe, millions of her best men would offer their lives for her safety. Why then will not every loyal citizen who what he can to awaken his fellows to this great danger. For it is certain that until the true American spirit of resistance to tyranny is revived and demands in unmistakable tones that such outrages stop, our political life will continue to be a national disgrace.

Let the young men of our colleges think seriously on these things for upon them will fall the work of reformation and to them their country looks for help.

You can drive a horse to water,
But you cannot make it drink:
You can ride a Latin pony,
But you cannot make it think.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

Miss Stewart in Grammar class—"Mr. Shannon, what are the principle parts of the verb 'think'?"

Mr. Shannon—"think, thank, thunk."

Pat—"I can't get the second person."

One of the Second Prep. girls is very anxious to start up a case in order to get her name in the HOLGAD.

Dr. Ferguson calling on Grier Thompson in Ethics—"I am trying to gather up the fragments."

Mr. A.—"Love is an itch in your heart that you can't scratch."

New Girl—"Do you sound the 'b' in Lambie?"

Miss Nesbit—"Oh, Harriet, when you and I are gone, there won't be any one left at the Hall."

Miss Donaldson—"I'd like to have some of those kisses."

Sydney said that George had been making goo-goo eyes all year, but it hadn't affected him until now.

Mary—"How do you find enough to talk about the whole evening?"

Winifred—"Well, its not as hard as you think for."

Miss Gilkey—"I just love soft things next to my face."

Mr. Stranahan—"Now I'm getting tonsilitis, I just supposed I would."

Cap.—"Our case is further advanced than yours."

Miss O.—"Well, there's not much danger of my being an old maid."

Miss L.—"I guess you're in as much danger of it as I am, You don't know everything."

Was Miss Miss McLachlin pleased with the lace that Mr. McKay brought her from New Castle.

Mr. Tannehill, after having studied the subject of "Strikes and Lockouts" for an hour or two—"Bennett, now explain to me again what a 'Lookout' is."

Mr. Rudolf—"I neither smoke, chew, nor drink, but I DO love the girls."

Miss Mitchell—"Oh don't give him any lady fingers or he will want to hold them."

Mr. Calhoun, standing beside Miss Alexander—"Oh I've found my dear: Here she is."

Miss Nesbit, when asked what she was doing—"I'm patiently waiting for a man."

Mr. Timms—"I don't study on Sabbath. I promised a girl I wouldn't."

Miss Sloss—"I hate gowns. Mr. T. and I are always getting our wings mixed."

Prof—"Mr. Hazlett did you ever see Mr. Webster dressed up?"

Mr. Hazlett—"I don't remember of ever meeting him."

Mr. Gittens, hearing Leasure footsteps on the hall above.—"O, aint that music!!",

A conversation overheard:—

Miss Sloss—"This is a pretty short courtship, Mr. Thompson."

Mr. Clark, seeing Miss G. approaching—"I'm going to win that girl."

Anyone wishing his roommates clothes swiped should consult Mr. Tannehill.

Prof.—"From what do you make pop-guns?"

Doe Smith—"Elderberries."

Mr. Thompson is going to be there Mary.

Miss S.—"I hope it's the little one."

Prof.—"The bou, cow, lamb and bear are not birds of a feather."

Miss Grier—"Sixteen proposals!!! I'm going to Egypt."

Miss McVay, at Junior Basket ball game—"Oh girls, there's Love."

Miss Alice Bard—"I already have the first two letters of the alphabet in my name. I hope I get the third."

Miss McLaughlin—"Say is it a foul when you put both arms around a man?"

Mr. Tannehill at stock room window—"Give me a foot and a half of gum rubber."

Miss McVay—"I do love kisses."

Prof.—"Mr. Perkins how much alcoholic liquor do you consume yearly?"

Perkins—"18 gallons."

Mary Sloss—"A fellow always has to have his girls picture Byam (by him.)"

Mr. Tannehill—"We can carry on a conversation with our hands now."



ALUMNI NOTES.

J. Turner Moore '99, Master Steel Maker for the Naval Gun Factory in Washington, D. C. has received the flattering offer to superintend the erection of a large steel mill in China. But owing to his bright prospects in the Government employ has decided to decline the offer.

Edmundson '01 and A. R. Hunt '02 were visitors in town recently.

A. R. Hunt, '02 intends to take a post-graduate course at University of Chicago, after his school closes.

Carl Porter '02 is visiting his folks at home.

T. C. Cochran '01 spent Sabbath Feb. 28 with friends in New Wilmington and was here later on business.

G. A. Baldinger '03, at present assistant Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Washington D. C. was a recent visitor to Westminster.

Among the alumni representatives at the second annual Geneva-Westminster debate held here on the evening of March 3, '04 were Joseph McCalmont and C. Gilfillan of '03; T. C. Cochran '01, Edmundson '01, E. A. Campbell '01; A. B. Reid '01, R. G. McGill '02 and T. A. Sampson '00.

C. F. Campbell '02, who is at present a student in the Allegheny Theological Seminary, has been obliged to give up his studies for a little while on account of ill health.

G. H. McClelland '03 was the guest of college friends recently.

Hanley '97 of E. Liverpool was a recent visitor in town. Mr. Hanley was a distinguished track athlete.

L. M. Wright M. D. '96 of Brookfield, Ohio, was married at Youngstown, Dec. 24 '03, to Miss Zeph Irene Kirkpatrick of Brunswick, Mo.

Wm. Witherspoon, '03, John Cameron '01 both of Allegheny Seminary and R. N. Grier '01 were guests of Westminster students recently.

Rev. McRay a Westminster graduate recently gave us a brief talk in chapel.



MUSIC AND ART.

THE Hon. Walter M. Chandler delivered his lecture on "Humorous in Travel Abroad" in the 2nd. U. P. Church on Feb. 19. The Church was filled with an appreciative audience which recognized in him an able orator, an observant student, and a much-travelled man.

On Tuesday March 1 a piano and organ recital assisted by the pupils in Elocution was given in the College Chapel. The following was the program:

Gavotte Pastorale for Organ, - - Duraud
MISS SPEER.

Reading—The Trial of Ben Thomas, H. S. Edwards
MR. HOMER METZ.

(a) Barcarolle in G Minor, - Tschaikowsky
(b) Hungarian Album leaf, - Heinrich Stiehl
(c) Etude Opus 10, No. 9, - - Heller
(a) MISS ELIZABETH LEASURE.
(b) MISS HELEN FERGUSON.

Brautgesang Opus 45, - - - Jensen
Barcarolle (Repeated by Request) - Hofmann
(Piano) MISS WARNER, MISS McVEY.
(Organ) MISS SPEER.

Reading—A Man Without a Country, E. E. Hale
MR. ROBERT YOUNG.

(a) Widmung (Dedication) - Franz-Bendel
(b) Andante, Presto (Sonata Op. 2, No. 1) Beethoven
(a) MISS ETHEL FINNEY.
(b) MISS MYRA DAVIDSON.

Reading—Regulus to the Carthaginians, E. Kellog
MR. EMMET McBRIDE.

Minnelied Opus 10, - - - Josef Soyka
Serenata Opus 15, - - - Moritz Moszkowski
(Piano) MISS McVEY.
(Organ) MISS SPEER.

Applause was abundant and hearty. The organ solo by Miss Speer won general approval. Although the organ was small yet Miss Speer showed to her audience that she was the master of the instrument and knew how to draw out its best tones. The piano and organ numbers have always been favorites with a New Wilmington audience and the Barcarolle always will be. The Elocution pupils showed that they had been carefully trained and had spent a great amount of practice on their readings. They certainly deserve praise for acquiring themselves so honorably, and reflecting their glory upon their able instructors.

Tschaikowsky's Barcarolle was beautifully rendered by Miss Leasure, and the Album Leaf showed how well Miss Ferguson had acquired that singing tone, so hard to make natural; while Helles's Etude

displayed the light dainty finger touch.

Miss Speer's pupils did ample justice to their numbers and reflected much praise upon their teacher.

The Philomaths were entertained by the Crestomaths in Philo Hall on February 29. The event was a poverty social and all were requested to "come in rags and tags or else be fined." Fortunately no fines had to be paid for all appeared in conventional costume. The music was furnished by the New Wilmington orchestra. A peanut hunt opened the evening very informally and the Wild Irishman and Grand March brought it to a successful close. Plain but wholesome refreshments were served.

The Adelphic and Leagorean societies had a Union meeting on Monday evening

March 7th. The program was unusually good and showed hard work on the part of the performers. It was a decided success and will be continued once every month.

The Tetrolectic Club had a spread at McCreary's hotel last Friday evening in honor of Mr. Lauren G. Bennett, who does not expect to return next term.

Mrs. Piles has been spending a few days with Mrs. Hodgen, helping her to fill orders in the Art department. A great deal of work has been done by the pupils this term in china and water colors, and it is well worth one's while to stop in and see it.

The Second annual debate between Westminster and Geneva Colleges was won by Westminster.



ATHLETICS.

THE basket ball season is over. Though our team has been defeated in a majority of games played, we have still no reason to be ashamed of the record it has made. The team that is able to hold Geneva down to a score of 16-12 on her own floor is deserving of the greatest credit.

Next term we shall turn our faces toward the base-ball field. Our prospects for a winning team in the spring are the brightest that we have had for several years. Practically all the veterans of last season are with us again, while several new players of ability are reported. Manager Reid has arranged a most satisfactory schedule of games for us, giving us no less than eight home games. The schedule follows:

Apr.	30.	Geneva at home.
May	5.	Bethany " "
May	7.	Waynesburg at home.
May	12.	Hiram at home.
May	17.	W. & J. abroad.
May	18.	Pgh. College abroad.
May	19.	W. V. U. abroad.
May	20.	Geneva abroad.
May	28.	Grove City at home.
May	30.	Open.
June	3.	Slippery Rock abroad.
June	6.	Grove City abroad.
June	13.	Slippery Rock at home.
June	14.	Pgh. All Scholastics at home.
June	15.	Pgh. All Scholastics at home.

On Monday evening, March 14, at 8:45 P. M. referee Charlic Jones of Sharpsburg blew his whistle and the Geneva—Westminster basket-ball game was on at Beaver Falls. That it was to be a lively contest and not a "cinch" for Geneva as every one had expected was evinced from the beginning. First Blood was drawn by Geneva, Capt. "Joe" throwing a goal from foul. Then, after a few minutes of very fast work, Moore landed a pretty one from field. The playing waxed fast and furious, but by clever work in passing and shooting Geneva slowly forged ahead, and the first half ended 12-5 in her favor. Westminster started the second half with a rush and rapidly piled up the score. By excellent shooting and close guarding, she finished the half with 7 points to her opponents 4, making the final score 16-12 in Geneva's favor. Our guards, "Aud" and "Pat" did especially fine work, neither of Geneva's forwards securing a single field goal. Our whole team is certainly to be congratulated on their showing in the final game of the season. The line-up and score follows:—

Geneva 16.	Westminster 12.
Thompson.....f.....	Deevers
Patterson.....f.....	Moore
Edgar.....c.....	Calhoun
East.....g.....	Stewart
Brown.....g.....	Patterson

Goals from field; Edgar 2, East 2, Brown 3, Deevers 2, Moore 3. Goals from foul; Thompson 2, Moore 2. Referee Jones.

Several interesting class games have been played within the last three weeks. The Senior-Junior game was won by the Seniors, 25-11. It was an interesting and

well played game throughout. Moore carried off the honors of the game with 7 field goals to his credit.

The Sophomore-Freshman game on the 6th inst. resulted in a victory for '07 by a score of 35-15. The game was a hard fought one from start to finish, even verging on roughness occasionally. Davidson, Lambie and Patterson played an excellent game for the Freshmen, while Deevers, Rose and Cleland did good work for the Sophomores.

On March 12 the victors in the two previous games clashed arms to decide which was the better team. More enthusiasm was in evidence than has been shown in most of the varsity contests this term. When the whistle announced the end of the game, the Freshmen were in the lead with 26 points to the opponents 10. The feature of the game was the work of Jack Smith, who generously helped his opponents along by presenting them a field goal. The line up:

Moore.....f.....	Lambie
Perkins.....f.....	Ramsey
Minteer.....c.....	Calhoun
Crooks.....g.....	Smith
Stewart.....g.....	Patterson

Field goals; Moore, Perkins, Calhoun Lambie 3, Ramsey 3, Smith 3. Goals from Foul; Lambie 4, Stewart 2.

Referee, Mr. Hart, of New Castle.

The Gymnastic exhibition given on Monday evening, March 14, was a new and rather enjoyable event in Westminster's athletics. Some of the principal features of the entertainment were exercises on the parallel bar and horizontal bars, flying ringer, tumbling, pyramids, fencing and torch swinging by Anderson and Scott was

well worth watching. Music by the College Orchestra helped the entertainment along. Mr. Lambie and Loyd Thompson, the promoters of the exhibition, deserve much credit for what they have accomplished in the short time in which they had to prepare. The proceeds of the entertainment go to the track team.



Y. W. C. A. Notes.

TUESDAY evening March, 15th, being the last evening of the Association year, reports were given by all the committees. These reports showed that good work had been done through the year just past. An interesting and encouraging letter from Miss Loretta A. Mitchell '03 was read. At the close of the meeting the following officers for the new year were installed: Pres. Miss Bessie Henderson, Vice Pres. Miss Lucile Nevin, Rec. Sec. Miss Ethel Finney, Cor. Sec. Miss Hazel Bennet, Treas. Miss Armstrong.

At the beginning of the year just past, the membership was 72; lost by graduation and leaving school 34, new members received 22 leaving the present membership 60.

During the year, we have had representatives at the following conventions: Allegheny Student's Conference April 16, 17, 18; Biennial Y. W. C. A. Convention of America at Wilkesbarre April 16-20, '03. On June 9 held a convention in 2nd Church New Wilmington in union with the Y. P. C. U. of Mercer presbytery.

Two Bible classes and three Mission Study classes have met weekly during the year. We have had visits from Mr. J. Campbell White who conducted meetings

each night for one week, and Dr. Pauline Root, Student Volunteer Secy.

Mission class No. 3 met at the home of Miss Sloss on Thursday evening, March 10th and after the regular mission lesson enjoyed a very unique social program. Each member was dressed to show the costume of some foreign people.



The Intercollegian is a monthly that ought to find many readers among us. In the February number it contains an interesting article on "One Hundred Years of the Circulation of the Scriptures," by Wm. I. Haven, D.D.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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You Are invited to inspect M. C. Win-
ter's exclusive line of Woolen's for
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cilities are unequaled, though our prices
are moderate. It is to your advantage to
make an early selection.

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DID you ever as a child find so much as a stray penny lying on the ground? You were very much delighted at the discovery and prized the copper coin much more highly than the money given you now and then by your elders. How sweet was the stick of candy you bought with it at the store on the corner! There is always something especially pleasing and attractive in the idea of finding something valuable, of coming across riches by chance. To this we may trace the delight a child takes in fairy tales, in the history of the poor peasant girl who by some stroke of fortune became a beautiful princess or fell heir to a rich man's palace, or in such a story as that of Aladdin, where a hole opened in the earth leading to a subterranean chamber adorned with that most beautiful and costly furniture and stored with gold and precious stones. Perhaps we may attribute the delight which the primitive "child-man" had in nature, whom we find described as taking a special pleasure in the green, flowery world, in the deep sea and the blue sky, such as we expect only of poets in these times of materialistic and practical life,—perhaps we may attribute the delight he took in nature to the fact that he was always finding something new, something he could use, or enjoy, or wonder at, or admire.

We find another example of the attractiveness of free riches in the rush for wealth at the opening of a new country. As soon

as the news of the discovery of America came to the people of the Old World, adventurers of all descriptions flocked across the seas in the hope of becoming suddenly rich. Visions of fountains of youth, of gold mines, of precious stone—flitted across the minds of the early Spaniards and was one of the chief causes of bringing about those voyages of discovery which added so much to the geographical knowledge of the world. So we find that the seeds of this delight in getting something for nothing, find universal lodgement in the human heart.

Unscrupulous men utilize this fact in laying snares for the ignorant and unwary. How often do we see advertisements in a cheap class of papers for all sorts of things **FREE**, valuable articles of jewelry for a few cents and a "coupon," and bogus prizes in contests of various descriptions. A great many people are "taken in" by just such offers and the unscrupulous dealers no doubt do a thriving business at their expense. Herein lies the profit and the evil connected with running lotteries of any description. Men will pay a good price for a "chance" or a ticket in a raffling scheme if there is the slightest possibility of their winning a valuable prize by so doing. Here lie the attractions and evils of gambling. People will stake large amounts on the mere chance of winning the same or a larger amount. It takes some men a long time to learn that you can't get something for nothing.

But it seems to be one of the unalterable laws of Nature that she requires the payment of an equivalent for whatever she gives. We see this exemplified in the physical laws of the "conservation of matter and energy." If so much energy is required at one point, exactly so much energy must be expended at another point. If so much matter is needed in one place, an equal amount must be taken from somewhere else. So in the affairs of man. The result of inaction, of taking what could be found without paying for it was stagnation. As in the tropical regions of today, where men do not have to work in order to eat, civilization was at a very low stage. It was not till a man learned that "by the sweat of his brow he should eat his bread," that civilization advanced and man began to grow in knowledge and capacity. As soon as the spirit of adventure ceased and men began to toil and sweat in the plantations of the south, and endure the rigors of winter on the New England coast—then trade and industry began to flourish and the foundations of the American nation were established.

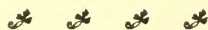
Indeed this law of remuneration, if we may so call it, is as universal as many other decrees of Nature, and wherever it is broken, there follow trouble and distress. To

this cause we may trace much of the strife in the industrial world today. Men are able, through power which should not belong so exclusively to them, to acquire wealth without paying an equivalent for it while those who toil in order to produce this wealth,—to pay for it, in other words—do not receive the full reward of their labors. The evils connected with the centralization of capital, the war between labor and capital, monopolies, trusts, etc. arise in this way. Men have still to learn that they have no right to that for which they do not pay.

Applications of this law may easily be made in other departments of nature, and to intellectual and moral questions. A great deal is summed up in the simple statement, "There is no excellence without great labor." It has been stated as a great truth with respect to man, that he gets from life, of friendship, of honor, of wealth of happiness—in proportion as he gives. It is being realized more and more that "as a man loses his life, so he shall find it." Everything costs something in this world. Nothing is absolutely free.

" 'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God that may be had for the asking."

HARRIS J. STEWART.



"WE become heavenly minded by living
 to make others happy. If it is the
 aim and work of your life to be a
 blessing to others, you are living the
 heavenly life."

A Day on the Sobat.



WHEN compared with our great forests of America with their immense oaks and towering elms the forests of the Sudan seem miniature. The prevalent tree, the "sunt," with its red bark, thorns and scanty foliage we hardly consider proper shelter for such imposing animals as the elephant, giraffe, buffalo, and lion, yet this is their father-land and here they have been found since Noah disposed of their remote ancestors on Mount Ararat.

We were introduced to the crocodile and hippopotamus almost immediately upon leaving Khartoum. Whatever member of the race was inquisitive enough to wish to review us as we passed was the target of our English officer's Mauser, who though the maker of Sudanese law is also its only privileged breaker. Now a buffalo, with his angry horns downward, would be seen rushing along heedless of what might be in his path, and indeed even the elephant goes around rather than meet him; again a herd of antelope, always with a large buck standing a little aloof from the rest, as if keeping watch. Here was an island white with the wings of thousands of birds like the blossoms of an apple orchard in May; here a snort in the bushes along the bank told us that a deer had been frightened by our approach and had retreated to a place of safety. The Sudan teems with animal life. The forests and meadows abound in game; the rivers are full of fish; insects and serpents are everywhere; it is surely the land

of the "shadowing of wings." Vipers infest the houses of our mission, ants eat their wood-work and ruin their furniture, a wild cat builds his lair in a dolaib palm in front of the house, immense birds continually make the air hideous by their screams.

It is little wonder that in such a land as this we were not long on the spot, before, gun in hand, we went out to seek our fortune. The start was made early in the morning and by the time the sun had risen enough to render traveling unpleasant we had left the delays of the Mission behind and were well on our way up the Sobat. A young Shulla was our guide, who had been a slave with the Khaleefa, and knew the Arabic. Not a stitch of clothes did he wear unless the string of beads made of crocodile eggs, which he wore around his waist, comes under that heading. He carried a spear, and his physique was such as to put to shame most college athletes at home. He pointed to a single palm tree where he said the sheik would provide us with a canoe for crossing the river. Our path led us through several villages until we came to the village of the sheik. The old man was exceedingly friendly, extending us an invitation to sleep in his "tuckle." Even had our time permitted we would have been sorry to accept.

Crossing the river was an experience. The boat consisted of several bundles of cork wood tied together, not expected to keep out water but to float two persons. I remonstrated that it was too small for two,

but the boy said, "No, it carries three." We sat down, as this seemed the only safe thing to do, and the water came up four or five inches over our legs, while we held the guns and ammunition up. The current was swift, and we kept a sharp lookout for crocodiles, should one happen to take a fancy to interfere with our passage. The other bank was safely reached. Here we watched a man in a canoe spear fish. The Shullas fish as they hunt—with long spears; only instead of having a flat edge they are barbed. He stood in the frail canoe dug from a dolaib palm and struck his weapon aimlessly into the water. This would have seemed madness to us had he not continually pulled up great flapping fellows, some cat-fish and some others quite unknown to us.

We left the river now and pushed back into the forest where we had been told that antelope were as plentiful as this; putting the fingers of one hand between the fingers of the other. The assertion proved not far from correct. We were not more than fifteen minutes from the river when they began to run in all directions. They were back of us, in front of us and on every side but though shot after shot was sent after them they continued to get away, no worse and perhaps a little wiser for the encounter. Once we ran into one asleep in the long grass, but it seems to have been a mutual condition, for he started up and galloped off with those long, graceful leaps for which the gazelle is noted. The disappointed hunters were hardly in a frame of mind to appreciate the grace of his movements, but long before we left the Sobat this deceit of the antelope had become an old trick.

By this time we were on the edge of a

meadow and had fallen upon the tracks of a giraffe made in the soft earth. We followed the trail a minute when the guide stopped suddenly and began to creep through the grass. Before us was a beautiful sight—five water buck or elk, as their Canadian relatives are called. We got near enough for a shot but like the antelope they went off at a gallop. For an hour we followed them through the meadow but it was in vain. The sun had gotten hot for it was noon and we began to feel the need of shade. No water was ever more welcome than that of the little pond we found in the woods. By its side we had our dinner, though too tired to feel like eating, and not at all encouraged by the announcement of the guide that the river was far off. He entertained us by the story of his life, how as a boy he had been carried away to Omduran, served as a cup bearer to the Khaleefa, and after the fall of his master at the hands of the English, had been sent again to his tribe.

Hardly had we finished our meal when a heavy rain set in and we were driven to take refuge in the little village along the river bank. Along with some goats and dogs, with a Shulla or two smothering over a fire that gave a person rather a miserable feeling, for it only smoldered and there was not an outlet for the smoke, we spent the afternoon. Towards evening we tramped back through the swamps to the mission. It was no longer necessary for the natives to spear fish from their canoes for the river had been flooded by the rain and the swamps were filled with them. For three days after the flood the men and boys passed the mission carrying their trophies with them.

Assuit, Egypt. JAMES H. GRIER.

Editorial.

THIS is the age of college bred men and women. Every year there has been a steady increase in the number of graduates, until the alumni of our colleges and universities form a mighty host.

It is the ambition of every young American to receive a college education and when he has achieved this goal with what pride he speaks of his Alma Mater! Perhaps this pride is best shown at Commencement time by the return of former students. They come from far and near to see the old familiar places and some familiar faces. Their interest in their own Alma Mater never fails.

This year Westminster adds a goodly number to her Alumni. We know that they as well as the former graduates will always welcome any news from their college.

In what better way can they receive this than through the Holcad whose columns are ever readable? A great deal of the success of our paper depends upon its staff but not all by any means. Unless the student body give it their support and cooperation it must fail.

This support can be given in two ways. First, financially. The price of the paper is within the reach of all and each one shows his interest in it by subscribing for it. Another way in which we can aid our paper is by contributions. There are none of us perhaps who are literary geniuses but we all can do something.

There is no better way of increasing our powers of expression than by writing.

A writer who can sway public opinion is a most potent factor in society. We are but amateurs but let us remember that all great literary men began in an humble way and that the keynote to success is perseverance. Let each of us then do what he can to aid our paper that it may be the means of information to our Alumni so they will read with interest each month's edition and so that their pride in their Alma Mater will ever increase.



IN the preliminary contest held Tuesday evening, April 19, one of the speakers, Mr. Fred J. Warnock, was chosen to represent us in an Inter-collegiate Oratorical contest to be held in Waynesburg, the second week in May.

The value of contest may be questioned by some and certainly is entirely lost when the feeling of rivalry passes bounds and becomes a spirit of enmity. Extremes are to be avoided always. Moderation in everything is commendable. If exercised in moderation a desire to pit our powers against those of another and prove them better is stimulating. Our love for our college is strengthened by the endeavor to defend and increase her laurels. In friendly rivalry with other schools we discover our abilities and are thereby encouraged.

It were vain, however, to expect that success will always "perch upon our banners." The defeats which must come are perhaps more productive of good than victories would be, for through failure we learn to succeed and are made to "grow in

the grace'' of humility which is the spirit of true greatness.

✧

THE future welfare of a nation depends upon the character of the youth of that nation. This fact is well attested by the interest shown in the training and developement of young men and women. The nations which today are most prosperous are those which have not neglected the education of their prospective citizens. Our own government spares no expense in order to perfect her public school system. She realizes the importance of impressing upon the minds of her future statesmen the principles of good government. To the schools, universities, military academies, and other similiar institutions we look for those who shall in the future uphold our nation's glory before the world and maintain her purity and prosperity at home.

However, though the relation young men and women bear to the future is one of very great importance, they have a present power which must not be overlooked. In nearly all great movements, which have

affected any nation or nations of the earth, young people have had a part. Children caught the spirit of the crusades and theirs is perhaps the best remembered of all those perilous pilgrimages to the Holy Land during mediaeval times.

The missionary spirit which is agitating the minds of Christian people today and cannot be ignored, is being felt among young people. The Missionary Conference recently held at Xenia, Ohio, proves the interest of United Presbyterian young men and women in world-wide missions. Our college was represented at the conference by three delegates, who returned to us with inspiring reports. The zeal and enthusiasm aroused among students and other young people at such gatherings are important factors among the moving forces in any great movement. The earnestness and energy of the students in our colleges and seminaries in the cause of increased missionary effort will augur well for its success. On the other hand our indifference and coldness may retard the progress of such effort.



Tholcades Mikraí.

Miss McVey—"A dark room is where you make impressions."

Dodger—"I'd miss my dinner any day for a chance to go to the Hall."

Laura Turner—"I don't think Cap will be hard to cook for."

Miss Mitchell's favorite song—"My Rosary."

Mr. Reid—"My girl? Oh, you mean Miss Gamble."

Miss Gealey looking at the picture of a bride—"That's the way I'm going to have my picture taken."

Mr. Gittens—"I have had thirty-eight or thirty-nine cases, and, the present one excepted, I should like to sell out cheap."

Lettie M.—“You know I can't sit next to a young man and not talk to him.”

Mr. McKay wishes the ladies to know that he is a nice young fellow.

Miss McMillan seeing “H of P” on the schedule—“Oh! I'm going to take ‘History of Politics.’”

Miss S.—“I wish I had a dollar. I'd like to rent the dark room.”

Hall girl—“Well, if I lived in town I would have a man call on me often.”

Tannehill—“I'm going to Brazil to get a diamond soon.”

Miss—, “I like him, and he likes me.”

Florence B.—“I had the heart-ache all evening.”

Happy Orr returning from the Hall—“It isn't so easy after all.”

Helen to Florence—“Laura and I will swipe your single buggies coming home.”

Earla Mitchell says that she intends to change her name soon.

Martha M.—“Don't you spell naughty k-n-a-u-t-y?”

An alumnus of Westminster, who is now a student at the Theological Seminary, answered the catechism question, “What is sin?” in the following manner:—“Sin is the chief end of man.”

“Miss Grier, you are wanted downstairs.”

Miss Grier—“Who wants me?” “Mr. Vincent.”

Miss Grier—“Oh, that's good.”

Miss Alexander at a flinch party as Audley enters—“Here, Audley, you may have my hand.”

Miss Turner bidding a gentleman good bye at Pittsburg station; “Good Bye, Cap.”

Miss Brown in French—“Mr. Tannehill, you and I are but one.”

Helen—“Well, Bess, you can just have Sharkie half the time when Scotchie goes.”

Bess—“All right Helen, thank you. Then I'll take him on Sundays, Mordays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and you can have him the other days.”

Helen—“No, indeed, you can't have him all the good days.”

Why is “Eva” Mr. McClurg's favorite song?”

Miss—“I wish I did love some one.”

After quite a discussion with Mr. Davis, Laura calls Helen, and asks her why the Sophomores don't get class rings instead of pins. Helen—“Why, would you rather wear a ring than a pin?”

Laura—“You bet!”

Miss S.—“I just got an impression of your mouth.”

Miss McVey—“Everybody writes to boys.”

Mr. Rudolph—“I've been to the Hall on Sabbath evening quite often, but last night was the first time with one of the faculty.”

Miss—“I havn't got a man, but I am in quest of one.”

Harry McAuley—“Whom shall I take up next?”

Ruth—“Ethel, you can have anything of mine that you wish.”

Ethel—“Can I have Bobbie?”

Ruth—“If you can get him.”

Harriet—"If you never have anything worse than a belt encircling your waist, it will be all right."

NOTICE:—Miss Brownlee announced that Friday evening callers at the Hall must not sit on the stairs or in the corners of the hall. They are to be entertained in the parlors and library.

Hall girl—"Kit, won't you please play 'Violets?'"

Kit—"I would rather play 'Tulips'."

A girl was heard to remark that she was going to change her name Byam by (by and by.)

Ethel O.—"Ruth, I have a case on you almost as bad as Bobbie's."

Ruth—"Oh, no; not at all."

Mr. Graham at meeting of school directors—"Edith Davidson can't be promoted."

School Director—"Who is Edith Davidson?"

Mr. Graham, coloring—"Oh, I mean Edith Francis."

At the sugar camp—"This is the sweetest spooning I ever did."



Alumni Notes.

T. C. Cochran, '01, and Hugh Snodgrass '02 were in town at the opening of school.

Genivieve Smith '03 and Frank Wright a former Westminster student, but at present attending Harvard, were married at New Wilmington, April 2nd.

Judge Wallace '81 and Attorney W. E. Porter '89 were chosen for Judges of Lawrence County, on the Republican and Democratic tickets respectively.

J. A. McLaughry '84 was nominated for Judge on the Prohibition ticket, but has withdrawn for reasons known only to himself.

Elizabeth McBane '03 of New Wilmington, has been seriously ill at the New Castle Hospital for some time past.

Mrs. J. R. Millen '86 better known to Westminster friends as Sarah McElree

passed from this life recently. Miss McElree was the first lady editor of the Holcad Staff and the only lady at that time.

Prof. R. E. Owens '95 of the Indiana State Normal School was in town recently as the guest of his sister, Mrs. W. T. Hewettson.

Miss Nellie Vincent '03 and Don McKim '01 were guests of college friends recently.

A. B. Thompson '70, Attorney of Mercer, was an interested auditor at the recent Preliminary Oratorical contest.

Miss Ina M. Hanna, former professor in Westminster College was presented with a beautiful edition of Shakespeare's works by the sixty young men and women of her Sabbath school class. It was given on the occasion of her birth-day.

Edmundson '01 is playing good ball as short stop on the Montreal, Eastern League team through the summer vacation. He will then resume his studies at the Pittsburg Law School.

Reid Kennedy, '89 recently made an extensive business trip through the Southern States. He has returned and is actively engaged in his financial business.

Rev. Samuel A. Taggart '65 died at the age of 60 in Pittsburg. Rev. Taggart was the first State Y. M. C. A. Secretary,

and has spent most of his life in Evangelical and Y. M. C. A. work.

Rev. M. E. Koonce, '91 while in Alaska as Missionary from the First Baptist Church, Allegheny discovered a valuable deposit of gold ore. He immediately had the title to the mine made out in the name of his church. He is still attending to his missionary work.

Miss Knott of Beaver, who filled Miss Brown's place as professor of modern languages in the fall term was the guest of college friends recently.



Music and Art.

ADELPHIC Hall was the scene of wild hilarity on the evening of Saturday the 16th of April. "Darkey Town" was reproduced by the Leagoreans and Adelphics. The members of both societies came in costumes worthy of their Southern brethren. Lively games and music by a male Quintette were features of the evening's entertainment. Refreshments were served a la Darkey.

The Chorus Class is at present working on Mendelssohn's oratorio "Athaliae." Miss Speer wishes to make this one of the features of Commencement week, so we would urge all who can possibly attend these classes to go and help make this oratorio the grand thing it really is. It will be good training for you as well.

The play "Lend me Five Shillings" was given on Monday night the 18th by the best talent of the College. The character of the plot was more dramatic than

anything that has been attempted before and was very well acted.

The following was the program of the evening:

PROGRAM.

Music, - - - Crystal Quartette
Piano Duett, - - - Music Selected
Misses Speer and Warner
Vocal Solo, - - - Drift

Mr. McCormick

Music, - - - Crystal Quartette
Vocal Duett, - - - Music Selected
Messrs. Campbell and Anderson
"LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS"

A Farce in One Act, by John Madison Morton
CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Gollightly, - - Mr. J. C. Campbell
Capt. Phobbs, - - - Mr. J. C. Smith
Moreland, - - - Mr. A. H. Metz
Sam, a waiter, - - - Mr. R. S. McCown
Mrs. Maj. Phobbs, Miss Anna McLachlan
Mrs. Capt. Phobbs, Miss Helen Mellville
Capt. Spruce, - - - Mr. Sid. Gittens

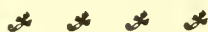
SCENE—A drawing room adjoining ball room.

On the next night, the 19th the Preliminary Oratorical Contest for the Inter-collegiate Contest was held. There were six contestants, three from each society. The judges were Rev. W. M. Glasgow, of Wellsville, Rev. J. S. Martin, of New Castle, Judge John B. Steel, of Greensburg.

First place was won by Fred Warnock and second by D. L. McBride. This was a signal victory for the Adelphics, and as a

result the sidewalks are well decorated.

Mr. Gearheart is to lecture on the 25th of April. This will be the last entertainment on the lecture course, and we hope it will be quite as entertaining as were the Boston Fadettes. Some mention ought to be made of these ladies who gave us such a varied and interesting program. It was one that could not fail to please all, both music lovers and those who were only mildly interested in music.



Athletics.

OWING to the cold and disagreeable weather we have had, the opening of the base ball season finds most players, all over the country in very poor condition. Our own team is no exception to the rule as we have had more than our share of March weather this year. But the interest shown by every one, and the large number of candidates already out for the team, indicate a successful season when once weather conditions have become favorable.

Manager Minter and ex-manager Reid have done well in arranging so satisfactory a schedule. A good list of games, that includes a few nice trips, gives the players something to work for thus serving to bring out candidates and even to attract players from other places. The surest way to get and keep a winning team is to arrange for them such a schedule of games as will make it seem worth their while to spend time in practice.

The second base-ball team for the pre-

sent season will be managed by A. M. Tweedie '04, of Walton, N. Y.

The trial races of the candidates for the Philadelphia Relay Team were held on the 18th inst. The team will consist of the following men: H. M. Clark, '05, L. O. Thompson, '04, L. Stewart, '05, and Captain Lambie, '07. Our competitors at Philadelphia will be the Western University of Pa. and Allegheny and Villanova Colleges. The average time of our four representatives gives good promise of a victory for Westminster. The time of both watches is given below, the third column giving the average time of each runner in seconds:

Yourd, R.....	58.9	59.1	59
Crooks, A. J.....	58.8	58	58.4
Clark, H. M.....	58.2	57.8	58
Thompson, L. O.....	56.4	56.2	56.3
Stewart, L.....	54.6	54	54.3
Lambie, H.....	54.4	54	54.2

Average time of the team, 55.7 sec.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

THE reports of the three delegates to the Xenia Conference were heard at a joint meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. the first Tuesday after vacation. Miss Nevin spoke about the journey to Xenia and gave a brief outline of the first few meetings. Mr. McCown then gave us the gist of several of the most important addresses. Miss Orr told us some of the things they saw in Xenia, and gave just a brief sketch of the last two days and their return journey.

The two Mission Classes studying India were entertained at the home of Mrs. Scott by Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Stewart on the 21st. Several young ladies were dressed as young schoolgirls in India. Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Scott told something about the life and work in India and sang several Hindustani songs.

EXCHANGES.

THE following is a list of the College and High School Exchanges that we have so far received. We acknowledge them with thanks. The Almanian, Alma Mich., The Amulet, West Chester Pa.; The Kendall Collegian, Muskoga, Ind. Ter.; The Cauldron, Warren Ohio; The Intercollegian, New York; The Monitor, New Castle; The Geneva Cabinet, Beaver Falls; The Delaware College Review, Newark, Dela. The Aurora, Knoxville, Tenn.; The Collegian, Waynesburg, Pa.; The Grove City Collegian, Grove City; The Black and Magenta, Muskingum, Ohio. The Washington Jeffersonian, Washington, Pa., The Gettysburg Mercury, Gettysburg, Pa.; The Phoenix, Tarkio College, Tarkio, Mo.; The Steel and Garnet, Girard College, Phila-

delphia; The Trinitonian, Waxahachie, Texas; The Tripod, Thorton Academy, Saco, Maine.; The New England Conservatory Magazine; Emerson College Magazine, Boston, Mass.; The School Messenger, Allegheny, Pa.

"Beecher's Work for the Union" is the title of an interesting article in the Almanian for February. As a true sketch of the great work of a great man, it is well worth reading

The man that goeth to college is of few days and full of trouble. In the evening he goeth to see his girl. In the morning he returneth and findeth the door locked. He shouteth but his chum heareth him not; he climbeth up over the porch but the windows are fastened. The wind is cold and it raineth: his teeth do chatter, and he waxeth angry. Yet he waiteth till morning, even till late day, until the landlady shall come and open the door unto him. His eyes are heavy with sleep, and he flunketh all day because thereof.—Ex.

The Gettysburg Mercury continues to be one of the very best of our exchanges. The "Tales of a Bachelor's Club," in the February and March numbers, has most of the elements of true fiction.

The Greek Professor sat on his chair.
His brow was marked with dire despair.
"When" quoth he, "in this horseless
age

Will the horseless student come on the
stage?" —Ex.

BEFORE.

There are meters of accent
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

AFTER.

There are letters of accent
And letters of tone,
But the best of all letters
Is to let her alone.

—Ex.

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EDWARD A. WOODS, MANAGER,

Equitable Floor, Frick Building, - - - Pittsburg, Pa.

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No. 9

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EDITH GALBREATH, '06,	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	Local Department
GEORGE L. COCHRAN, '06,								
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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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FRED. J. WARNOCK,
Winner of First Place in Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest 1904.
Subject: "Centralization in America."

Centralization in America.



EVERY nation has its social and political inclinations, either upward, leading to brilliant achievements, or downward leading if unchecked, to ruin and dishonor. The tendency in our own nation at the present time is toward the concentration of power. In the commercial field, mighty mergers are being formed, which aim at absolute control of the industries they represent. The giant hand of monopoly is reaching out across our continent, gathering in its greedy grasp all the resources of the nation. Individual concerns are forced to submit to the insufferable rule of combined wealth, or be crowded to the wall.

Consolidation of wealth demands centralization of government. In the states the machinery of government has been wrested from the people and is being used to promote private enterprises. Among the many proofs of this assertion, witness the holding up of Pennsylvania by the Standard Oil Co., the infamous control of the New Jersey legislature by the Addick's ring; the complete subjugation of New York by her politicians, and the frustration of the popular will in Minnesota by the Northern Securities Company.

Plutocracy, having captured our state governments, is seeking to enthrone itself at the national capital. Already our Senate is styled an assembly of money kings. Many of its members sit, not as representatives of any political party, not as patriotic citizens of their commonwealth, but

as delegates of great corporations. Corps of paid lobbyists, who have made a science of bribery, are maintained at the national capital, and aim to control legislation.

Not content with perverting the course of legislation, the minions of consolidated wealth have intruded upon the sacred precincts of our courts of justice. If, perchance, a bill favorable to the commonwealth becomes law, the money powers strive to strike it from the statute books by calling into question its constitutionality. When congress passed the Income Tax Law, who sought its overthrow? Who paid the eminent lawyers that opposed the federal government in that case? Behind that expensive litigation stood the solid phalanx of the brokers and bond clippers—the combined strength of the money kings; and the government lost. Aye, they have continued their influence even beyond the legislative and judicial departments of government, and are seeking to dictate to the executive. Even now they are opposing the renomination of the present Chief Executive because he has the courage to combat their designs; and they will oppose any man, of any party, who is too brave and honest to do them homage.

Centralization of government is the natural complement of this consolidation of wealth. Indeed, the two are inseparable tendencies. By their union an Aristocracy is being formed that would trample on the great masses, and hold over them a sway

as despotic as ever crowned, with black hatred, the head of any ancient tyrant.

In so much as power is centered in one person, or body of persons, in an equal degree must the sacred rights of the individual be abridged. The authority usurped by the central government is drawn from the individual. He is then not master of himself. He has not a voice in the legislation that concerns him, but receives such blessings as may be radiated to him from that far distant center. Equality must ever give way when Plutocracy ascends the throne, and black winged oppression hovers over the poor and the down trodden.

Of such a government, corruption is the natural offspring. Excessive authority is reposed in leaders who forget all save their own selfish desires. To cruel greed they sacrifice the interests of their country entrusted to their care, and all that is noble in themselves. Under a pretense of necessity the people are plundered and robbed and browbeaten. By this very combination and consolidation of government and capital, political demagogues are developed. Men, who, contrary to the divine mandate that man shall eat bread in the sweat of his brow, eat bread in the sweat of other men's brows. With greed insatiate these tyrants lurk as pirates of the sea, to pillage and rifle and destroy—not coming out boldly as the sea-robber of old, but with gentle and assuring words, posing as friends of the people.

Centralization further extends corruption by propagating venality. There are those who would purchase with gold the political favor which they can gain in no other way.

"In the corrupted currents of this world
Offenses gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law."

Such would desire the powers of government to be centered in one body, for there would then be no other power to act as a check to what might be perpetrated. They might influence, even bribe, that one central body when it would be impossible for them so to influence or bribe many legislatures, sitting in the different states. The more the powers of government are concentrated, the greater the temptation to be corrupt and the greater the corruption, the lower ebbs the life of the nation.

Concentration means retrogression. Though Absolutism was once necessary to hold together the different castes, yet by changes in society, through different stages, Democracy has been evolved. Moreover, it is a divine teaching that all things should be growing better and better. So Democracy now incomplete and imperfect, should be growing more and more complete until the ideal of perfection is reached, Centralization is in direct opposition to this idea, for it is a going backward instead of forward, a reverting to the ancient order of rule rather than striving after an ideal.

Would rulers but follow the teachings of nature, equality would prevail. The sun pours down its cheering rays with equal warmth and splendor upon the peasant's hut and the prince's palace. Nature's government is a free government, for although she has punishments for her broken laws, yet she leaves man to frame his own destiny. God stands behind free government, for we read it in all the manifestations of his will toward men. With him there is no Aristocracy, no Plutocracy,

but equality to all. He gives man a part to act, and makes him in a certain degree, master of himself.

Government should be for the people. The great purpose of law, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong, is for the protection, not the oppression of the people. Centralism defeats this object, for it is tyrannical in its aims. It preys upon instead of protecting. It tears from the bony grasp of the poor, their few, hard-earned pennies, to increase the wealth of the predatory mangate. By creating extremes of wealth and poverty, it lessens that great middle class which is the very pillar of Democracy. It places limitations around the individual, which he is unable to overcome. His personality is swallowed up in the great helpless and powerless mass, as a drop is swallowed up in the ocean.

It should not be urged that more power be given to the states, for that would tend toward the opposite extreme and would endanger the union; but a constitutional equilibrium should be maintained. The powers and privileges belonging to the states should be left with the states, and those belonging to the Federal government should be given to the Federal government. To neither should be delegated any powers that the people may retain. Let neither government be developed to the spoilation, but rather to the aggrandizement of the other. Let no abnormal power be given to any one man, or set of men. Let the two governments work together in harmony, each strengthening the other: the one, adequate for all exigencies that may arise in the nation, and for the preservation of the Union, the other bringing govern-

ment nearer the people—the one the source of strength; the other the source of liberty.

It has been declared that as all things in nature have their day, flourish and decay, so a government will endure for a time but must eventually run its course and perish. Such a dogma would teach that it is useless to combat downward tendencies; that in spite of all efforts to the contrary our government must perish.

It is true, the earth is a vast sepulchre of buried civilizations. If we sacrifice liberty and justice to the influence that would centralize government, and make money the basis of political preferment; if as we tremble on the dizzy heights of material greatness, we forget that it is only in harmony with the spiritual and ethical, as well as material laws that a civilization can be either great or permanent, then shall we follow in the old pathway to the tomb. But it should never be so with us. Other civilizations died because they failed to interpret the great purpose of government—they died because virtue in them died. Greece and Rome were powerful while justice and purity prevailed. The Republics of Italy perished because free government was choked out by the encroachment of wealth and the corruption which so often follows it. France failed in her struggle for liberty because, with infidelity as her watchword, she attempted to overthrow even God in Heaven. With the experience of the past to guide her, America found the true basis of government in the worship of God, and freedom for all men.

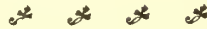
It is possible to arouse an enlightened people to ward off impending danger. While the lower classes in other civilizations have ever been illiterate and easily

swayed by those above them, the great majority of our people are educated. They have it in their power to overthrow oppression.

This, then is the remedy for existing evil tendencies: that the people be awakened from the lethargy into which they have been lulled by the songs of prosperity and power, and be convinced that they must guard their liberties. Let the spirit of pure Democracy be taught in the schools, from the pulpit, and above all at the family altar, for the home is the basis of all government. Let these do their duty and our country shall not be bound in the shackles with which other nations were led into captivity. Rather shall she keep the old max-

im: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and shall apply it not only to the old foe without, that comes with sword and bayonet, but to the new foe within, that comes with the seductive glitter of gold. Centralization shall be curbed and all the functions of government properly exercised. Then shall our nation go on adding jewels to her crown, won not in blood and carnage but in benevolence and brotherhood. Then shall she be exalted over all the forces that compass her ruin; until at last she shall fulfill her mission and become a democracy,

"Whose deep foundation lies
In veneration and the people's love;
Whose steps are equity, whose seal is law."



The Exception to the Rule.



JACK GILBERT had announced his intention of "digging in" at once on his work in argumentation; and greatly to the surprise of the boys started out to get a textbook. Jack was well up in his class; but it seemed no effort for him to get out his lessons and he did not always begin to study just at the first of the term. Then he was particularly interested in baseball this Spring, and that only added to the surprise that he should study, when every one else was discussing the chances of the various candidates for the team.

He made his word good, however, and going into a second-hand book store bought a copy of "Specimens of Argumentation," and went back to his room to

study. There was no one there; and clearing the table of its customary sporting ornaments, he settled down to prepare a brief for the next day's recitation.

"Couldn't have been used much" he said to himself, as he turned the book over in his hand; then opening it he exclaimed in surprise, "I must be mistaken, what notes!"

On the fly leaf was written in a firm, full, hand Caroline Osborne."

"Indeed! a girl!" he cried. "What would a girl be studying such stiff stuff as this for?"

Carelessly he wrote after the girl's name his own, and began to imagine the staid, almost stern appearance, the al-

together studious and uninteresting character of the young lady, who had used the book and had written on the margin, notes which showed clearly her interest in and understanding of the subject.

Although he was grateful for the notes, which often helped him out so delightfully, he mentally decided that the former owner of the book must have been rather prosy.

"No real girl could study anything so dull," he declared positively.

Nevertheless, while he argued the question with his roommate, he had to acknowledge sometimes, when he made use of the notes, that she evidently knew what she was writing about.

Gilbert had a place on the Varsity team. In these first days of the season Cornell was trying the metal of her men for the strenuous battles that would come later. They had been playing unimportant games with nearby teams; but this trip, they were off for the first real game, and as one of the old players was hurt, much depended on the rest.

It was a fine day and the crowd cheered their own team, then helped the smaller group of bearers of the red and white. There was wonderfully close playing; first one side and then the other went wild with expectation and excitement; and at the last half of the eighth inning neither side had succeeded in getting a man across the plate. Cornell was in the field, Gilbert played center, and three safe singles filled the bases. Murry, the pitcher, paused a moment, then pulling himself together struck two men out. The next man up lifted a long fly out over center field. The instant it left the

bat Gilbert started into the field, watching the ball over his shoulder. Would he make it? Far up and out it flew, then as it came gradually down he slowed up, realizing that he was too far out. Could he get it? A moment he paused then sprang forward and pulled it in as though it were easy. It was a sensational play, and the Cornell crowd went wild with glee.

In the ninth inning there was some keen work done but nothing gained by either side. In the tenth the playing was so close that at the end the score stood 1 to 0 in Cornell's favor and that one was made by Gilbert. Nothing had equaled Gilbert's brilliant catch, however, and when the game was over a rousing cheer went up for him, from every part of the field.

As the teams walked toward the still excited crowd Jack caught a glimpse of a bright face and a pair of flashing eyes whose owner leaned eagerly forward, waving her handkerchief in evident approval of his play. The crowd was scattering, when Smith, captain of the home team, came up to Gilbert, "Congratulations old fellow, that was certainly doing it," he said heartily.

"Come with me, won't you? I want you to meet some friends in the grandstand. I noticed my cousin went nearly wild over your field work, and I know she'll want to meet you, and you will be quite as delighted," he added reassuringly.

As they approached a group of young ladies, all Jack's attention was centered on one whose face he recognized as the one he had seen a few moments before. He almost forgot to acknowledge the other introductions as he took in the laughing

brown eyes and wealth of brown hair that glistened in the sun. Smith introduced her as his cousin, Miss Osborne and she held out her hand frankly and congratulated Jack on his splendid play." Somehow he felt that she approved of him, and she was so full of life and talked so intelligently of the game that the feeling delighted him intensely.

Something in her name had struck him as familiar; and as he walked away toward the club house with Smith he kept saying to himself, "Miss Osborne, Miss Osborne, O yes, now I have it. I wonder what her first name is." But just then he was left alone and had no chance of asking.

At the table the visitors were invited by the manager to wait till the late train, and attend a reception given by one of the societies. Only too gladly they accepted the invitation.

"Would Miss Osborne be there?" Jack wondered as he waited impatiently for the time.

Entering the Society parlor, his quick glance swept over the room and rested on a tall, slight athletic looking girl at the other end. He started involuntarily, then, quite forgetful of his surroundings, he watched her as she stood talking just where the glow of the light fell on her hair.

"Mr. Gilbert" said a young lady at his side, one of the group he had met that afternoon; "You must meet Miss Osborne, she is our basket-ball captain and tennis champion, too and would win in golf if

she played more and stopped studying logic. It is quite a speciality of hers you know."

She hurried him across the room to Miss Osborne, before he could say that he had met her. While she wondered at the grateful look he gave her as she told him each new thing about their "captain," as they called her. Miss Osborn and Gilbert were talking together.

"Miss Osborne," Jack said suddenly, "Will you tell me your first name?"

The captain smiled at his seeming impertinence, but could hardly be displeased so frank was he, and answered, with just a trace of confusion. "Caroline."

"Caroline Osborn," he repeated; then could not resist telling what he had imagined Caroline Osborne to be, and why; and how delightfully surprised he was.

A feeling of something like reverence for that despised text-book came over him. Back in his room late that night he impulsively seized the book, and sitting down by the fire gazed long at the name on the fly leaf with his own scrawled awkwardly after it. It called up a vision of a bright, lovely girl, a vision he could not forget.

A year later the name of John Gilbert was again written after that of Caroline Osborne, and this time it was written to stay.

'04.



"The Senior is the climax
Of earthly good, tis true;
If you can cap the climax,
Why not gown him, too?"

Editorial.



OF the many organizations in our College perhaps none touches all the students so nearly as the literary societies. The work done this year by our four societies is work that any member may well be proud of, the programs for the most part have been well selected and the numbers carefully prepared.

In every walk of life there is a call for public speakers. Women as well as men should be able to fulfill any demand of this kind made upon them by society and our literary organizations are the best places in which to learn. Though we may often fail in our attempts to speak, it is by persistency that we overcome our deficiencies.

Our impromptu and debate classes especially have done much in helping us to speak extempore with ease and fluency.

From the first of the year the rivalry between the societies has been intense though never bitter. But it is competition which strengthens us—makes the members loyal to the society of their choice and produces the best work.

The result of this competition both in our own college and with other schools is exemplified in the many oratorical victories won this year by our different students.



IT is with great pride and satisfaction, that we chronicle in this number of the *Holcad* another victory for Westminster. For two successive years now our repre-

sentatives have won first place in the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest.

The contest was held this year at Waynesburg on Tuesday night, May 10. Mr. Fred J. Warnock was our champion and right nobly did he carry the day for Westminster. The subject of his oration was, "Centralization in America." The theme is an up to date one and was treated in a clear, forceful way. Our orator's delivery also is animated and convincing. Our confidence in our representative was not misplaced and on his return we endeavored to show our appreciation of his triumph.

This has been a year of great glory for Westminster especially in feats of brain. In debate and oratory we have proved our powers. We are proud of our achievements but let us not be content with present attainment. May we not confidently expect even greater things in the future?



THE Board of Trustees of Westminster College met in Pittsburg recently to consider the advisability of increasing the number of our college buildings.

The plea has often been sounded for a new gymnasium and certainly the plea of the poor, old building itself is most eloquent. Our Christian Associations, too, have been longing and laboring for a home which might be a comfort and delight to the students. Other needs are just as evident as these, and our wise, farseeing Board

are not ignorant of them. Their "spirit is willing" to help us but the means for accomplishing their desires are lacking.

Why is it that in these days the great schools and universities of our land are the recipients of so many large gifts and that the smaller schools are so often neglected? No thoughtful person can reasonably disregard the importance of small colleges. It is under their tuition that a man's sympathy, individuality and true estimation of his own abilities are to the greatest degree

developed. In the large colleges a student is likely to get the idea that his life and work are insignificant and of no importance in the world. A tendency to shirk duty and let opportunity slip by unnoticed may be the result. A course in a small college tends to emphasize individual worth and responsibility. The holders of the world's wealth will perhaps recognize at some time the value of small colleges and come to their aid.

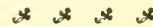


Holcades Mikraí.



If to and fro through all the earth
Our eager feet their way should take,
And we should search from morn till night,
O'er hill and vale, by stream and lake,
Our seeking would result in vain,
For nowhere could we ever find
A poet of such genius rare,
A bard of so exalted mind
That he could couch in word and phrase,
As musical as Homer's even,
The deeds and works of wonder done
By the Freshman class of Nineteen-seven.
Old Hercules of wondrous fame
Must to a distance great retire;
For to the Freshmen's marvelous feats
He never could aspire.
Their last achievement rivals that
By ancient poet graphically given,
Of that Prometheus, who for men
Audaciously stole fire from heaven.
By some strange magical device,
Or incantation weird in tune,
These Freshman from her place on high
Beguiled the brightly gleaming moon.
One evening in May they hung
Her glowing disk in Philo Hall,
And there to see fair Dian shine

Bade Juniors come, both one and all.
A gay and festive scene it was,
Each lad and lass on pleasure bent.
O'er all a wholesome dignity
Professors by their presence lent.
The fragrance of the piney boughs
Filled every nook with sweetness rare,
And music's sweet, seductive strains.
Were wafted gently through the air.
The moon with bright bewitching glance
Gazed from behind her veil of pine;
And to her gentle presence there
Much of our joy we may assign.
However to the Freshman gay
Abundant praise is surely due.
May they be always true and kind,
An honor to the White and Blue.



Miss Melville—"If you put salt on a bird's tail, can you really catch it?"

"What is Laura taking this term, Cap?"

Cap—"Oh, she's just wasting her time on me."

Miss Grier returning from a walk with

hands not perfectly immaculate—"O, I had such a time to keep my hands behind my back this afternoon."

Mr. Vincent holding out his hands—"It didn't rub off anyway."

Miss D.—"Whichever of you girls enters that class first, remember to sit in that row in front of the boys."

Mr. Davis has appointed Miss Melville as maid of honor.

The ladies are the fairest
In nineteen-six;
The homely ones are rarest
In nineteen-six.
The young men are neatest
And the girls are always sweetest
So the moments fly the fleetest
In nineteen-six

—Adapted.

Miss Cochran—"I wish I were a Junior, so I could come back next year and take just one study."

Mr. Stranahan is learning to keep house now. He cooked his first meal last Thursday.

"The teacher asked: 'And what is space?'
The trembling student said,
'I cannot think at present,
But I have it in my head.'"

Miss McLachlan says she has dropped out of the "Maiden Ladies' Society." Miss Bard says she would like to drop out but she believes in the founder of it staying in.

Miss Leasure—"I like p'ump things."

Ethel Nesbit—"I miss the spoon-holders so much."

Mr. Gittens repeating—

"'Oh peerless one,' he said to her,
'Without you give me death;
You are the very breath of life'—
And then he held his breath."

Sidney. "I held mine just now."

Miss Brownlee to the hall girls—"You are expected to come to college to cultivate your minds, not the young men." "I'm so sorry—Willard Ried, hearing this—I came to school to be cultivated."

"How did you enjoy the Freshman reception, Miss Wright?"

Miss Wright—"It was a little dark, but I enjoyed it immensely."

"He came to see her stormy nights,
When he had nowhere else to go;
She liked to see him at such times,
And so she called him her rain beau."

Willard Reid—"As soon as I earn one thousand dollars a year, I am going to try to find a girl who will say 'Yes.'"

Miss McLachlan thinks that Dr. Ferguson is doing just right to encourage the young students to use the dark room.

Grace Martin—"Oh, I just love those spoon-holders."

Mr. Clark thinks it isn't so lonesome lately.

"If sixteen boys can eat half a gallon of apple butter at one meal, how long will it take them to consume thirty gallons provided they are not overcome by the monotony of the same?"

Mae Duncan looking at a girl's engagement ring—"That is just what I want."

One of Dr. Ferguson's amusing announcements in chapel—"All who want their photographs taken arrange for sittings with Mr. Press."

Miss Orr coming out of chapel Sabbath evening—"Oh, the stars are all out. I'll get a buggy ride to-morrow."

Does Mr. Minter like frogs as well as ever?

Loyd Thompson at Senior party—"Where is Miss S? Her hand is the only one I can do tricks with."

Miss McLachlan—"I would so much rather go in single rigs than in hacks, they are so much warmer."

Miss Turner—"Yes, I find them so."

Prof. McElree in Latin class—"For example, Mr. Salisbury, 'If it were not raining I would be in a better frame of mind.' That is a contrary-to-fact condition, you understand."

Mr. Bennett at Tetralectic—"Have some game with kissing in it, I am used to that."

Allison Campbell—"I want to subscribe for 'Reign of Love' for at least a month or two."

Miss Phillips seeing the book "How to make yourself wanted"—I must read

this. I want to make myself wanted; but I don't know how to do it."

Cap and Laura were pulling the heads off violets to see which would be married first, and when the head of Laura's violet came off first, Cap said—"Well, I guess I'll just jump into the creek."

Mr. Clark—"If I haven't the right to be happy, I don't know who has."

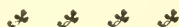
At the Senior party given by Miss Brownlee—Miss G. on receiving a plate as a prize, "Oh, Miss Brownlee, is this to start house-keeping with?"

Happy Orr—"The doctor said I had explosion of a blood vessel in my eye."

Doc. Ramsey—"You mean an eruption don't you?"

Miss Donaldson—"I wonder if father is going to that meeting."

Miss McLachlan—"I don't know anything about Pa Donaldson, but I know Pa McKay is going."



Alumni Notes.

Paul Yourd, '03, and R. N. Grier, '01, were guests of college friends recently.

Dr. Ferguson received a letter from George H. Seville, '98, a few days ago. Seville is still engaged in missionary work in China and is getting along quite well.

Rev. Davis W. Lusk, '78, has entered upon his twentieth year as pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church of Newark, N. J. The congregation recently put up a fine new building and the work of the church is in a flourishing condition.

F. S. Thompson, '03, and Edmundson

'01, were both in town lately. Thompson is still engaged in Y. M. C. A. work at Corry, Pa.

Wiley Byers was on hand to see Westminster win the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest at Waynesburg. Byers' enthusiasm over the victory shows that he still has a warm feeling for his Alma Mater.

Rev. W. H. McMasters, '68, of Blairsville, Pa., preached at Steel Creek, N. C. last Sabbath.

Rev. J. D. Sands, '72, at present a member of the Board of Publication, re-

cently made a brief business trip to Cincinnati.

Rev. L. E. Hawk, '77, was installed pastor of Sebring, Ohio, congregation, April 26.

Rev. L. K. Peacock, '98, of Hickory has been called to the pastorate of the First Church, Sharon.

Rev. J. M. Henderson, '64, of Monmouth Presbytery has received a hearty and unanimous call to Nortonville, Kansas.

Rev. Wm. Brown, '95, recently returned from Princeton, where he has been engaged in post graduate work during the past year.

Rev. G. W. McDonald, '77, pastor of the Seventh Church Allegheny, has been obliged to give up his work for awhile on account of ill health.

W. S. Sturgeon, '01, of the Allegheny Theological Seminary has been called to the congregation of Minden, Nebraska.

J. A. Hazlett, '01, of the Allegheny

Theological Seminary has been called to the congregation of Four Mile and Oakland, Beaver Valley Presbytery.

Dr. J. Williamson, '63, has resigned his charge of the Tingley, Iowa, congregation to accept a call to Ottawa Kansas.

Rev. J. E. Walker, '94, of the Atlantic Avenue Church, McKeesport, has returned home from a trip through Florida.

Rev. Herbert Hezlep, class of '95, was recently installed as pastor of the Presbyterian congregation at Hazelwood, Pa.

Rev. R. R. Littell, class of '99, assisted Dr. McElree in the communion services at the 2nd U. P. Church.

Howell T. Getty, '03, and Rufus C. McKinley, '97, both of New Castle were in town recently.

F. B. Shoemaker, '00, recently delivered a series of fine sermons at Muskingum, bearing on American Problems.



Music and Art.

THERE is a rare treat in store for the patrons of Westminster College and all lovers of music in the form of an ensemble recital. Several unique numbers will lend a zest to the program which has been lacking in the former students' recitals. The date has not yet been fixed, but soon will be, and we feel sure that the public will be well repaid for coming.

The drill of the chorus class is being

kept up very energetically, and the concert begins to give promise of being a good one.

On Saturday, May 7th, Mr. Carrier of the School for the blind at Philadelphia, gave an entertainment in the College chapel. The program was both musical and literary. The first part consisted of vocal and piano solo numbers. It was as Mr. Carrier said in chapel that morning: "Some of the

songs are meant to be laughed at, and some are not." After the music Mr. Carrier told how the blind are taught in the same branches as are the public school children, and also of the remarkable progress made by some enabling them to enter College. It was an interesting and instructive talk.

Miss Greenwalt is back in the art studio again. Miss Warner is taking a course in watercolors. Miss Ferguson is at present painting small figures on a vase of curious form. She has already finished a dresser set. Miss Kate Elliott's nut bowl done in chestnuts deserves special mention not only for the coloring but also for the happy combination of design and the form of the dish. Miss Null has finished a dozen dinner plates. Miss Miller's two large vases, done in American beauty roses, will add greatly to the large collection of handsome china in the studio.

A basket of oranges is occupying Miss Orr's attention, while Miss Newmyer

is busy with a large bunch of grapes. Miss Nesbit is painting a storm scene. There are several other pieces in the studio which deserve mention but of which we cannot speak until some later time. Several pieces of real art will add greatly to the beauty of the exhibition this spring.

On Monday May 16th, the Crestomath Society had a special program. An evening with musicians, short sketches of the lives and works of famous musicians and selections from their best known music took the place of the regular program.

The Adelphic and Leagorean Societies also had their second joint meeting.

We all feel interested in the affairs of our neighbors, especially when these neighbors are so soon to become of our number. On Friday last the Alameda Literary Society of the New Wilmington High School gave a short program in the Presbyterian church after which diplomas were presented to the graduates.



Athletics.

FOR the second time Westminster has won the College mile relay race on Franklin Field, Philadelphia. For the second time too she was the only college in Western Pennsylvania to carry away a prize. Two years ago our team won a close race from John Hopkins in the fast time of 3-36 1-5, the third best record of the whole meet. This year Georgetown came in second against us, but over fifty yards behind. The time made was 3-39 4-5. Over

14,000 spectators witnessed the games at Phila., and cheered for the teams of their choice. More than 1,000 athletes took part in the 38 events of the meet.

Westminster had for opponents Allegheny, Villanova and Muhlenburg Colleges and Georgetown Law School. The last team was especially confident as her team had an indoor record of 3-37. Thompson started the race for Westminster. He had the advantage of the pole and kept it the

whole way round, pulling away from his opponents in the final sprint. Clark started a few yards ahead and ran a good race giving Stewart the pole with a small lead. At this point Georgetown was only a yard behind. About half way round her man cut in on Stewart and tried to steal the pole. Stewart dropped back, but in the last hundred yards he took the lead winning by over 20 yards, Lambie in the final quarter, ran away from his man and won the race by more than fifty yards.

In addition to the banner which the victorious team presented to the college, each member of the team received a fine gold watch as a prize. On their return an enthusiastic demonstration took place in honor of the victors.

The first base-ball game of the season was played with Mercer A. C. on our home grounds. It resulted in a shut-out for Westminster. The twirling of Pearson was the feature of the contest. McBride, too, pitched an excellent game, but his support was poor in two or three innings. McKay took D. McBride's place behind the bat and did well. Score:

	R. H. E.
Mercer A. C. 2 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0,	4, 6, 2
Westminster 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0,	0, 2, 4

Batteries, Pearson and West; E. McBride and D. McBride and McKay.

The prettiest game of the season was played with Bethany College on May 5. The game was close and interesting throughout, the final score being 2-0 in favor of Westminster. Calhoun pitched a fine game and received excellent support. Two fast double plays by Moore, Deevers and Stranahan were features. Score:

	R. H. E.
Westminster 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0	2 3 4
Bethany 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0 7 3

Batteries: Calhoun and McKay; Irwin and Call.

On May 7; Waynesburg defeated the home team 13-0. Waynesburg won because she played the better game, especially at the bat where our team seems weakest. Score:

	R. H. E.
Waynesburg 2 2 3 3 0 3 0 0 0	13, 13, 3
Westminster 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0, 5, 8

The second team has been doing some good work this spring, having won 2 out of three games played. The team is exceptionally strong at the bat. It promises to develop some excellent material for the first team next season. On May 4th Manager Tweedie took his men to New Castle, and returned with a victory by the score 8-6. Three days later they were beaten by Sharon 7-1.

On May 11th they defeated Middlesex by the score 5-1. Sewell pitches a good steady game.

Every one will be glad to know that Westminster is to be represented in the athletic contests to be held at the St Louis exposition the first week in June. L. O. Thompson will represent us in the mile race, H. Lambie in the half-mile, while L. Stewart will be entered in the 220-yard and the 100-yard dash. We feel confident that these three men will bring back some honors for their "Alma Mater."

The Geneva Cabinet appears this month with a brand new cover. We wish to congratulate the Cabinet on its appropriate dress as well as on the matter inside.

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